

Alma and Mithras

THE
HOUSE
OF
TYNIA N.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY GEORGE WALKER.

Of mortal glory, Oh ! soon darken'd ray !
Oh ! winged joys of man, more swift than wind !
Oh ! fond desires, which in our fancies stray !
Oh ! trait'rous hopes, which do our judgments blind !

DRUMMOND.

VOL. II.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR P. WOGAN, P. BYRNE, W. JONES,
J. RICE, AND G. FOLINGSBY.

1796.

1717

H O U S E

OF



M A

T Y

MAY 30 1863

IN TWO VOLUMES

BY THE REV. F. D. M. D.

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GLoucester

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Exeter

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Bath

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Bristol

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Southampton

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Reading

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF York

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Hull

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Lincoln

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Nottingham

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Sheffield

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Leeds

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Wakefield

THE
HOUSE OF TYNIAN.

CHAP. I.

EXALTED FRIENDSHIP.

THE kind behaviour of the Bothels was particularly grateful to Sabina; and could she, without putting them to inconvenience, and laying herself under obligations, she had no hopes at present of ever being able to return, she would gladly have accepted their invitation.

She took a review of her finances, which were far from flattering. What had been saved belonging to her mother, amounted to near a hundred and fifty pounds. The money vested in the funds for her support produced only thirty pounds a year, which, with eighty pounds remaining of Lady Augusta's present, and some arrears due to her father from the merchants of Antwerp, constituted her whole fortune, little, indeed, to what her expectation had been entitled.—What was in the hands of the merchants, she had little hope of recovering, having no

authority to employ, nor any acquaintance with business; so that nothing from that quarter could justly be added to the list of her income.

To enter into the world as a servant, seemed so strange, and carried with it an idea of something so dreadful, that she shuddered to think of it. Yet what was thirty pounds, or how could she propose to live on it? Young, and of a sex to be exposed to all the insults and impositions of mankind.

Sometimes she thought of retiring to the house in Yorkshire, where her mother had spent the prime of her life, and where it was now probable she might do the same. She supposed pleasure would be found in this solitude, the unkindness of Lord Tynian having alienated her thoughts from marriage, and almost determined her never again to listen to the addresses of any man, since they were all alike unworthy.

Yet, in this general classification, she was led to except him whom she might have placed at the head of the catalogue, and looked upon Draper as one who would advise her from motives of friendship towards her and her father.

Once or twice she attempted to speak to Mr. Bothel on the subject, but his goodness, in wishing her to make his house her home, led him always to shun such discourse, and turn the conversation whether she would or no.

Lucy was as unexperienced as herself; and indeed much less capable of judging with propriety, her excessive tenderness too often preventing her seeing clearly where the imagination was engaged. To herself, therefore, or to Draper, Sabina only could turn; and the idea of what she yet might have to suffer, took from her the energy of desire; and she passed hours without conclusion, in that

state



state of mind when every object is alike indifferent, and not one inviting enough to rouse us from supineness to action.—She felt, or supposed she felt, the disappointment of love, which added much to her distress, and broke her slumbers at night.

The next day, after some little difficulty, she prevailed on Lucy to overcome her scruples, and attend her to the Captain; but she was both grieved and surprised at the refusal of Mrs. Bothel, who too well knew the prepossession of her daughter in his favour, and dreaded the marriage with a man, whose dependance was at best precarious, would be attended with nothing but unhappiness; she therefore would by no means suffer her Lucy to pay a visit so improper.—Sabina, to whom the reasons of her refusal were unknown, felt herself hurt at what she apprehended as a slight put upon herself, and sighed at the state she was sunk to, inwardly determining not long to remain, where she already, though without other grounds than too delicate apprehension, imagined she saw a coolness in the midst of officious civility.

“Well, my dear,” said she, turning to Lucy, who stood ready with her hat and cloak on, “it is of no particular consequence. What I have to say to the Captain, relates merely to my unfortunate situation, and I am sorry your mother is against your going.”

Lucy, to whom a hint of her mother's will was sufficient, retired without offering a word. Mrs. Bothel was not perfectly pleased that Sabina herself should be seen going to the lodgings of a single gentleman; especially now, when her character would be so scrupulously examined; but being unwilling, in her present state of mind,

to say any thing, she suffered her to depart, busying herself with giving some instruction to her daughters.

Ah ! thought Sabina, as she passed along, with a heavy heart, how am I fallen ; what will become of me ; without fortune, and without protection ! Unhappy they, who, born to early independence, are reduced to taste the misery of a reverse. Oh ! better had I been the child of some poor cottager, who would have taught me labour, or of some tradesman, who would have provided for me, and whose relations would not have spurned my connexions.—She looked into the shops as she passed along, and saw numbers of young women, whose situation she could not but envy ; and nobility, in its pomp, faded in the wish of some secure asylum, amidst the sons of commerce.

“ Oh ! vain ambition,” cried she ; “ ’tis you who divide families, and scatter them over the face of the earth ; ’tis you that render thousands miserable, and make many without relations.”

Her mind, filled with thoughts like these, she arrived at Hatton-garden, and as Draper thought it best to be able to walk about, he received her in his chair, with his arm in a sling. He touched lightly upon the death of her father, with an appearance of delicacy, lest he should call to her remembrance so great a misfortune.”

“ You may depend,” said he, “ that now, for *your* sake, I will exert my endeavours in any way you shall direct. I will, if you please, go to Lady Augusta, and ask her advice in regard to your future plan in life.”

“ By no means ; no, not for the world,” said Sabina, ashamed, and unwilling to mention to him Lord Tynian’s abrupt desertion, which even

now

now appeared to her almost impossible.—“ You know the great pride of the Tynians ; you are no stranger that I am related to them ; you will not therefore wonder, that I have determined—unalterably determined, not to expose myself to their insults, nor to become a burthen where I am certain of being despised.”

Draper smiled to himself at what he termed her art to conceal from him, that she had been deserted. But affecting astonishment at her resolution which yet he said he could not disapprove, as he allowed of their haughtiness and overbearance. He then entreated her to point out some other way in which he could serve her.

“ If,” said he, “ it is at the hazard of my life, you may command me. It shall never be said, that he, who fought by the side of the father, in the burning plains of India, deserted the daughter in distress. No, charming Sabina, whilst I possess a guinea, you share it with me ; as but for your father, perhaps, I had now wanted a shilling.”

Sabina was cheered by so warm an offer, which led her into the utmost confidence of his sincerity, and thanking him with a grateful voice, replied, “ that she was far from expecting any such mark of his friendship, desiring only that he would point out some situation, where she might exist without becoming a burden to others.”—She then related her project of going down into Yorkshire, and living unknown to any one ; or becoming companion to a lady, or governess to some young ladies.

Capt. Draper would not agree to any of these propositions, they all militating against his intentions. “ What,” said he, you so young, and so beautiful, bury yourself alive, in the manner
you

you propose; for though the country is the only place where true happiness is to be found, believe me, without friends to share our thoughts, to help forward our wishes, dullness and lassitude creep into every enjoyment. Before you think of becoming a companion, reflect, my friend, on the treatment you will meet with; not a moment will be your own; you must give way to peevishness and caprice; you will be the butt of anger, and must stoop to drudgery worse than that of a house-maid."

"Alas!" said Sabina, "where shall I turn me, or where find rest?"

"You have asked me for my advice," returned he, and I will give it you with freedom. There are many sober families, where you may board, and live as private as you desire; and, in time, perhaps, your prospects may brighten. You have several rich relations; they may leave you, at their deaths, sufficient to keep you in affluence."

"Do you know of such a family?" inquired she, "I think I will follow your advice."

"No," he returned; "but I will make inquiry, as soon as my arm will permit me to go abroad."—He then turned the discourse respecting Lucy, and, after some expressions of love to her, Sabina departed, much easier in her mind, now she had some plan to pursue, and not once suspecting from whence arose the *friendship* of Draper. He knew perfectly well from other letters he had received from Philadelphia, of the state of Mr. Trenton's affairs at Antwerp, having more than once corresponded with the merchants; and though he affected ignorance, he knew that at least 2000*l.* was in their hands, which, to take up, would require the presence
of

of Sabina herself, or at least a power of attorney; and about which, he was not properly determined. Two thousand pounds appeared too little to engage him to marry, and as yet he thought of no expedient to get possession of it without.—In the mean time, he determined to keep her wholly ignorant of this circumstance, and place her in some private family, where they were both unknown, and he might have admittance to her at pleasure.

The arrangement he had proposed, seemed most eligible to Sabina, who trembled at any species of servitude, merely from never having been accustomed to it; and thus, what can only be termed pride, and confidence in her own discretion, had nearly thrown her into the power of a man, specious indeed enough to deceive the caution of age itself, but whom even Sabina ought not to have trusted.

She admired the character of Mr. Bothel, and wished to communicate to him her design; but he was engaged settling some accounts with Mr. Brunton, whose riches at length had gained him the consent of Eliza, and the time was fixed for their union.

To Mrs. Bothel, she felt a repugnance to mention her plan, as she feared it would not meet her approbation, as the Captain, from what reason she knew not, appeared to be no favourite of hers; and therefore, any proposal coming from him, would meet a certain rejection.—Lucy then, in this also, became her confidant; and it is easy to suppose she had no suspicions of the Captain's honour, and might I suppose, a little further, this should be it. She feared, when Sabina should be gone, Draper would never have admittance to their house; whilst, if she

she visited Sabina, 'twas more than probable they might sometimes meet.

I will not say she knew this to be her mind, but 'tis probable; and finding Sabina much pleased with the arrangement, gave it her approbation.

At tea, therefore, Sabina mentioned her intended departure, in a way which declared it to be fixed on, and with tears in her eyes, returned thanks for the kind treatment she had received from them all.

Mrs. Bothel was surprised: To go into lodgings provided by Capt. Draper, appeared to her (to say nothing more) extremely imprudent; and she debated whether the fear of giving offence should prevent her declaring what she thought. Sabina was young, ignorant of the world, and saw not the danger that to her appeared so plain. It was the part of a friend to counsel her, and duty to her own children, who might hereafter be in a similar situation, required it. Therefore, as soon as tea was over, she desired Sabina would favour her with her company.

Our heroine arose and followed her to her bed-chamber, where she desired her to be seated, and impute what she was going to say to no other motive than friendship. I am far from wishing to affix any criminal intention to your friend; but my dear, the world, without entering either into the reality of our actions or their motives, is always eager to condemn; and it is a duty we owe ourselves, that obliges us to act above suspicion. I will be free; I cannot help telling you I think it will very improper to take lodgings of Capt. Draper's providing.

Sabina

Sabina coloured : She could not avoid acknowledging the justice of the remark, which had escaped her. " But where," said she, " can I go ?"

" Why not remain with us," said Mrs. Bothel : " You will be treated equally with my daughters ; you will be here free from the danger you will meet with in the world ; or, if you do not chuse this, why not write to Lady Augusta, who, I am certain, will at least offer you protection."

She felt a weight at her heart which she knew not how to remove. She saw in Mrs. Bothel a disinterested friend ; and more than once thought of disclosing to her her situation with the Tynians, but how own herself forsaken. " I cannot," said she, " for very particular reasons, any more trouble Lady Augusta ; nor can I be a burden to you, which your friendship is at present willing to bear. Ah ! my dear Mrs. Bothel, put yourself in my place, and advise me how to Act."

" If," said Mrs. Bothel, after some time of consideration, " you are fixed on this plan of boarding in a private family, which of itself I cannot object to, I will take upon me to introduce you, where you may depend on their principles, and where malice cannot so readily reach you."

After a little hesitation at changing her agreement with Draper, she agreed that Mrs. Bothel should seek out for such a situation ; and the same evening sent a note to the Captain, desiring him not to be at the trouble of inquiry, as her friend had taken it upon herself.

The Captain was enraged at this intelligence : He had fixed upon a place for her in his mind,

where every thing was convenient to his wishes; and now it was a chance if his access was not rendered more difficult than before.

He seldom was long without consolation; and having brought himself into the determination of not marrying, he considered now only how he might make the most of the opportunity, and spend with Lucy the fragments of fortune that remained to the daughter of his *dear friend*.—Of such materials was his conscience composed, (or rather I doubt his possessing any) that he experienced no compunction at robbing the daughter of that friend, had it been the last shilling she possessed, and abandoning her to the insults of the world.

“Genius alone,” said he, “ought to be rewarded: And besides, what have handsome girls to do with money. Zounds! her face is a fortune of itself; and if she chuses, it will be no fault of mine if she does not drive her chariot. What, I suppose that d——d serious looking Bothel has been filling her head with notions of decorum, and such stuff. Ah! charming Lucy, let us see whether thy fond heart will abide by the maxims thou hast received, or follow those of love and nature, in despite of rules, and the dull advice of a mother.”

In such sublime soliloquies, the Captain indulged himself, enjoying, before hand, the exultations of the most perfidious ingratitude, and the debasement of purity. He had no doubt of prevailing on Sabina to entrust him with the management of her fortune; and as one opening leads to another, he had some hopes of adding to the two thousand pounds, the sum she already had in the funds, and transferring the whole in his own name.

His

His views on Sabina being now wholly pecuniary, he did not receive so much disappointment as her note would otherwise have given him; and not doubting of access to her in any situation, he rejoiced at her removal from the Bothel's, where, for many reasons, he was obliged to be circumspect, and underwent no small task in complimenting the two elder Misses. He returned an answer by Joyce, that wherever she chose, was equal to him, provided her security and pleasure were obtained; and he doubted not but Mrs. Bothel's discernment would be able to point out such a situation.

In a few days, Mrs. Bothel gave her notice, that a friend of her's, who lived at Lambeth upon a small income, and wished for some companion, had agreed to take her. That the house had a pleasant prospect of the river, and a small garden behind, which, with its airy situation, was very agreeable; and she doubted not, as Mrs. Andrews was a good-natured woman, she would find pleasure in her company; and whenever she found herself any way melancholy, they should be glad if she came for a few days, where she should always find a sincere welcome.

Sabina thanked her, with tears in her eyes, for a kindness which circumstances doubled, Lady Augusta never having once written since the absence of her son, by which, if any doubts could have remained, they were now cleared up; and she too plainly saw, that no future connexion with the family was desired.

Deserted by her own relations (for none, except Lady Augusta, would even own her), every kindness she received from strangers was augmented in her eyes; and thus the attentions of Capt. Draper raised so much in her esteem, that

that she was ready to place in him the most unbounded confidence ; and relying upon his disinterestedness, she proposed taking no step of consequence without his knowledge.

In less than a week, her removal to Mrs. Andrews took place ; and the sorrow she suffered was for a little time lessened by the kindness of her reception, and the pleasant situation, which was more calculated to inspire her with spirits, than the confusion, darkness, and smoke of Cannon-street.

Mrs. Andrews was a woman of the world ; had seen so much of life as to put her on her guard against imposition, and to convince her of the wisdom of making the most we can of it, without infringing on justice or morality.— She possessed good nature ; but not having ever felt misfortune, she was not calculated to sympathize with the unfortunate, nor had she any idea of their feelings, which, in most instances, she considered as a weakness, unbecoming and futile.

Mrs. Bothel sketched to her the outlines of Sabina's history, on purpose to repress the curiosity which she would have found very difficult to satisfy ; though, being herself unacquainted with the connexion between her and Lord Tynian, that circumstance was wholly omitted, and the present coolness of the Tynians imputed to her loss of fortune.

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Andrews, "I know well the insults those accidents expose people to ; but we must make the most of what's left, and never think of what's already passed."

With a person like this, Sabina could not enjoy the refined conversation of Lady Augusta, nor the more soft and sentimental discourses of Lucy
The

The feelings of human nature were wholly banished, and the head, not the heart, the subject of their tongue.—That she might not appear foolishly weak, she restrained her sighs and repinings to the compass of her bosom, or her own room, and endeavoured to adopt a cheerfulness foreign to her heart.

It was probable, many months might be the time of her stay in this place; and, to render her situation as near as possible to what she had been used to, she employed herself in adorning her chamber with drawings, embellished their little garden, and planted an arbour, under which she expected to read, when summer should render walking unpleasant.

It was now the spring, and every object appeared with freshness, and bloomed with life; but amidst the general gaiety, Sabina was sad.—She reflected on her father, on Lord Tynian, on her poverty, and wept. In books alone she found a respite; for they fed the sorrow which preyed upon her. She now could taste the luxury of sad reflection, and in pain found pleasure.

Mrs. Andrews often would entertain her with remarkable incidents she had met with or heard of; and Lucy, with her sisters, came sometimes to visit her.

Capt. Draper was now sufficiently recovered to walk out. He discovered, at once, the bias of Mrs. Andrews, and shrunk from her suspicions, in which he found some slight delay to his grand design; and unless he could detach Sabina from placing any confidence in her, might wholly overthrow it.—He proceeded, therefore, by slow and imperceptible degrees, affecting to act the disinterested friend, and never paid

paid them a visit without some little trifle to both.

Yet, notwithstanding all his skill, he could not lull that suspicion asleep, which for years had been habituated to exertion in Mrs. Andrews; and though she acquitted him of any unworthy design, she could not help thinking him in love with her boarder.—Friendship, she knew, very seldom arose to that point of attention the Captain paid.—Sabina was handsome, and possessed a hundred good qualities, which strike the eyes of men; and though he might be silent from motives of prudence, she was persuaded he had some object in view, which excited his attention, and that this object was Sabina.

She was not a woman of the greatest delicacy in the world. She thought men and women made for each other; and the little trifles of courtship were to her uninteresting: Not from being past the time when they usually please, but from having been married young to a man whom she never loved, and not having experienced the soft refinement of a delicate passion, could ill conceive its effects upon another.—From whence, she, without circumlocution, remarked, that the Captain was a very constant visitor, and must mean something uncommon.

“How, Madam,” said Sabina, who apprehended his visits were disagreeable. “If it is not convenient to you, I will desire him not to come so often.”

“O, by no means, my dear,” said Mrs. Andrews; “I would not be his hindrance; as I think you cannot make a better match; and as things go, the sooner you agree the better.”

Sabina, reddened at this abrupt declaration, which was too plain to allow any false explanation,

tion, and wishing at once to destroy any suspicion of that kind, she replied,

"You are much deceived, Madam, if you suppose me any way partial to the Captain, beyond friendship: Nor is there a man upon earth whom I wish to marry. No, I intend never to marry."

Mrs. Andrews laughed, with an incredulous look, and answered, "you do well to take such a resolution. You will then be your own mistress; but I am deceived if the Captain will not do much to oblige you to break it; and, to tell you the truth, a woman in this world is an object of pity without some one to protect her."

Sabina was grieved that she could not remove the prejudice of Mrs. Andrews; and having herself no suspicion of the Captain, as he continued to profess himself the admirer of Lucy, she endeavoured to be as little disturbed as possible, and to bring down her mind to a level with her situation, which, notwithstanding all her meekness, was a matter of no easy execution.

C H A P. II.

A MISTAKE.

LORD TYNIAN, in the wild delirium of jealousy, arrived at Dover, where, finding a packet ready to sail, he took a place on board, forgetting to send information either to his mother or Deimbark. He remembered nothing but that Sabina was false; that her professions to him were delusive; that all his hopes of happiness were here destroyed for ever.—If, thought he, Sabina, whose very soul seemed openness itself, can deceive; if she, whose very action appeared virtue, can hold out encouragement to one, whilst she engages herself to another, where shall be found a woman worthy to be my wife. Where shall I find any one to love. His disappointment and grief seemed to increase, as the way lengthened between them; and the remembrance of all his former plans his sanguine expectations had raised, recurred so forcibly on his mind, that he was tempted to throw himself into the sea.—Not that there was wanting moments, when the return of soft and tender reflections made him think she might possibly be innocent; and then he cursed his own precipitancy, that had driven him into so unjustifiable a proceeding, that he could not venture to hope for her pardon, or to return.

He

He suspected the character of Draper: He might have engaged her inadvertently in a correspondence, which it wanted only his presence to destroy; but how had he acted, more as a madman than a lover; and very far from the professions of a friend.—Outrageous at his own impetuosity, he thought of Sabina with regret, as of a jewel he had cast away for ever. He walked to and fro on the deck, a prey to contending passions, and wild imaginations. He ran to the ship side, gazing on the foaming waves, the wind blowing a brisk gale. He stopped to contemplate their irregular dashings; and whilst he compared them in his mind to the tumults which agitated himself, a sudden heel of the vessel, striking against a wave, broke it, wetting him over with the spray.—The accident was better than all the reason in the world, and cooled at once his rage and furor for a watery exit; and not having any other clothes than what he had on, made an exchange for some of the Captain's, spending the night on deck in sighs, in regrets, and conjuring up every circumstance which could justify himself, and depreciate the conduct of Sabina, 'till not a doubt remained; and the most trivial of her actions were moulded by the deformed; and passion into certainty of her falsehood.

The next day, Lord Tynian landed at Calais, and confirmed, as he supposed, himself in his suspicions, he sent Thomas to procure a chaise, whilst he sat down to scrawl a hasty letter to Deimbark, desiring that he would hasten to Paris, where he would wait for him; slightly hinting, that all connexion with Miss Trenton was now finally, and for ever at an end.

He

He dispatched the letter to the post-house: the moment he had sealed it, as if afraid his resolution would waver; then throwing himself into a chair, he gave a deep groan.—“And thus,” said he, “my fond delusion vanishes; my airy dreams are ended, and I am awake—He paused, then went on—Yes, Sabina, I loved you, loved you as I do my own existence: but the wife of Tynian must be without spot, without suspicion. Adieu, then, Sabina—adieu for ever.”

He started up, hastened to the window, and fearful of being alone, ran into the yard, where he entered into conversation with the different passengers, 'till the chaise was ready, in which he hastened post towards Paris.

At the little town where they rested at night, he met with a gentleman named Brudenel, whom he had formerly known in Germany, and who had since made the tour of France, having in his first years of *nondiscretion*, run through the greater part of his estate, and alarmed at the approach of poverty, had been for some years an exile, that his lands might come round, and still remain his—This vivacity arose from thoughtlessness, and the habit of carelessness he had imbibed for want of some object to fix his attention. He had natural good sense; but it was wild and uncultivated, wanting the pruning hand of experience and discretion.

He recollected Lord Tynian in a moment, and running up to him, caught him in his arms, with an inquiry if his mother was dead, and willed away the estate in her power: “For nothing else on earth,” said he, “could possibly make you look so serious.”

Lord Tynian shook his head, and replied, “he was once wrong; that there were many things

things more affecting than the latter part of his supposition."

"No, not many neither," said he. "The calamities a man well born is subject to, are few, and must be either the loss of his fortune, his honour, or his mistress."

Lord Tynian looked as if he wished to avoid him. For though he was fond of company, and could enter into what some call a frolic, the uneasiness he inwardly suffered, distasted this kind of amusement, and he wished to walk alone, where he could muse on Sabina, *having determined, when at Calais, to think on her no more.*

Mr. Brudenel saw, whatever it was that hung upon Lord Tynian's spirits, he had no desire to discover it; and not possessing much curiosity, he desired him, without farther preface, to share his supper, which was then ready.

Almost without perceiving it, Lord Tynian found himself amused, and as Mr. Brudenel was at any man's service who travelled his road, they agreed to go forward together for Paris.

Brudenel contrived to ridicule every thing he saw; and Lord Tynian voluntarily gave himself up to his guidance, as he was more at ease when amused from reflection, which only presented to his mind painful objects.

At Paris he was introduced to the young and the gay by his new friend, and eagerly entered the parties of ladies, who, though they could not fix his heart, and wholly eradicate the barb Sabina had planted, yet their sprightliness pleased, and their wit, for a time, banished the want of more solid attractions.—Like a man searching
for

for what he is fearful he shall not find, and grasping at every improbability for aid, Lord Tynian, with his friend, ran about from one place of amusement to another, returning home disgusted with all he had met, and fretting at his own irritability.

As the days passed away, Alfred's impatience to hear from England increased: He wished to know if Sabina had openly declared for the Captain; he wished to know how she had taken his abrupt departure; but no letter had come from his mother, nor any advice that Deimburb had complied with his request, which he knew not how to account for, and, with the true spirit of restlessness, he ordered a chaise, and every thing ready, to return to England the next morning.

Thomas was more surprised than ever at those sudden changes of intention: and, in place of running directly, as he had been ordered, to the post-house, sought out Mr. Brudenel, communicating to him his master's orders, with a comment of his own on their singularity.

"Why," replied Mr. Brudenel, "'tis a little out of the way, as you observe; but your master is turned, I don't know how; I suppose he was crossed in love by some shepherdes of the mountains round the old dismal Castle."

Thomas shook his head.

"'Tis nothing to me," said Brudenel. "Let the world live as they like. I suppose his good, precise, noble descended mother, did not approve the alliance with plebiality, and so sent him abroad. Well, more fool he, to be governed by the old genealogist."

Thomas thought the honour of his master at stake, and endeavoured to prevent its being
thought

thought that he came abroad in compliance with his mother's desire, by saying, "that he had set out from England in just such a hurry as he was now going to return; and looking as if he knew more than he chose to express, added, that perhaps before they reached London, they might turn round, and post back again."

"Very strange, indeed," observed Brudenel, smiling at the features of Thomas.—"Your master must be out of his senses."

This was the very idea Thomas suspected; and shrugging up his shoulders, replied, "he did not know for certain, but it was very *queer*."

"Zounds!" said Brudenel, who enjoyed his alarm, "I shall be fearful of approaching him. I remember his eyes have a prodigious wild stare.—He rambles in his talk; and when he goes to salute a lady, 'tis ten to one but he catches a gentleman in his arms. In fact—but, I don't think he is safe about the streets."

"But what can be done?" asked Thomas, quite at a loss what course he should take. "I wish we could keep him 'till Mr. Diemburk arrives, or 'till his mother can know what has happened to him."

"Very true," answered Brudenel; "but we may be obliged to confine him by force.—I hope he don't bite."

"No, no, thank Heaven," said Thomas; "he is only a little touched, and might recover, if we could keep him in this city, where there is so much variety."

Brudenel promised to do what he could; and bidding Thomas tell his master that no conveyance could be had, hastened to dress for an appointment he had made with Lord Tynian, thinking nothing more of the fears of Thomas, whom

whom he conceived the most deranged of the two. Being ready, he went to his friend's room, which he entered without ceremony, but was not a little astonished to find him walking round it in great agitation, without having made any preparations for their appointment. His portmanteau lay upon the table, his pistols on the floor, and his shoes on one of the chairs, which gave Brudenel reason to think that there might be some truth in Thomas's observation.

Lord Tynian started at the interruption; he had forgot their appointment, and continued walking about in silence.

"Why, what the devil's the matter now," cried Brudenel.—"I expected to find you ready to go to Lady La Lune's; and here you are all in confusion."

Lady La Lune must do without me to-night, said he; "I am otherwise engaged; I go for England in the morning."

"For England," repeated Brudenel, in affected astonishment; "and why to England; you must have some very extraordinary motive, to set off on so abrupt a notice."

"Nothing, nothing," answered he, in a hurry.

"Come, that won't do," said Brudenel, who wished now to be satisfied whether he was in his senses or not.—"I cannot see any reason for this haste; and you shall positively either tell me your reasons, or I will go with you."

Lord Tynian knew him capable of any thing he took a fancy to; and not willing to let him know the weakness of his actions, after some moments consideration, answered, "that he had for some time expected Diemburk, but not finding him arrive, nor any letter from the Castle,

Castle, he feared his mother was indisposed, and he was determined to return to England."

"Very fine, truly," cried Brudenel; "you are a paragon of filial duty.—You run from Paris to Wales, to see if an old woman has caught cold, or an old man is confined by the gout.—Zounds! man, it must not be."

"What must not be?" replied Lord Tynian.—"I am determined to go, let you laugh as you will."

"Put yourself in a Passion, then," said Brudenel. "But speaking in a sober kind of manner; is it rational to run cantering back to England almost before you are warm in Paris; and for what truly, because the winds have detained your friend on the other side the water; and you may be certain that is the case, or you would have seen him; and had any thing material occurred, the post is open.—Come, pray get ready for Lady La Lune's; all the world of fashion will be there; and drop this design at least for a day or two."

Alfred was persuaded, as he began himself to think it ridiculous; and cursing his folly for still dwelling on Sabina, he hastened to plunge into dissipation, and drown in wine every tormenting reflection.

Heated beyond discretion, he joined the card-players, and, contrary to his established rule, staked considerable sums, which were as constantly won by his cool antagonists, who according to the laudable custom of this world, made the best of a fair opportunity for themselves; and before morning, all the loose cash, and several valuable trinkets, had fled; and Lord Tynian returned home cursing his own folly, and Brudenel, for taking him to so dangerous a place,

place, when but for him he might have been on the road to England.

Brudenel replied to his anger with laughter.—“You are something like a child,” said he, “who has hurt itself with a rattle, and is ready to beat mamma, for having given it. Who knows, but in going to England, you might have been robbed, or murdered, or drowned in the sea, or——.”

“Pray have mercy,” cried Lord Tynian, not in a humour to be pleased with raillery, and tired, disgusted, angry with every thing, and at himself, for being so, he hastened into his room, throwing himself upon the bed, without undressing; from which he did not arise till noon; and then his head ached so violently, that he determined spending the rest of the day at home.

After dinner, he took a book, and sat down at the window, to endeavour to lose his own feelings in those of others, now and then pausing to observe the passengers in the street, with the sad reflection, that not one of the immense crowd, which, like a stream, poured before him, but were in pursuit of something (like himself) which, was to make them happy.

“Ah! Sabina,” sighed he, “you would have taught me to despise this parade; but thou art changed, and I am miserable.”

He bent forward towards the street, and gave way, for a moment, to those tender recollections, which ever accompanied the remembrance of Sabina, and which he weakly indulged in contrary to reason.

A coach and four came in haste down the street, covered with dust, and the horses very much jaded. He endeavoured to see who were inside, and his heart fluttered at observing the
arm

arm of an officer in the English uniform, with some ladies.

As they passed before him, the face of one of the ladies was turned towards him, presenting to his remembrance no other than Sophia Bothel.

The power of reflection was stopped for a moment, in the certainty of he knew not what: A faint idea that Sabina was there, alone engaged his attention; and without concluding any thing, he leaned his head against the window frame, 'till the carriage was out of sight.

"It is nothing new to me" said he, "that Sabina should be false: Then why am I so agitated; why not bear up against her perfidy with the resolution that becomes me, and seek for some other more worthy, which surely are to be found.

An inconstant I leave, a true lover you lose;
Which first of us two will have comfort, who knows?
This I know—Phebe ne'er such a true love will find;
I can easily meet with a fair as unkind.

R——.

This consolation was, however, momentary.—He was convinced of her being in Paris, happy with his rival; perhaps here to consummate their marriage.—Her father might be returned; they might be on the road to meet him; or in short, any thing to torment himself.—It was impossible he should rest easy under the knowledge of Sabina's being so near him; he wished to see how she looked; to see if she was serene; and he vowed within himself to destroy the Captain, if he found him capable of using her ill.

"She is my relation, my cousin," said he; "and if she has not used me as I certainly deserved, she is yet infinitely too good to be left to the care of such a scoundrel, for the honour

of our house.—therefore, 'tis a duty, that I should not suffer her to be imposed on. Yes, Sabina, if you love this wretch, Alfred wishes you may be happy."

No doubt he thought himself sincere; and to perform his *duty*, which he had only just discovered, he rang with violence, 'till the astonished Thomas, breathless and fearful, that some new madness was in agitation, entered the room, desiring, in an humble voice, to know if any thing was wanted.

"Yes, Sir," said Lord Tynian.—"Do you know Miss Trenton is in Paris, and you must run and inquire how she is."

Thomas stared, and bowing, answered,

"Yes—yes, yes, Sir."

"Fly, then," cried Lord Tynian.—"What does the fellow stand for?"

"Please, my Lord," said Thomas—"I—I have not the direction."

Alfred was ashamed at his own impatience; and speaking in a kinder voice, bade him, as he loved him, to endeavour to find out where a green coach and four had put up, and bring word immediately.

Thomas hastened away on his commission; but as he understood but little French, he was unable to make the discovery he wanted; and not daring to return without his errand, ran from one street to the other, 'till evening began to approach.

Every hotel, as he went along, was subjected to his search, but without discovering the green coach and four; and night coming on, he knew not which way to take, or how to present himself to his Lord, whom, he feared, would not hear his excuses; and bewailing his misfortune in serving so passionate a master, he slowly returned

turned with intention to beg Brudenel to intercede for him, by representing how impossible it was he should find out such a carriage in a city like Paris.

Alfred's impatience, mean while, represented every moment as an age, now looking out at the window, to see if Thomas was coming; then walking about his room, or running down stairs into the street, but all without effect; till tired of his long stay, he took his hat, and went out to make inquiries himself.

He was not more successful than his servant, when happening to see a postillion leaning against a gate, in conference with some others, he eagerly inquired if they could direct him to what he wanted.

The fellow instantly replied, "that for a *six sous* piece, he could."

Lord Tynian doubled the demand without hesitation, and was directed to the *Chien rouge*, in — street. Supposing himself now certain to discover what he sought, he hurried through the streets, without stopping to notice any one, and more than once nearly overturned the persons who stood in his way.

Mr. Brudenel was returning from a walk on the banks of the Seine, to cool the heat of the over-night's debauch, and was not a little surprised to see Lord Tynian hurrying with so quick a pace; and the more so, as he had declined walking out, under pretence of the head-ach.

He crossed over to him, and detaining him by the arm, inquired where he was going.

Lord Tynian was displeased at this interruption; he had never confessed the smallest circumstance of his connexion with Sabina to him; and he could not now tell him the object of his

haste. He therefore only sought to quit him, by an evasive answer, which the other plainly perceiving was so, determined not to be satisfied with.

“ Well, then,” said Brudenel, “ as you are only come out for a little exercise, suppose we walk to the Louvre ; or we will go to the Theatre, or any where.”

“ You may go which way you please,” answered Lord Tynian.—“ At present I am disposed to walk by myself.”

“ What, said Brudenel, “ you are still chagrined at your loss last night, I see ; but you must confess it was not my fault, but your ill play.”

“ I think nothing about it,” cried Lord Tynian. “ I wish you would desire my servant to have supper ready by ten.”

“ You are mighty good,” said Brudenel ; “ where are you going ’till ten ? You used not to be so close with your friends. But I suppose you have set up for an example of fine morals, and fear to be detected. Ha ! is that it.—You might let me into the mystery ; for you know I can keep a secret.”

“ I have no secrets,” said Alfred, in an angry manner ; “ but I wish to be alone.—You will oblige me by leaving me.”

This was too plain an answer to admit of a wrong construction ; and finding he could not wrest any thing from him, he proposed to follow at a distance.

He had observed that something very extraordinary had happened to Lord Tynian, and at times began to think his brain was actually touched.—He possessed as little curiosity as any one ; but it appeared very extraordinary in a young gentleman, his own master, in possession of great estates, to see so little company of those
who

who were his former friends, to spend his time so strange ; and so capricious in his resolutions, that he could only account for it, by supposing him out of his mind, or that he was engaged in some adventure of an extraordinary nature.

Possessed with this idea, he followed at a distance, and saw him enter the hotel to which he had been directed.—He there made eager inquiries, put himself into a passion, and at last turning round, proceeded towards his lodging.

Brudenel inquired at the inn what he had wanted, and knew not what to understand from their answer.—That it was a green coach and four, with some ladies, and an officer. More at a loss than ever, and considering that Lord Tynian had only mentioned his expectation of Diemburk, who wore only the cockade and sword of an officer, he became confirmed in his former supposition.

He took the nearest way home ; and finding him not returned, called Thomas aside to make inquiries ; from whom he learnt, that he had been on the same errand.

“ Who does your master expect,” said Brudenel, “ in this green coach and four ? I begin to think him a little disordered in his intellects.—Thomas what think you ? ”

Thomas, who had a knowledge of his love for Sabina, but was ignorant of what had parted them so suddenly, could well enough account for his haste to see her, when she was at Paris, answered, “ To be sure master has many flighty ways, and sometimes a little borders on madness ; but when a person is in love, why, it is not so strange that he should want to find out his mistress.”

“ Then it’s love all this while, is it ? ” said Brudenel ; and your master’s *chère amie* is to meet him at Paris.”

“ I don’t

"I don't exactly know that," said Thomas.—
"I hope I have not said so: If I have, pray, Sir, never let him know it, or I should be murdered."

"Oh! you have said nothing material," replied Brudenel.—"You're a faithful fellow.—Is your master's intended very handsome?—*As handsome as he tells me.*"

"Very, indeed, Sir," said Thomas, "and a swinging fortune. But the old lady was a long time coming too, and just in the nick when she did, Master sent a letter to Miss Trenton, and away drives we to the Continent."

"Her name's Miss Trenton, then," said Brudenel.—"She's some relation, I believe?"

"Yes, yes," said he; "but here's my master; pray don't mention any thing I have said, Sir."

"Never fear," replied Brudenel, determining to vex Lord Tynian for his closeness, as he had no doubt but the lovers were to meet at Paris, which very well accounted for his impetuosity and anxiety at their not arriving according to appointment.

As soon as Lord Tynian was seated at supper, Brudenel entered, and, without taking notice of his treatment to him in the afternoon, told him he would spend the evening with him.

"Pray," said Brudenel carelessly, "have you heard lately from England?"

"No; why," demanded Alfred, taking the alarm in a moment.

"Oh! nothing," said Brudenel; "but I find among some news-papers I have received, that your cousin Trenton is married to an officer; and, I wish you joy, he would have added; but Lord Tynian's sensibility prevented him from hearing any more, by depriving him at once of recollection and thought.—His knife and fork fell from

from his hands, which he clasped together, and pressing his forehead, leaned back with his eyes closed, in the chair.

Brudenel, in a moment, repented his *frolic*.— He started up, and called aloud for assistance, sending for a surgeon with intention to bleed him. But his strong constitution overcame the rude shock, and he came to himself. Yet did the certainty of Sabina's being irretrievably married dwell so forcibly on his mind, that notwithstanding Brudenel endeavoured to make him sensible it was his own invention, on purpose to punish him for his secrecy, he could form no other image to himself, than that Sabina was married to Capt. Draper, and now in Paris.

It is not for me to say of what particles man is composed; nor can I account why Alfred should be less touched with one he believed to be the Captain in the coach with Sabina, unless he had some doubts of their identity, which this inadvertency of Brudenel's cleared up; and not knowing how he could otherwise be acquainted with the circumstance at all, fixed the truth of his authority.

By degrees he became calm; and he was convinced that Brudenel had related the story from his own head, which had given him so much inquietude.

Finding that all his caution had not been sufficient to prevent his connexion with Sabina from being known, he made no further scruple in acquainting him with the outlines of his passion and disappointment; and Brudenel, in return, engaged to discover who the coach contained, that he had seen pass; agreeing with him, that Capt. Draper was a damned rascal; though Lord Tynian could *only* alledge the charge

charge of his endeavouring to seduce the daughter of a man who had raised him from nothing.

CH A P. III.

Thanks, dear coquet, indulgent cheat !
Kind Heaven, and your more kind deceit,
——— At length have set me free.

T. D.

IN consequence of his promise, Mr. Brudenel went early in the morning to a coffee-house, where a list of all persons of consequence, who came from England, was kept, for the convenience of foreigners assembled at this place.— On looking over the list, no such name as Draper or Trenton appeared ; and he began to conclude the Captain might have changed his name. But whilst he was yet uncertain which person in the list was most likely to be the one he sought, a lad entered, with information that a coach and four had last night set up at the sign of the *La Belle Sauvage* ; but they would not tell their names.

“ *Mais,*” said the boy.—*La Demoiselle Angloise est tres belle, and son epouse fort genèroux.*

Brudenel made no longer doubt of having discovered what he sought, and hastening to the Savage, inquired, if Captain Draper could be spoke with.

The waiter delivered his message to the company, and returned with an answer, that Capt. Draper was in England, and in good health.

Mr.

Mr. Brudenel concluded this an extraordinary piece of effrontery; for could they possibly know any thing of the Captain, if they were not the persons he sought; and without farther ceremony, he walked up stairs, and entered the room.

It required all the French *effronterie* he was master of, to introduce himself to so many strangers; but not doubting that he was right in their persons, he bowed to the officer, repeating Capt Draper, Sir, I presume.

The officer returned his compliment, assuring him he was wrong; that Capt. Draper was most certainly in England, and that *his* name was Colonel Mac Murleagh.

"If so," answered Brudenel, "I beg your pardon; but is not one of these ladies Miss Trenton?"

"Neither, I assure you," replied the Colonel: "Miss Trenton is also in England."

"At least, then," said Brudenel, "you know Miss Trenton and Capt. Draper, and can inform me if they are yet married."

"I believe not yet," answered Sophia Bothel; for it was she who had been persuaded to trust herself to the unknown Colonel Mac Murleagh; "though I know not how soon she may, as most people believe he will supply the place of Lord Tynian."

"Then it is the general opinion of the town, I presume," said Brudenel.

"No, not of the town, I believe," replied, with a sneer, a young lady, named Miss Mac-howen:—"Miss Trenton is not of *quite* so much note as to engage the attention of the town. It is therefore merely a whisper amongst her acquaintance."

"But these sort of whispers, Ma'am," answered Brudenel, grinning familiarly, "are
C 3 generally

generally supported, by some truth ; such, I suppose, as the Captain's frequent visits, an intercepted letter, a, a—or some such unfortunate circumstance, which there is no avoiding."

Miss Machowen smiled ; and Sophia, not a little curious to know who could be interested in Miss Trenton at Paris, endeavoured, with all the penetration she was mistress of, to gain information ; but there Mr. Brudenel was impenetrable ; and when he took his leave, they were wholly in the dark concerning his business, and supposed him to be some friend of Draper's, or some visitant at Tynian Castle, being unacquainted with Lord Tynian's residence in Paris.

It was something strange, that they themselves were there ; but yet it arose from one of those natural accidents which often occur.

It is already known, that Mr. Turner was much in love with Sophia, though his eyes were opened, and he despised the policy she practised, in order to retain more admirers than one. The distance of behaviour he assumed, would, he hoped, gain some concessions in his favour, and engage her at least to give him some certain encouragement. Lest, however, he should meet a repulse, he considered, that while he spent month after month in patient attendance, age was imperceptibly making advances, and he might, in the end, be forced to remain single.

Her caprice had much weakened the strength of his passion, and taken from it that intoxicating principle which conceals or converts faults into beauties : He saw in Sophia Bothel very little to prefer before many of her acquaintance ; and it was solely the habit of thinking on her, which, like other habits of continuance, required both fortitude and perseverance to overcome.

From

From those motives, his visits became less regular, and, by entering into other companies, the charm daily diminished. He thus became acquainted with a merchant named Melros, whose only daughter soon weaned his heart so much from Sophia, that he felt perfect indifference about her final decision; and finding her one day alone, he determined then to come to some conclusion, and either gain her consent, or desert her for ever.

Naturally timid, from the confined education he had received, she mistook his humble address for the excess of his love, and triumphing in her own power, determined yet a little longer to punish him for what she deemed rebellion against her charms; and after hearing all his expressions with a fixed countenance, she answered, "that she could not think yet of changing her condition."

"I have not asked you to fix the time," said he: "All I conjure you to grant me is, a knowledge that you intend to accept my hand—Consider, lovely Sophia, how long, and how ardently I have loved you—Consider, that whilst we thus throw our time away, youth, which never can return, is passing; that we are abridging the time of our happiness.—Consider, that I will take you without a fortune: That left you by your aunt shall be settled on yourself and our children: Then reflect that something is due to me—Say, then, my dear girl, am I to have your consent?"

"Sir," replied Sophia, with the most mortifying coldness, "you seem to think your acceptance of me without fortune, is favour enough to ensure my certain compliance; but I am not so low, but I might accept offers even *more* flattering."

"I doubt it not," answered Turner whose love returned at her presence: "And you wrong me, if you suppose I meant any such insinuation—No, my charming girl, I deem yourself more than equivalent

equivalent to fortune, and my actions must have convinced you I did so; but can I suffer your coldness; can I suffer so long to live in tormenting uncertainty—No, not even the love I feel for you can support it; and you must either fix some certain time to look forward to, or—or I must fly you for ever.”

“Go, go,” said she, with a tantalizing air;—“you are not so very much in love, if such is your determination—Go, go, I don’t wish to keep you—I can assure you Sir.”

“Cruel girl,” cried he; “will you be ferocious—I swear by Heaven *I am* so.—Consider, then, Sophia; on your determination depends your happiness.”

“That’s very good,” interrupted she—If my happiness then is to marry you—I believe I shall be unhappy.”

“I do not mean that,” said he, gravely: “What I wish is, that you will no longer elude my wishes. I conjure, I entreat, that you will, with the ingenuousness I have ever expected to find in you, tell me what I am to expect; and I vow, by that sentence to abide.”

She was at a loss whether to think him in earnest or not, as he had once before, on their return from the play, used nearly the same language, only to gain some concessions.—she answered, “she believed she should never marry.”

“Is it your intention.—Your purpose then,” said he, faltering, “unequivocally and for ever to discard me?—I think I have not merited this from you. Will you not repeal this sentence, and say you will be my wife?”

“I will say no such thing,” said she.—“you may go; I will not detain you.”

“We are then to part for ever.”

“O yes, for ever,” said she.

“Adieu,

“Adieu, then, Sophia,” said he.—“May you always be happy.”

“Sir, your humble servant.”

Turner hurried away to conceal his agitation: Nor was Sophia quite satisfied with herself; she might have given him some little hope; but flattering herself he would return, she strove to conceal her chagrin at his behaviour, and spent some days in no little anxiety on account of his not appearing.

Mr. Turner, when absent, soon resumed his reflection, and coolly considering her behaviour, thought himself happy in having escaped. He went in the evening to Mr. Melros's, and gave himself up to the enchanting smiles of his daughter, who, on her part, having conversed alone with persons of his station, who, in general, wanted much of his understanding, looked upon him with a partiality, that soon ripened into love; and though he was not so wealthy as she might have expected, her father agreed to his overtures, and Miss Melros was shortly instated as mistress of Mr. Turner's house.

This great acquisition of wealth was sufficient to allow him to withdraw from business, at least the more laborious part of it; and his father-in-law coming to live at his house, he was able to vie with the rich Mr. Brunton, who still to maintain his superiority, ordered a chariot; observing, that for those who could pay for riding, walking was extremely fatiguing, and he did not see why one man had not as much right to ride as another.

When the news of Turner's marriage reached Sophia, she found herself ready to faint; but collecting all her pride to her assistance, she affected to receive it with indifference, bordering on contempt, and hoped Miss Melros would find him more agreeable than ever she had.

Such

Such, however, were not her sentiments in private.—She wept at having lost an offer that might never again occur, and in despair would have taken the hand of his rival had she not feared he would enjoy her disappointment, and suppose she had accepted him as her last resource.

To shew that it was not so, she determined never to accept him ; and the next time he pressed her for an answer, she replied, “ that she wondered how a man old enough to be her father, should presume to think of her. Thus from a little foolish pride (if I may venture to call a practise so common amongst the ladies by that term,) she sacrificed the hopes of two men, which her artifices had buoyed up from month to month, and with either of whom she might have been as comfortable as half the married people in the town.

At a city assembly, Colonel Mac Murleough singled out Sophia for the honour of his partner, to the anger of many a fluttering bosom, which sighed for gold and scarlet. He was not behind-hand causing his partner to observe the envy of her companions, and possessing the power of flattery, and the title of Colonel, (though that, by the bye, was his travelling name) gained so much on the esteem of Sophia, smarting from her desertion, and dazzled by so important a conquest, that her discretion was blinded, and before the evening was over, he was allowed to write or to visit her.

This he did not fail doing in the morning ; but the severe countenance of Mr. Bothel struck him with dismay. Mr. Bothel had a particular antipathy to men of the scarlet order ; and however dignified, desired no connexion with them, for more reasons than one ; but Mr. Bothel was a citizen of confined ideas, and thought the destruction of the human species a trade not very admirable.

From

From thence, Colonel Mac Murleagh received so cool a reception, that he durst no more enter the factor's house, but at the same time, he did not resolve to quit the factor's daughter. He found she had money left by an aunt, independent of her father, which same had *multiplied* by the number ten, that he felt some inclination to *divide* it with her. A letter was the conveyance of his wishes; so full of Irish professions, that glowed with everlasting flames and adoration, that Sophia could not refuse him just one interview at a worthy good milliner's, who was a woman of the *strictest honour*.

After a few meetings, he so far gained on her credulity, that though not easily imposed upon, she credited his story of being an Irish gentleman, of the county of *Clanharga*, where he had many estates, and consented to go with him abroad, provided he could prevail on any of his female relations to accompany them; for still some remains of her education struck her with the impropriety of her conduct. But to be the wife of a Colonel, to be called the Colonel's Lady, and to have vast Irish estates in the county of *Clanharga*, was too much to be resisted, and Sophia, with all her cunning, was deceived. Had she had the smallest foresight on this occasion, the first map of Ireland would have detected the fraud.

The Colonel was not long at a loss to gain one of his *relations* to go with them, and Miss Mac-howen was introduced as a first cousin; though, alas! for the repose of Sophia, and the honour of the Bothels, she was one of those ladies who are related to many people, though owned by none.

The party thus settled, after some little contest of fear and duty, Sophia left the house of her father, and with the dear Colonel, set out for Paris, priding, beforehand, in the triumph which would attend her return, and reckoning that Lady Mac-Murleagh would sufficiently excuse Sophia Bothel,

Bothel, felt less for the distress she should bring to her parents and sisters, and plunged, without discernment, into many troubles.

As yet she had not been undeceived; the Colonel thinking proper to retain his title 'till the English clergyman, who had fled his country for debt, had made them one.—The distress of Mr. and Mrs. Bothel is more easily imagined than described; for Sophia, the sensible Sophia, to commit an action so rash, was almost beyond belief; and even Turner was greatly hurt to find she had thrown herself away upon a miscreant; as, upon inquiry, no such person as Colonel Mac Murleagh existed.

When Mr. Brudenel returned to Lord Tynian, who waited for him with the greatest impatience, he related the mistake, which in some measure blunted his anguish: Yet finding, by their report, that Sabina, was acknowledged, by her acquaintance, as the intended bride of Draper, he endeavoured to stifle his complaints; and though Brudenel now wished him to return to England, and try the fortune of his sword, he declined it.

“What, Sir,” said he, “am I to risk my own existence; for, should I conquer, could I take Sabina, would she have me.—No, believe me, I am not so weak: The love I have now for her, only inspires me with the wish that she may be happy, and the determination to see that she is not abused.”

“Well,” replied Brudenel, “as you like.—But you have a strange way of thinking.—Now, if I loved a girl, all the Captains in the world should not prevent me from getting her.—Zounds! I would take her from the devil himself, and that without music. What signifies if you have her, whether she likes you or another.”

Alfred smiled, and inquired if he knew who this Colonel Mac Murleagh was; “for,” said he, “I have a little suspicion he is another of these

honourable

honourable members of society: For, besides that I have never heard the name, is it not a little strange that he should be in Paris with two young ladies, one of whom I am acquainted with, and am well assured cannot be his relation?"

"Nothing more likely," answered Brudenel, "so the world runs; and he is wisest who makes the most of it.—Come, do we go to the Marchioness's to-night?"

Alfred shook his head, and hinted his intention to visit the Colonel; but as a new play was to be performed, and the Marchioness expecting them by appointment, he was prevailed upon to postpone his intention 'till the ensuing day.

The plausible excuse he made to himself for this intention of visiting the Colonel, was to inquire his pretensions to the title; though the reader will easily believe, no little might be imputed to his wish of learning some certain intelligence about Sabina: So little do we inquire the real motives of our actions.

In the morning, Alfred hastened to the *fiacélerie*, and was immediately conducted to the chambers of the English ladies.—He knocked several times before it was opened by Sophia, who started back at sight of him, and burst into tears.

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Bothel," cried he, "what is the matter; do you already repent your expedition with the Colonel."

"Expedition," repeated she to herself, galled at the humiliation it conveyed.—"I hope, my Lord, I have done nothing to repent of."

"Why those tears, then?" said he, in a tone of softness: "Or are they shed at having left your father and mother.—But, Miss Bothel, who is this Colonel Mac Murleagh."

At this question, the tears of Sophia began to flow with greater force.—She hung down her head,

head, ashamed to meet the eyes of Alfred, and sobbing, was unable to answer.

"Me you are acquainted with," said Alfred, wishing to gain her confidence.—"I think you may rely on my honour, and to serve you and your worthy parents, there are few things ever so disagreeable, that I would not perform; and I think I have some power."

"You are very generous, my Lord," sobbed Sophia.—"I am, I own, extremely unhappy.—But—but——."

Her words struggled in her throat for utterance, and shame wholly repressed them. Alfred saw her hesitation; and considering from whence it arose, desired her to place some trust in him; offering, if she wished it, to keep the whole a profound secret, and, if possible, yet save her from infamy, were the Colonel, as he suspected, an impostor.

To make a confession of her folly, was, especially to Sophia, a most humiliating circumstance; but her good sense dictated to her, that it was better to suffer under supposed, than actual criminality, and determined her to depend on Alfred's generosity.

Interrupted by tears and reflections on her rash proceeding, she informed him, that she had by accident discovered the Colonel to be a designing knave, who gained a living by playing upon the credulity of females, which his person and address rendered no difficult task.

"I own, with shame, my folly in attending to his speeches," said she; "but more I blame myself, for not advising with my parents, who would have detected the imposture; but I trusted to my own fancied superiority of judgment, and wretchedly am I deceived. In the excess of my weakness, I consented to accompany him to Paris, and tomorrow was fixed on as the day, for what I now call my final doom; but the Power, to whom my
father

father ever commended his children; has discovered to me the danger, I hope, before it is too late.

“The person who was to have married us, happens to be much in debt to my father. He has a wife and children in England, whom his poverty would not suffer to bring with him, and whose situation it is in our power to amend. In these hopes, and perhaps respect to justice, he found means to advise me of my danger; begging at the same time, that I would repay the service he did me, by interceding with my father in his favour.

“He is but just gone; and which way to quit the pretended Colonel without suffering the malicious suppositions of every one who knows of my folly, distracts me. Death is almost preferable to the situation I now endure; and I would gladly conceal myself in the meanest station of life, could I by that escape observation. I know every one must have heard of my rashness; and it is impossible for me ever to return to England. I confess, that every sentiment I might once have in favour of this man, is now converted into abhorrence; and when you entered, I was tormenting myself with projects of escape, which is so much the more difficult, as I am in a land of strangers, and almost without a knowledge of its language.”

“I have promised you my assistance,” said Alfred, rejoiced to find she was not yet married to Mac Murleagh.—“Why should you not return to your parents, who are your best protectors?”

A deep blush covered the face of Sophia; and she, who could fly with a stranger to an unknown land, felt so much shame at returning to her relations, that much would have been endured to avoid it.—“I cannot,” said she.—“How
can

can I look them in the face; how endure their silent reproaches; how meet the eyes of my sisters, conscious of their upright virtue. Oh! my Lord, I cannot; I will retire to some convent, where I shall be unknown, and this indiscretion concealed, and where I shall repent at leisure, my want of caution."

Alfred shewed to her the folly of such a scheme, to bury herself in the bloom of youth, when the virtue she seemed to wish to gain, called her to practise its precepts, was more acceptable to Heaven than sighs, tears, and abject devotion.—The shame she felt at meeting her relations, her own consciousness of innocence would support, and the generosity of her friends pass over in silence.

"My dear Miss Bothel, said he, "pardon the thought; is there not some little pride in this wish of obscurity? You may retire to some friend in the country; your future behaviour will establish your character. I will publish the truth to the world; and I think I have influence enough to support it. How is it, I do not see this honourable gentleman, and who is the young lady my friend informs me, is in your company; she, too, must have much to fear for her reputation."

"There again was I deluded," said she; "and it is some excuse, if the most distant be allowable, that his designs were conducted with so much subtilty, as not easily to be discovered. This relation, as he pretended, is one of his own creatures, and imposed upon me by assuming the airs of a lady of birth, constantly talking about honour, nobility, and virtue."

"You have indeed had a providential escape," said Alfred,— "Does he know any thing of this detection?"

"No,"

“No,” said she, “I tremble lest he should.—Who knows, in a country like this, what he may have influence to do ; and I might be forced yet to be his wife.”

Alfred looked at his watch ; it was near one o'clock.—“You expect him back,” said he “in less than an hour ; let me advise you to be composed, and pack up those things which belong to you, and we will be gone before his return, which will effectually frustrate his present and future designs.”

Sophia endeavoured to repress her emotions ; and putting some linen into a little trunk, wiped away the tears from her eyes ; and drawing her bonnet over her face, gave her hand to Alfred, and hurried, with a quick step, from the *flôtellerie*, every moment looking round, lest they should be discovered. Thus they arrived at his lodging almost out of breath, with the haste they had made.

She returned her thanks with a sincerity not to be mistaken ; and entreated him, as he thought it most to her advantage, to write to her parents, which would confirm what she should say herself, and that any scandal might not be circulated of her having deserted one for the other, she entreated him to provide her some temporary asylum, though her motives she concealed ; and the same afternoon she was received into a convent, the Abbess of which Alfred had some distant acquaintance with.

He had not been able to overcome his curiosity, or rather the distant sympathy which yet linked him to Sabina—At several intervals of his conversation with Sophia, he had almost, unperceived by himself, adverted to some question relative to her.—Yet none of those questions brought any consolation, though they suggested the

the reflection, that Draper might have practised upon Sabina, as Mac Murleagh had on Sophia, and that no Alfred might be ready to receive and protect her.

He was informed of her removal from Mr. Bothel's; and not having any advice from Diemburk, concluded he must be detained at the Castle, to which place he wrote, desiring he would call on Sabina in his way to the Continent, and offer her every assistance she might stand in need of.

His precipitancy now appeared in the most glaring light, laying him under the imputation of meanness, and inhumanity, the more distressing, as he now, for the first time, learnt the death of Mr. Trenton.

His soul recoiled at the reflections Sabina must have made on his mean desertion of her, at a time when so dreadful a calamity must have nearly overcome her fortitude, and that without once mentioning his suspicions, which justice demanded, and which, after all, might be groundless.

But they were not groundless, as every advice confirmed. Yet had his retreat, in a moment so important, the air of an ignominious desertion: a baseness of thinking so unworthy, that he felt both angry and ashamed of his own conduct.

He could not suppose that now Draper would think of her as a wife; and he lamented the distress she must experience, at being abandoned by both, (one of whom she must have loved). At the same time, a sort of revengeful sentiment whispered—Had she given me that love, had she been faithful to her promises, this would not have happened, or at least her father's death would not have been so great a shock.

So it is we find some self-flattery to keep up our good opinion of ourselves, which, if we lose, every

every enjoyment of life becomes tasteless or bitter.

Alfred thought his duty fulfilled in desiring Diemburk would take notice she did not want, and in recommending her to the care of his mother.

To obliterate intruding remembrance, he attended Mr. Brudenel on all his parties, laughed at the frivolous sayings of the ladies, gamed and drank with the men, 'till in a short time, the poor forsaken Sabina was nearly forgotten ; or if remembered, slight indeed was the regret he suffered ; and he looked around for one to supply her place, with all the qualifications his mother enumerated as necessary.

When the unlucky Colonel returned from his morning excursion with his fair *relation*, no consolation could exceed his, at finding Sophia absent ; but when he discovered her trunk missing, and learned that she had walked away with a gentleman, his passion arose to madness, and the furniture, of the room felt the effects of his resentment. The unhappy Machowen was accused, though very improbably, of having connived at her departure, and, as a punishment, turned out into the streets of Paris to live—as she could.

When the tremendous storm of his passion was subsided, he sat down coolly to cast up his accounts, and found himself so much the loser, that his stock in hand was not sufficient to pay for his expences at the *flôtellerie*, and the mischief he had done.—Execrating his stars for this malevolent turn, he walked down stairs to get an appetite, as he said, for his dinner, which he ordered to be on the table by four o'clock, together with the bill ; and hastening to a dealer in clothes, converted his gold and scarlet into plain black, and his title of Colonel Mac Murleagh into the

Rev.

Rev. Mr. Morgan. — Made inquiries after any English family of distinction ; and finding one just setting out on the road to Italy, offered himself, and was accepted as travelling tutor, capable of instructing youth in *morality and religion*.

C H A P. IV.

THE COMFORT OF A GOOD MAN.

THE days of Sabina were marked by increased dejection, at the dreary prospect of dragging, as it were, one day after the other, without benefit to any one, or amusement to herself.

Mrs. Andrews, by the coarseness of her phrases, and want of feeling, was become extremely disagreeable ; and Sabina rejoiced when she could escape to her own room, or pass away the time in reading in the arbour. Even the visits of Draper were become unwelcome, from the suspicion they suggested, at least to Mrs. Andrews : — “ For what common friend,” said she, “ would take so much trouble about you, if *nothing* is expected.”

In vain would Sabina urge, that he barely returned the obligations he had received from her father. Mrs. Andrews knew enough of the world to be persuaded of its improbability, and failed not to say so. To avoid those inconveniencies, she was necessitated, however reluctant, to hint to the Captain her desire that he would not trouble himself so often ; for if she particularly wanted his advice, she would write to him.

He

He appeared not to notice this dismissal; and having received another letter from Antwerp, stating that some recoverable debts, to the amount of three thousand pounds, waited only for a claimant to be paid, he one day returned, after having been there in the morning, pretending he had received advices, that five hundred pounds might be immediately recovered from the wreck of her father's fortune, provided she would undertake a voyage to Antwerp.

She knew, that with those merchants her father's accounts were unsettled, and rejoiced at the prospect of so considerable an addition to her scanty fortune; not from an avaricious temper, but from the natural desire inherent in us all, of becoming more independent.

The voyage to Antwerp she knew not how to undertake; and when there, her ignorance of business would render her liable to every imposition which dishonesty could practise; nor did she know any medium by which to transact the affair with security.

Draper pretended not to notice the uncertainty and embarrassment he saw in her countenance, well knowing from whence it proceeded; and after hearing her difficulties, he seemed to consider with the air of a man, who is not yet resolved.

"I think Miss Trenton," said he, after a time, "you had much better go yourself.—You will then be satisfied that every thing is adjusted with propriety."

"But how can I go, Sir," inquired she.—"I am wholly inexperienced, and have no friend to guard me from imposition."

"No friend," cried he, starting up, as if hurt by the expression; then sitting down, he went on.—"What am I? then—am not I a friend,

whom you may command on any service. I will attend you."

He seemed to wait for an answer, which she was not prepared to give. Her discretion dictated to her the impropriety of travelling with him, as it would not only countenance the suspicion of Mrs. Andrews, but would, in the eyes of the world, be unwarrantable, and to herself inconvenient and disagreeable. She therefore modestly declined his offer, saying, she would apply to some agent in town, who would, for a moderate premium, save them the trouble.

"It cannot be," said he.—"Miss Trenton, you know my obligations to your father.—I will deal plainly with you; I have heard it hinted, that I am engaged to you by more tender ties than those of friendship.—My presumption will not allow me to entertain such hopes: But you know I am *now* otherwise engaged; and, to convince you of my disinterestedness, I will myself undertake this office, provided I am empowered by you."

The embarrassment he purposely displayed, in the commencement of this speech, called blushes into the cheeks of Sabina; nor was she a little vexed to find the report so general, that even he should have heard it, which she could only impute to the folly of Mrs. Andrews; and this was another inducement not to give up the five hundred pounds, as it would enable her to live more according to her taste. She had no suspicion of the Captain's sincerity, but much objection to adding another obligation. Therefore, thanking him for his kindness, declined it, saying, she wished advising with Mr. Bothel, before she proceeded any farther.

Capt. Draper knew this would be destruction to all his hopes; and, by his impatience to prevent

it,

it, nearly overacted his part, and raised suspicion in the breast of Sabina.

"What," said he, "will you willingly receive service of strangers, in preference to your friends. Do you suspect me of so d——d a crime, as to wish to defraud you? If so, I will lay down the five hundred pounds before I go, and thus convince you of my desires to serve you."

"You wrong both me and yourself," said she, "by such a proposal. Be assured, if I thought you capable of acting so, I would never more speak to you. If—but I had much rather you would not give yourself the trouble."

"I desire you will not name it to me," said he: "It will be no trouble. It will only occasion my going to Flanders a month earlier than I otherwise must. A power of attorney, subscribed by yourself, is all that is wanted to enable me to receive it; and if I can, when there, discover any other sum, it will be but one trouble to receive it all; and would to Heaven it were ten thousand pounds."

No doubt his wish was sincere; and having gained her consent, he hastened home, promising next day to attend with the papers. When he was gone, something seemed to blame her for having so implicitly confided in him; but to retract now, was beyond her power: And besides, suspicion could find no one object to ground upon; and her fears of, she knew not what, appeared to herself preposterously ridiculous—She indeed wished to advise with Mr. Bothel; but after having assented to the proposal of the other, could now be of no utility, and might displease the Captain. She therefore endeavoured to be easy, to banish that distrust which she knew not how to account for, and which only produced a sense of uneasiness, without directing to any thing certain.

She passed an almost sleepless night. In the morning, she arose early, and, to silence reflection, spent her time at the harpsichord, rising between the tunes, and looking from the window to see if the Captain was coming, though her watch told her it was yet much too soon.

She found herself in the situation of a person who consents without consideration; and whatever ties her friend Lucy might have upon the heart of Draper, his looks, his sighs, and distant insinuations, together with Mrs. Andrews' observations, convinced her he felt for her a secret passion, which he had in vain endeavoured to overcome.—To receive his services in so essential a point, would, she feared, inspire him with hope. Absence might wholly detach him from the weak hold she was convinced Lucy held him by, and she knew not what might be the consequences.—Her friend, pining at his desertion, herself almost wholly in his power, and perhaps obliged to become a sacrifice to gratitude; for she could not love him.

“No,” sighed she already-deceived; “cruelly, cruelly deceived; my heart will no more be warmed by the insinuating passion of love; no more form to itself views which cannot be realized, which only serve to delude me with hopes. Alfred, unkind Alfred, what professions of sincerity can I ever believe, since your's were delusive; since your vows and prayers, in the moment of my adversity, ceased to be in force; and your desertion was as marked as your attachment.”

Overcome by those, and similar reflections, the tears trickled from her eyes, giving ease to her overcharged bosom; so that she was composed and calm by the time Draper arrived with the papers, which he had not lost a moment in drawing up.

He

He discoursed for some time on indifferent subjects, being master enough of dissimulation to know that success often attends concealed desire; and when he did produce the papers, it was as though they had nearly escaped his memory.

Sabina again shewed her reluctance, to give him so much unnecessary trouble; he started up, and as if forgetting himself, caught her hand, and pressing it gently, said—"Say nothing, my dear friend, about so paltry an office; would I could serve you by travelling the uninhabited desert."

He reached her the pen and ink. Tremblingly, and fearful of, she knew not what, she signed the paper, which was to deprive her of fortune, and give to a villain power to execute the schemes of his demoniac invention.

His agitation was greater than her's when he received the paper; he trembled with eagerness, and could scarce conceal the flattering emotions which he felt.—He had even some difficulty to repress his triumph over her credulity, by shewing how much she was now in his power.

Prudence alone held his hand, it being yet possible to deprive him of his advantage, had suspicion awakened. He proposed, in a hurry, to be gone the next day, though that night was destined for his departure, and ventured, at taking leave, to press her to his bosom, and snatch a kiss, which called the colour into her cheeks, and a glance of resentment from her eyes.

He demanded pardon for his boldness — Assured her, that nothing was so dear to him as her welfare; and giving her a direction to a merchant at Antwerp (though no such person existed), he once more bid her adieu, and hastened from the house.

Elated at his success with Sabina, he doubted not but Lucy with his falsehoods, would be equally
deceived,

deceived, and in a point more cruel; and this night he fixed on as the last of his abode in London, where he could not safely appear after his *service to the daughter of his friend.*

So far had he fascinated the weak softness of Lucy, and inspired her with notions of his honour, that she placed in him the most unbounded confidence. He had, by gradations, rendered the idea of deserting her parents familiar. He had smoothed his way with so much success, that he knew very little persuasion was wanted to determine her; and if she still wavered the fear of losing him for ever, he considered as a last and unfailing resource.

But here, for once, virtue was protected, or rather the purity of a maid, whose weakness would have ill defended her alone from his attacks; and Heaven, as if it watched over the house of Mr. Bothel, and protected the children of the righteous, suffered not his daughters ultimately to fall.

The flight of Sophia had produced such melancholy effects upon their health, had fixed upon them such marks of the deepest dejection, that hard indeed must have been the heart that did not pity them, and worse than savage that which could add to their distress.—The nature of Lucy shuddered at the idea of so great criminality. She inwardly rejoiced, that hitherto she had been enabled to resist the importunities of subtle argument, and that all insinuating passion love—and silently and solemnly she vowed, if Heaven would strengthen her resolves, never to listen to dishonourable or clandestine proposals.

Happily for the honour of Lucy, other accidents arose to confirm her resolutions, which might otherwise have yielded in the moment of temptation, opened her eyes at once to the danger of her situation, and the dreadful condition to which she was reduced

reduced. For dreadful it certainly was, to find, in place of honour, virtue, and excellence—dishonour, vice, and baseness.—To find her dearest affections placed upon an unworthy object : To find the heart, beyond retrieve, attached, where reason, and every suggestion of prudence, opposed its desires, and wounded the soul, by destroying the fleeting hopes of ardent expectation.

The preparations of Draper had given an alarm to Maria, as his designs were unknown. She was but too sensible of her precarious situation to look calmly on. His pursuit after Sabina seemed at an end ; he now seldom mentioned her ; and when Maria had once ventured to inquire when he would marry her, he replied with an oath—
“ *Never.*”

However ignorant of the world a female may be, jealousy supplies her with a vigilance not easily overcome, and Maria began to apprehend, she had some more powerful rival to fear. Hitherto she had been blinded, by supposing it was Sabina's money alone he coveted ; that she was still in possession of his heart ; but now she trembled, lest he might be engaged where both money and beauty would wholly wean him from her ; and from those suspicions, she was induced to watch his every action.

So much do women lose, by forgetting their integrity, and submitting too easily to a criminal deception, that from reigning in our hearts, they tremble at our frown, and feel conscious of the debasement of their nature.

From this sentiment of inferiority, Maria feared even to murmur her suspicions. She shuddered, lest he should wholly cast her off ; and nightly her pillow was damped by her tears, and the silence interrupted by moanings at her unhappy situation.

From

From Joyce, whom she bribed, she discovered Draper's correspondence with Lucy, and, by an artifice, found means to obtain of him a letter his master had given him to carry to her.

This letter was a confirmation of her fears; rage for a time impelled her to some act of outrage; but she reflected how weak such behaviour would be, and that she could not possibly hope to gain any thing by it.—She knew Lucy to be a modest young lady, and must be wholly uninformed of Draper's real character. With her she was not under the same restraint as with Sabina, and, as a last resource, determined to relate to her the truth of her own misfortunes, which must wholly undeceive her, and might save her from a similar misfortune.

She saw the preparations for his departure suddenly hastened; he had not even hinted to her his design, and she could no longer doubt his intention of running away with Lucy. Thus jealousy, love, and a desire of saving another from shame, overcame the deep reluctance she felt, at exposing herself; and it so happened, that the morning she had fixed for her visit to Cannon-street, was the one on which Draper succeeded in his schemes with Sabina.

Mr. Bothel happened to meet Maria in her way to the parlour above stairs.—His daughter Sophia dwelt upon his mind, and added to his antipathy against officers, in which general dislike, Draper was included.

“Pray, Madam,” demanded he, with sternness, “is your business particular with my daughter; I think the Captain should employ some other messenger.”

Maria drew back abashed, and was unable to answer any other, than that she brought no message from the Captain.

Mr.

Mr. Bothel took no notice of her reply, but went on to interrogate her.

"You are extremely young; are you the Captain's relation."

"No, Sir," said she.

"May I then ask," said he, "if you have any relations where you live."

A flood of tears prevented the answer she must have made. — Mr. Bothel chid himself for having inadvertently grieved her. She was very young, very handsome, and very dejected; he read it in her countenance; and taking her hand, desired she would pardon the pain he had given her; then bowing, hastened away.

Maria, not recovered from her confusion, entered the parlour, where Mrs. Bothel and Lucy sat at work, who both observed her embarrassment, and desired to know what had alarmed her.

She turned her eyes towards the ground, and found herself so unable to perform the task she had undertaken, that she more than once thought of returning without mentioning any thing. She wished to speak to Lucy alone; but she could not, without appearing singular; and she sat in a state the most unpleasant, for several minutes, without speaking.

"My good girl," said Mrs. Bothel, with a voice of maternal condolence, "what has so flurried your spirits? Lucy bring some hartshorn drops, they may perhaps be some relief to her."

Lucy, trembling, obeyed, as this scene had agitated her, and something inwardly foreboded the approach of evil, but could form no idea of what was to follow.

Maria became much calmer, though yet unwilling to begin her disgraceful tale before Mrs. Bothel, who might forbid her ever again speaking

to Lucy. She was therefore glad to hear Mrs. Bothel called from the room, and taking the opportunity, she whispered Lucy, that she had a matter of consequence to disclose to her.

Lucy did not wait to inquire what.—She rose up, and bidding Maria follow, hastened to her own room, though not unobserved by Mrs. Bothel, who was talking to a person in a room adjoining.—She was not ignorant of the prepossessions of Lucy in favour of the Captain; she feared that he might have discovered it, and was taking advantage to deceive; for now she suspected the most flattering appearance, having witnessed the examples of Alfred, and the pretended Colonel. In this consideration she scrupled not, endeavouring to overhear the conversation, which was begun with an air of mystery; and having got rid of her visitor, she hastened softly to the next room to Lucy's where the thinness of the partition allowed her to hear, though not very distinctly, the history of Maria's misfortunes.

Lucy had commanded her spirits during this detail with astonishing composure; but it was not the result of reason. It was an amazement bordering on stupefaction; and when Maria ceased to speak, she made neither observation nor answer. Her whole soul seemed lost in some inward reflection; her eyes appeared fixed; and when Maria lifted her's from the ground, and with a face glowing with shame, sought to read her sentiments, her altered aspect, her fixed countenance, struck her with so much terror, that, unable to command herself, she screamed aloud for assistance.

Mrs. Bothel flew from the next room, and entered as her daughter closed her eyes, and fell back in her chair. After much exertion, she did recover life; but her senses seemed to have received a
shock,

shock, and her tongue pronounced alone the names of her mother, Sabina, and Draper.

Mrs. Bothel found it in vain to conceal her daughter's ravings.—She was put to bed, and a physician of eminence sent for. During this, Maria had been a silent spectator; she considered herself as the cause of the accident; and whilst she held vinegar to the nose of Lucy, she was frequently obliged to have recourse to it herself.

When the attention of Mrs. Bothel turned from her daughter to this unfortunate girl, she pitied her condition, and determined, if possible to rescue her from the villain she yet fondly loved. She considered, that to her she owed the preservation of her daughter, and not attempting to conceal, having over-heard their discourse, endeavoured at intervals, to inspire her with confidence; at the same time offering her every service in her power.

For those friendly advances, Maria thanked her in tears, but could not yet bring her mind to part freely from the man who had once flattered her with his love; who even now, at times, professed his regard for her by words, whilst his actions were contrary.

Unwillingly she hurried away, having entreated Mrs. Bothel not mention her having been there to the Captain, in case he should call; as she feared he might carry his passion to dreadful excess; and saying she would come the next day to inquire if Lucy was better, she hastened away to Hatton-Garden.

After her departure, Mrs. Bothel, whilst she sat by the bed of her daughter, weeping, and grieved to the soul at her rambling discourses, recollected the hints Mrs. Andrews had given her of the Captain's designs upon Sabina. Not any thing appeared too bad for such a man to attempt. The story of Maria exhibited him equal to mischief from the meanest view, and decked him forth in sentiments

ments that would darken the cheeks of a savage.— In the midst of destruction and death—to betray—to seduce innocence by means of gratitude, alone bespoke him a fiend, and all his specious friendship, his love of virtue, his pompous declamation, vanished in a moment, and left him exposed, the vile, the worthless impostor.

Lucy frequently called aloud for Sabina: then, in a softer tone, as if speaking to her, she would say—“Ah! my Sabina, who would have thought it—the cruel man has deceived us. Yes, yes, I knew it.—My friend, we are lost and undone.—He has killed us both,—aye, and Maria.—I know we must die.—*Beware, beware; remember Matilda.*—Ah! but I did not—I forgot Matilda;—when will Matilda come?”

This latter allusion they were unable to account for.—They looked at each other, for an explanation; but none had been present when the young man in the gardens spoke the words, which now forcibly recurred to the memory of Lucy.

It struck Mrs. Bothel, that perhaps Sabina might give them some information. She was anxious also to open her eyes to the villainy of Draper, and sent for Mr. Bothel, who was gone to transact some business at a merchant’s, to entreat him to go to Lambeth, and bring Sabina.

The porter being the messenger, hastened to the place, supposing his master was wanted on account of Lucy’s sudden illness, and out of breath, delivered his message; that he must come home immediately.

The business was of some importance; and being unwilling to delay it for any frivolous pretence, he desired Thomas might be admitted; and hastily asking for what he was wanted, received for answer, that Lucy had been suddenly taken with fits, was out of her senses, and expected every moment to die.

Mr.

Mr. Bothel gently elevated his eyes towards Heaven; then repressing the weak feelings of his heart, which would have shewn itself in a tear, he gently sighed, and turning to the gentleman, begged to put off the affair 'till next day, when he might more satisfactorily finish it.

He made no farther inquiries of Thomas being too much engrossed by the calamities which appeared to fall upon him; yet, said he inwardly, I have trusted in him who created me, him have I endeavoured to obey. Let me then not now repine, but strengthen me, O great Being, that the trials thou inflictest may not shake my integrity. Thee have I ever trusted, Thee will I now trust, and depend on thy favour.

Such was the prayer of a good man in affliction, who saw evils unmerited fall upon him; whose whole life had been spent—not in a regular attendance at church; not in bestowing charity, where his name in full length proclaimed his title to Christianity; but in silently performing the duties of a good citizen—of religion and benevolence.

CHAP. V.

Ah! cruel, voudrois tu punir
La Nymphé qui t'adore,
Et que tu n'aimes pas encore?

ON Mr. Bothel's arrival at home, he was undeceived in his fears of the immediate danger of Lucy; and being informed by his wife of all that had happened, hurried away to Sabina, before any misrepresentations could reach her.

He

He found her employed with her music, it being more efficacious to soothe the mind, and prevent intruding reflection, than books; but Mr. Bothel's arrival was so unexpected, that she gladly ceased to touch the keys, in expectation of something preferable. The pleasure was, however, only momentary, being checked by the sorrow evident on Mr. Bothel's face.

"I hope, dear Sir," said she, with a look of anxious inquiry, "all your family are well; you appear very much disturbed."

"I am indeed," he replied; "very much so; endeavour, my fair friend, to endure what I know will at least grieve you, and will exhibit to you the impossibility of guarding against the treachery of mankind."

"I am very calm," answered she, "and I believe able to withstand any thing that relates to myself—but, why this preparation; I hope no accident has happened."

"Time," replied he, "may heal the wounds accident and villainy have made.—We have discovered, or rather heaven has disclosed to us, a villain under the mask of a friend. In a word, my dear, your disinterested Draper is an impostor."

"Good God!" exclaimed Sabina, her face changing from red to pale alternately:—"Then indeed I am for ever ruined and undone."

"Heaven forbid," cried Mr. Bothel in turn.—"Surely he did not pretend to love you likewise."

"Love me! No, Sir.—But, indeed, I cannot tell you how much I have been imposed upon.—Yet how have you discovered him to be an impostor?"

Mr. Bothel then related all he had heard from his wife, whilst the heart of Sabina seemed to die within her. She was ashamed to say he had duped her of her fortune; she wept for Lucy; and many entreaties

treaties

treaties were necessary to draw from her the commission she had so unadvisedly given him.

Mr. Bothel was astonished at the opening of so complicated a scheme.—He could scarcely believe human nature guilty of so great a degree of barbarity, that only the innocent and helpless could satiate its lusts. He reflected, that if Draper was not yet departed, it might be possible to detain him; and having imparted the faint hope to Sabina, he hastened her to accompany him in a boat, which was the quickest conveyance, and taking a coach at the landing, drove to Hatton-garden.

Sabina found her spirits bewildered in a tumult, and was scarcely able to support herself under the oppression of so unexpected a discovery. Nay, she could with difficulty establish its credit, as every observation had fixed him as a man of more than common principle and honour.

The tale of Maria, in some degree, inspired her with hope, so contrary to what she had heard from her own mouth, that which soever was true, it bespoke her guilty of falsehood, and consequently little to be trusted.—This inspiration of fallacious expectation, at least was a support to her; and the contemplation of it being barely probable, deprived the certainty of its evil effects.

By the time the coach arrived at Hatton-garden, she was prepared for the worst, and heard, with very little additional astonishment, that Capt. Draper had been gone just half an hour; no one had inquired where, as he had discharged the lodgings.

"And where," said Mr. Bothel, "is the young woman who attended him?"

"That I don't know," said the woman; "they came in together, had some high words, and she was turned out.—I saw that she cried very much; and

and poor soul, I was going to ask her some questions, but he called me to receive the rent, and when I came back, she was gone."

"Poor unhappy girl," sighed Mr. Bothel; "no pitying hand will be held out to receive thee, and now thou hast satisfied the desires of brutality, thou art turned on the world, to sink into lower degrees of wretchedness, than thou hast yet experienced."

Sabina was affected to weeping; and so much did her own reflections engross her attention, that she did not interrupt Mr. Bothel in his meditations, 'till their arrival at his house.

As he handed her up stairs, her eyes dimmed with tears, and which were increased at coming near her friend, whom she well knew how to pity. "Do you think, Sir," said she, "it is impossible I can recover the money I have so foolishly lost."

"I do," he answered; "unless he has the audacity to return to England; but it is improbable so refined a master should lay himself open to detection."

Mrs. Bothel heard Sabina on the stairs, and hastened to lead her to the chambers of the heart of Lucy, whose wandering exclamations evinced the derangement of her senses.

When Sabina entered, she knew her for a moment.—She held out her pale and trembling hand; then memory fading, she leaned back upon her pillow, giving way to a convulsive laugh, which ended in tears.

So much did this pitiable situation affect the beating heart of our Heroine, that she found it almost impossible to remain in the room, and contemplated, with anguish, the ravage grief, which, in so short a time, had appeared in the features of the too soft and delicate Lucy. Her colour was lost, or returned in high flushings; her eyes were vacant

vacant or wild, and her discourse rambling and without connexion.

"Oh!" cried she, my fond heart, foolish, foolish flutterer.—Yes, I knew all along he was a deceiver; Matilda told me so.—Charming Matilda,

Thou now art at rest,
With the spirits so blest.

"Pray, pray," said Sabina, taking her hand, "speak not so wildly.—Who, my love, is Matilda?"

"Aye—aye, I shall not be long with you—we will sleep together; and the kind Sabina too, shall be at peace. Ah! will not my father pardon me? Oh! I know he will."

"He does, my dear angel," said Mrs. Bothel; "he always loved you."

"Oh! aye—he told me so; he will pardon Sophia too—Ah! weak woman—cruel, cruel man—Ah! no more—Yes, yes, that will do, by its singing so well."

Sabina was unable longer to support the scene. She saw Mrs. Bothel with her head leaning against the bed-post, unable to look up, and sobbing in her handkerchief. Something seemed to rise in her throat, almost to suffocation; and starting up, she ran to the room she had formerly occupied; there throwing herself upon the bed, she indulged, without restraint, the emotions of her soul.

Wearied and exhausted at length with weeping, bewildered in unconnected reflections, a sleep bordering upon stupor, closed up her senses, and kindly gave time for nature to recover her tone, and shaken reason to make firm her empire.

No dreams of consoling nature danced before her imagination; all was darkness and cheerless; and

and her visionary representations were equally void of comfort, with the situation she too certainly was placed in.

While the victims of well practised deceit were suffering under its influence, Draper, though shagrin'd at his loss of Lucy, comforted himself with having gained so ample a provision for future dissipation.—Elate at his success with Sabina, not one pang of remorse smote him at the barbarity of the act; and unpitying, or rather with Luciferian triumph, he took from her the remnants of eastern spoils, which were to have softened her orphan and destitute situation.

On the way from Lambeth, he proposed calling on Lucy, and, as opportunity offered, urge her to accompany him; at least if he found her unwilling to run the hazard of a voyage, he hoped to draw her into some assignation, when the shades of night would give him an opportunity of completing his purpose.—With these *noble* designs, he hastened towards Cannon-street, but unfortunately for Maria, met her weeping, as she came from Mr. Bothel's. It struck him instantly where she had been, and, by threats of his displeasure, and promises of forgiveness, he drew from the simple love-sick girl all that she had done.

With difficulty he restrained the fury of his passion to curses; and vowing never again to see her, or offer her any assistance, he led her home, not to reward her services with presents; not to supply her with the means of protection from the insults of others, but basely—meanly to rob her of the little that she had; and coolly giving her a shilling, which he observed was more than she had when he found her, ordered her, on pain of being sent to Newgate for a robbery, to quit his house, and not be seen again in the street for a week.

So much for the heart of a man educated in an Eastern camp; so fine were his feelings; so exquisite his morals; so delicate his sentiments; and all his ways so pure, that the angels of darkness must surely fall short of his perfection.

Abandoned to misery, plundered of virtue and of money, the desolate Maria slowly crept from the door of the man who rescued her from death, to lengthen her torment. Shame would not permit her seeking out her relations; fear would not suffer her to apply to Mrs. Bothel; and who then, in all the gay, the giddy metropolis, would compassionate her distress, or hold out relief.—Too much employed in lamenting her misfortunes, to think of what would befall her, and almost careless, from despair, of what that should be, she passed street after street without remark, and without purpose, 'till night at length began to draw on, and hunger impel her to change the *generous* donation of her patron to supply herself with bread, which, wet with tears, and in unchewed morsels, she slowly swallowed.

The night was set in cold and gloomy; the rain half obscured the lights in the different windows, and beat against the bosom of this daughter of sorrow. Her air and figure yet was lovely, though dejection and heart-breaking grief were expressed in her face; her youth, the lustre of her eyes, made strikingly affecting: So that the attention of a gentleman was attracted by them, as he came out of a pastry-cook's, where he had waited 'till a heavy shower was past.—He took her by the arm; and turning her round by the light, examined with inward satisfaction, her features.

"How can so lovely a girl as you," said he, "be so distressed.—Why do you weep."

Maria

Maria struggled to release herself without answering. Indeed her bosom was too full; and a flood of tears more forcibly spoke her sufferings than the most poignant description.

"Come, come," said he, "go with me; I will dry your eyes, and provide for you in plenty, if I find you a good girl."

Maria took no notice of this speech; but having freed her arm, darted away across the street, in hopes of escaping.

The gentleman, who was a man of the ton, was unwilling so soon to lose her; and judging, by her unaffected resistance, that her morals were not yet corrupted, fixed, in his own mind, to introduce her in his phaeton and four, which only wanted such a *decoration* to be quite in style.

With those *benevolent* intentions, he followed her across the street, and assuming the voice of a man who wishes to give protection to those who want it, he at last prevailed on Maria to accompany him home, where he said his wife would employ her as a servant, and she would be under no kind of uneasiness.

Thus trepanned, by specious pretences, which were the more inviting, as contrasted with utter desertion, Maria was led once more to suffer the most cruel degradation a virtuous soul is capable of enduring, and in which she found all the riot of dissipation every extravagance and luxury which money could produce, ill compensated for fallen innocence, ill concealed the bitterness of reflection.

The lamentable progress of a harlot was the track of Maria, and a veil shall be drawn over her sufferings, which more than atoned for the weakness she was guilty of.

Ye, who flit through the haunts of pleasure; who are charmed by the blaze of beauty and grandeur, descend to the lodgings of its victims,
see

see them pale and shivering in the corners of your streets; see them huddled together on the scanty scrap of straw, whilst the slow poison, strong liquors, is their false comforter and friend. It is indeed a friend, far to be preferred to man; it gives a glow to the spirits, whilst it leads to the grave, and sheathes the soul with calosity against the corrosions of unutterable misery.

We shall now return to Draper, who, on his arrival at Antwerp, hastened to the merchant's, lest any other agent should be sent to detect him.—Without suspicion, as he was known to be an acquaintance of Mr. Trenton's they soon settled the business with him. He then, after adding the various sums together, found himself possessed of more than 300*l.* above his expectation.

Paris was the place where he chose to enjoy this golden shower; and under the title of *My Lord Anglois*, did not doubt being able to establish himself in such connexions as would render it easy for him to gain the daughter of some Farmer General, and roll in wealth to the end of his days.

Such were the expectations he had formed, and such his consolations on the loss of Lucy. Happy facility of memory, which retains only pleasurable objects, and in oblivion buries those which might spoil its hilarity.

Such was not the case with Lucy, whose memory seemed alone to dwell upon the painful; and reason having ceased to form combined ideas, repetition, without meaning, was all she uttered.—Very little fever accompanied this disease, which arose wholly from the dreadful shock her nature had suffered, and for some weeks she scarcely, for a moment, knew any of her friends.

Too certainly the intellectual sense was deranged, and baffled the most skilful efforts of the physicians. With unwearied diligence, Sabina attended
on

on her friend, which was some diversion of her own sad reflections, which, though from her more steady reason, and less refined sensibility, destroyed not her senses, yet felt heavy upon her mind, and involuntarily led her into fits of sadness.—Solitude, in which she found every inclination to pursue, appeared to her now more charming than she had ever beheld it. Formerly her gay disposition delighted to ramble in woods and wiles, because it amused the imagination, and fancy could paint fictitious distress. But now, when she felt in private she could brood over actual sufferance, the still shades of repose seemed a Heaven upon earth.

If at first, when she had started the scheme of retirement, it had some drawbacks, and appeared cheerless for want of society. She now courted it as a means of avoiding that society, which she found full of trouble, and pregnant with danger.

How charming now appeared to her the retreats and the country round Tynian Castle: Perhaps a sigh, and a tear, accompanied the presentiment of Alfred amidst its scenes, and his mother likewise, from whom she had received so much kindness.—Cruel indeed was the desertion, and sufficient to acquit her, if, after looking round in the world, she considered that no one was unbiaſſed by interest, and that each took advantage of those in their power.

The pitiable situation of Lucy inspired her with the utmost abhorrence of its cause, and led her hastily to form a judgment against the whole sex, an error too frequent to disappointed youth, who can only judge from partial experience, being unequal to extensive disquisition. The two or three weeks she passed at Mr. Bothel's, gave her a dislike to returning to the inquisitive Mrs. Andrews, who tormented her by questions and impertinent curiosity, which she knew not how to answer. To

enter

enter into any other way of life was difficult with her fortune, and dangerous from her youth and sex. To think of wasting away her years in a state of disgusting lassitude, was dispiriting and dreadful to a young mind, which had formed, for other views, far different expectations. The short time that Sabina had been habituated to thoughts of poverty, she had employed in reducing the pride of birth, and in depriving herself of many of those notions which early intion had rendered familiar.

Servitude at first appeared an intolerable slavery, a debasement to which she thought even death preferable; but having experienced the contempt which poor dependance brings, she gave, in her cool reflective moments, a preference to that state of servitude, where the served are a protection from insult, and know to treat those beneath them with humanity.

Sabina's accomplishments made her fit for almost any employ, though one was to be preferred to another; and seriously at nights, when the tumults of the day were over, she compared, with her present situation, the advantages of accepting an employment, to which nothing was a stronger inducement than a knowledge of her own defenceless situation.—One bar yet stood in the way and this all her reasoning, all her good sense, could not overcome, as it originated in human nature, and Sabina was but human.

This was no other than a dread of being despised. Her relations would not remember a descendant of the House of Tynian, when a servant, even her common acquaintance would shun her, and she should be without relation or friend.—Yet she saw clearly the weakness of this argument, her relations having long disowned her; why then be ashamed of bending to those contingencies to which even Princes are often forced to give way.—Yet the

the high blood of the Tynjians would not suffer her to descend in her own eyes, or figure openly to the world as a servant, when she might have been mistress of Tynian Castle.—Her thoughts therefore, of gaining a subsistence by service, were banished for a time, 'till one day, happening to read an advertisement in the paper, the whole of her design revived, and, after much consideration, and many struggles, she resolved to become a candidate, especially as the situation seemed to answer her wishes, which appeared as follows :

“ *As Companion*—A lady wishes to engage some young woman, who has been liberally educated ; can have a good character from her friends ; is good natured, and not above any little service which may be required.—To such an one encouragement will be given.—Apply,” &c.

The plainness of the address particularly engaged Sabina ; and she flattered herself with being equal to the undertaking, could she overcome one considerable obstacle, which was that of character.

Determined as she was, not to entrust even Mrs. Bothel, nor Lucy (had she been well) with the secret of her retreat, there was no one to whom she could apply on this occasion ; and being equally against being known to those with whom she engaged, she almost despaired of success ; but that she might not be wanting to herself, endeavoured to summon spirits sufficient for the undertaking.

All her dresses, she feared, were too elegant for the station she had fixed to sink down to ; and the same afternoon she busied herself in altering one into that plain, though neat style she supposed most becoming, and having finished it, proposed, in the morning, venturing on an expedition, at the thoughts of which her heart beat high, and her spirits considerably lowered.

The

The next day she arose sooner than usual, and dressed in the plain habit she had prepared, entered the room, even more lovely than before. She had some difficulty to escape from Eliza (who was on a visit); for though she spoke not by words, her eyes sufficiently declared her curiosity; and Mrs. Bothel could not help complimenting her on the neatness of her taste, with an inquiry, why she had laid aside ornaments which had always been far from extravagant.—She made some reply about her situation; and taking up a book pretended to read, whilst her thoughts wandered to the trial she was about to undergo; and when the hour arrived for her setting out, it was with difficulty she conquered her timidity.

CHAP. VI.

The entrance of a Nabob's Daughter into the World.

A HACKNEY-COACH carried Sabina to the West end of the town, and having learnt the address at the shop from which the advertisement was directed, walked on foot to Mrs. Bandal's in Brook-street. The servant, having informed himself of her errand, with a look of important meaning, desired her to wait in a little room—His lady was not yet visible; and, as she was out all night, he must not disturb her.

This information, by no means prepossessed Sabina in her favour, or flattered her that she should enjoy the quiet privacy she desired; yet it was possible appearances might deceive, and she

waited, with anxious expectation, a summons to attend.

Twelve o'clock struck without any notice being taken of her, except that a pert looking girl came into the room, under pretence of dusting it; and having staid as long as she thought fit, flapped the door after her, with a toss of the head, and a titter to the servants in the hall.

Sabina coloured at this piece of rudeness, and already repented having come so far; but the loud ringing of a bell put those reflections out of her head, being a signal to prepare for an encounter with what could not now be avoided.

A servant now entered the room, and desired Sabina to follow him to his mistress.

Sabina figured to herself a personage proud as Lady Augusta, and much more supercilious. How then was she amazed to see, on entering the room, a diminutive person, so wrapped in flannel, that only the hands and face were perceivable, the latter of which was no way mended by the grey hair that here and there made their appearance from beneath a flannel night-cap; and her eyes, owing to the last night's want of rest, were far from brilliant.

"Pray be seated, young woman," said she. "Poor thing, you look fatigued; perhaps you have come a long way this morning."

Sabina was charmed with this address; and softened at a kindness she so little expected, for herself already engaged to Mrs. Blandal, who went on.

"You have seen my advertisement, no doubt."

"Yes, Madam."

"I am not fond of advertising," replied she, "but as I wish to befriend those who have it in their power to get any other introduction, and

merit is very often concealed, I would discover it, if I could."

"I think myself fortunate, indeed," said Sabina, hesitating, "in having been in any way introduced to so considerate a lady; and if my services are accepted, will exert myself to the extent of my abilities."

"You seem," said Mrs. Bandal, "to have been so delicately brought up; may I ask who was your father?"

Sabina blushing, replied, "a Merchant, Madam."

"A merchant!" said she.—"How then came he to leave you on the world?"

"He was unfortunate," answered Sabina, the tears starting from her eyes.—"I entreat you to spare me on this subject; and as I will not attempt to introduce myself under a false character, may I hope you will suffer me to bury in silence any account of myself, which particular circumstances render it impossible I should give."

Mrs. Bandal affected surprise; then assuming a whining tone; "I suppose, child," said she, "you have been very unfortunate; I see, by your appearance, you once were better situated.—I don't know—I believe it is a weakness in my nature, but no object of distress can be seen, and not relieved by me, if it is in my power.—If, therefore, we can agree, I will engage you. I wish merely for a young person of virtue and good education, who can amuse me by reading when I am dull, play at cards, on the harpsichord, and amuse me when sick."

This was exactly the situation Sabina desired, and appeared to her the direction of Providence.—With Mrs. Bandal she hoped to live unknown, to enjoy quietness, and those articles of high life, which were almost necessary to her; a salary

was therefore not a material object, and she left it to the generosity of the lady.

"It is," said she, "my wish to find a protector in the lady who will receive me, unknown and unfortunate as I am. I know I can expect only some small acknowledgment, and that I leave to you, Madam, being sensible my merit entitles me to no demand."

"Now that is the disposition I love.—Persons of generous minds are not mistrustful.—Pray, what is your name?"

"Sabina Trent," answered she; "but for reasons it is impossible I should mention, I entreat that I may be allowed silently to pass over my family.—If you will have the goodness to receive me, I will endeavour not to forfeit the opinion you must then have formed in my favour."

Mrs. Blandal felt no small curiosity to be acquainted with Sabina's history, as something very extraordinary appeared to be connected with it.—She therefore, more out of compliance with that passion, than the generosity she boasted of, assented to her request; and that day week was proposed for her entrance under the roof of this *benevolent* lady.

It may appear extraordinary, that a lady of any discretion would permit a stranger to enter her house; but Mrs. Blandal was a character not often to be met with.—Under the form of sanctity and abstinence, she concealed the greatest epicurism. Her temper was so exquisitely formed to torment, that no young person of spirit could endure it; and having exhausted the whole circle of her acquaintance, was obliged to have recourse to advertising, in hopes of finding some ignorant of her real character, on whom she could play for a time.

Our Heroine appeared to her particularly delicate.—She saw she had not been used to dependence; and over such a spirit she felt a pleasure to rule.—

rule.—Such were her motives ; whilst the *often* deceived Sabina, judging from the excellency of her own intentions, imputed them to the purest generosity and unbounded philanthropy.

On her way home, her grateful bosom addressed itself to Heaven, in warm petitions, representing to herself this good fortune as a mark of particular care, and inspired her with a confidence, which, in a mind less disposed to reason, might have produced that enthusiasm which unfits the soul for action, and destroys its energy.

She was not quite satisfied concerning the secret way she intended to withdraw, which might be construed into ingratitude by the Bothels, and might injure her reputation, by throwing a mystery upon her actions. To counterbalance this, she had many reasons, and she knew of no injury she could sustain, since to those interested in her favour, she now was no other than a stranger.—As some sort of medium, she fixed on writing to Mrs. Bothel, thanking her for the favours she had received, stating, in general, her reasons for desiring concealment.—In a word, concealing nothing but her situation.

With Lucy she had a part more affecting to act. She was attached to that unfortunate sufferer from more reasons than one ; and she found how hard was the task, to break off all connexion with a person with whom, for a time, she had shared every secret, every wish of her heart.—With whom she had mourned the desertion of her lover, the loss of her fortune, and her father. But now, even this slight satisfaction was denied, as Lucy was incapable to reason, or to think on any subject but that which fixed her mind to one point, and deranged every other mark of rationality.

However Sabina might, through pity, value the company of this friend, she still found it extremely painful

painful to support. Yet her heart revolted from the thoughts of a final separation.

Perhaps she was interested in her distress ; for now she could weep, and dwell with satisfaction on sorrow ; and in scenes of distress, she supposed herself born to figure in. Notwithstanding she strove against this weakness, she was sensible she could not resist the temptation of giving way to it. Nay, at times she might be said to be tinged by the wanderings of her friend, and pourtrayed to her warmed fancy the figures of Matilda, of her lover, of Draper, and of Lucy.—Insensibly this habit grew upon her.—though she had never seen the two former, she believed their images familiar, and started at their unknown wrongs.

I pretend not to account for this sympathy of the soul, which, like other things daily occurring, is concealed in a darkness our dim understandings can but faintly illuminate. When once the mind gives itself up, without restraint, to the pictures of fancy, no scheme, however wild, appears improper ; and nothing is sufficient to sooth us but romantic flights, and something, which, by its eccentricity, gives a play to this craving desire.

It was this that endeared to Sabina the wild plan of withdrawing from all her connexions, and pride, as I have already said, determined her resolution.—Though, had she remembered the precepts of her mother, and with fortitude followed them, she had not thrown herself into the power of strangers, nor, from first appearances, have placed implicit confidence. But human nature would cease to be human nature, were it perfect ; and Sabina was only a descendant of humanity.

Her harpsichord, her little library, and many other articles, at Mrs. Andrew's, she regretted the necessity of leaving behind, and, in her letter to Mrs.

Mrs. Bothel, consigned them to her care, 'till she should have opportunity to claim them.

She was, for a while, at a loss for an expedient to remove her cloaths without suspicion, or leaving a track behind her: For unpractised as she was in deceit, she knew not how to execute a thing of this kind, though many more difficult are done with facility in town. At last, however, she thought of removing those things she could not do without, to a milliner's, of whom she had bought some trifling articles; for those ladies, in general, are convenient more ways than one.

Thus was all her plans arranged; and with a mixture of alacrity and regret, she began its execution. Every moment of her spare time was employed in attending Lucy, the violence of whose distemper was abated, and the turbulence of whose passions now subsided into a peaceful calm; a calm the more gentle, as the formation of her soul was by the hand of softness.—Yet her ideas were wild; and often, when unattended to, she amused herself, by rambling discourses.

Or in soft notes, irregularly wild,

Breathe out her sorrows on the trembling strings;

And with uplifted eye, benignly mild,

Sigh forth her soul on Zephyr's wavering wings.

She'd count her flights as tardy minutes stray'd,

Bid time fly faster; nor so long detain

On earth's sad bounds, a fond, believing maid;

Who, lost to reason, liv'd a wretch in vain.

The bloom of health, which, when Sabina first knew her, so added to her charms, was lost in that interesting complexion, which speaks the sickness of the soul, whilst now and then a sudden radiance of fire gave her eye an expression which charmed whilst it grieved, and drew from the bosom of compassion a sigh, and a tacit demand of why is it thus?—It was no easy matter for a person of Sabina's

Sabina's temper, to leave her friend in this distress; but a little reflection reconciled her, by exhibiting the uncertainty of her ever recovering, and that the shock of her departure would be less, or not felt at all by any, except herself, since the insensibility of Lucy would prevent her grieving.

As the time of her departure drew on, she was less inclined to enter into unknown scenes, and many doubts arose of the future which awaited her. Her spirits were dejected to sadness, and it was alone the kind reception she had first met from Mrs. Bandal that supported her.

Sleep was a stranger to her eyes the night preceding her departure; and the only idea which her imagination was recapitulating, amused every event within her recollection, which so much disappointed her, that, in the morning, her red eyes, and visible want of rest, made Mrs. Bothel fear some new accident had hurt her mind.

Sabina was unable to restrain her tears at her kind inquiries; answering, "it was merely lowness of spirits"—And with a particular meaning in her manner, which Mrs Bothel did not then understand, she caught her hand, and pressing it to her lips, thanked her for every favour she had received, and lamented, that through their friendship to her, Capt. Draper had gained an entrance into their house, and destroyed what Heaven alone could restore.

Mrs. Bothel was affected; she joined her tears with those of Sabina, and little thinking how soon they were to part, called her daughter the image of the companion of her playful days, and for whose sake, as well as her own merit, she should ever hold her dear to her heart.

This remembrance of her mother brought fresh tears into Sabina's eyes.—She was unable longer to remain, retiring to her chamber to weep without restraint.

She

She feared it would be almost too much to take leave of Lucy ; yet how quit her, perhaps for ever, without bidding adieu—Wherefore, summoning her flagging spirits to her aid, she entered the room.

“I have been dreaming many days,” said Lucy, softly, “that you were going to leave me.—I know it very well ; but yet, you look very sad in that white shroud.—How pale is death.”

“Be a little composed, my love,” said Sabina.—“I am not dead—don’t I speak to you?”

“Yes, yes, very well,” said Lucy, fixing her eyes upon her.—“You may deceive, but you never deceived me.—No, no ; it is only for cruel, cruel man, to finile and destroy.”

Ah ! love so soft, beguiling,
To steal into our breast ;
And with insidious smiling,
Our doubts to lull to rest.
But now I know your cheating :
You can no more betray ;
Tho’ breaks my heart with beating,
No longer thou shalt stay.

Her voice was mournfully plaintive ; and to a mind so agitated as Sabina’s, it was exciting pity insufferable ; and catching the wildness of grief, she started up, and clapping her hand on her forehead, cried out,—“Good God—have mercy !—What, what are we?”

Lucy minded not the agitation of her friend, any other than by following her with her eye, and stopping her plaintive song, the thread of which she seemed wishing to recover, saying,

“You will put me out.—Well, if you will sit down, I will sing you a long song.—O, I know you will like it. It is indeed very tender.”

Sabina turned away her head.—She silently prayed to Heaven, to restore the wandering senses of her friend ; to give her back recollection and

reason. But she was interrupted by the ramblings of the unhappy, yet happy maid.

Where weeps the mourning willow,
Where creeps the silent flood;
I'll make the grass my pillow,
And bid thee not intrude.
Whilst lost in gentle slumb'ring,
If then thou dar'st come nigh,
Thy phantom still encumb'ring,
Should cause my heart to sigh.
To woods and wilds I'll send thee;
In forests shalt thou roam;
Nor e'er again attend me,
'Till death shall call me home.
Oh! come, thou sweet deliverer,
Thou easer of all pain;
Silence this gentle quiverer,
Nor let it sigh again.
Take then, O quickly take me,
Where angels will receive;
And love no more shall wake me,
To ecstasy of grief.
Beneath the turf reposing,
Thy bride I'll quickly be;
My soul itself composing,
Will leave this frame to thee.

She stopped, and gazing a moment on Sabina, said solemnly—"You see where I am going.—In a little time I shall be at peace;—cold—cold will be this frame, that now is too warm; and thy friend will be taken where she will weep no more.—Won't you come and see me. I will bid the little cherubs plait thee garlands of flowers; they shall crown thee in the kingdoms of peace, and we will live for ever as sisters. Had you not better go with me; and we will not wait long."

"This is too much, too much indeed," sighed Sabina. She started up, and embracing Lucy, wet her face with tears, and, by a courageous effort, hastened from the room, whilst the vacant mind of this sufferer little affected by the action, repeated again

again the same song, in notes that delighted her ear, and were wild and flighty as her imagination.

It was impossible for Sabina to go, whilst so much agitated; and she found the whole day pass away, before she was sufficiently recovered, or had gained resolution enough.

Mr. and Mrs. Bothel were absent at tea, which gave her an opportunity of tying up a small parcel of linen. On her box she fixed the direction to the milliner's, to which place she had sent several articles from Lambeth.

Thus, with a heavy heart, she quitted Cannon-street; and in place of entering into the rounds of fashion, was become the companion of one that would then not have been her equal.

The lady received her with smiles and caresses, making many inquiries after her health, almost overpowering her with civility, which, in her situation, was as distressing as unkindness.

Glad to escape from attentions which overpowered her, she hastened to take possession of her room, and for that night was indulged with spending her time as she chose.

Her unaccountable departure filled the Bothels with no little surprise and grief, lest she should have been tempted to err. Their endeavours to discover her retreat were ineffectual; and to clear themselves from any future blame, Mr. Bothel inclosed the letter she had left behind, to Tynian Castle.

As a person falling into a slumber is startled by a smart rap, so the feelings of Lady Augusta were awakened by the receipt of this letter; and she wept at the hints of unkindness thrown out against herself.

Joyful at having escaped her alliance, and native indolence being the true motives of her long silence, she supposed Sabina would not have quitted the Bothels; and as she would not receive her again

at the Castle, had contented herself with commissioning Diemburk to call upon her in his way to Alired, and offer her, as he had desired every assistance which money might procure her. This commission Diemburk would have executed with that generosity peculiar to himself, had not a trifle diverted his attention, and sent him to France without once visiting London; by which Sabina was deprived of a friend who pitied her situation, and condemned the sudden caprice of Alfred, whose report of her inconstancy he gave very little credit to.

Lady Augusta, now the evil was unavoidable, repented her remissness, and sent word to Mr. Bothel, to spare no pains to discover her; and if her situation required it, to draw on her to a certain amount; and recollecting that a portion of her disgrace, of whatsoever nature, would attach itself to the family, empowered him to propose to her a trifling annuity, which, together with what she now possessed, would take away the force of temptation, and gain credit in the world.

Thus, when Sabina had secluded herself from her friends, and entered a situation where she did not need their assistance, she was sought after with avidity, and a provision held out to her; but of this she was ignorant, and bent her mind to conform to the whims and caprices of Mrs. Blandal, which, before a week had passed, she discovered were not a few.—The income of Mrs. Blandal was small, though vanity made her desirous of its being thought considerable; and if any article was plain, or her money fell short, it was easily accounted for, as people, whose weakness prompted them to relieve any object in distress, might expend the fortune of a Dukedom.—One or two charities, which she had done in private, with the certainty of its being known in public, gave her credit for much more;

more ; and, in her own estimation, the world supposed her a saint.

Our Heroine could not long be blind to these actions, nor to the general character of her benefactor, whose peevishness was always vented on those about her. If she was disappointed abroad, those at home suffered ; and scarcely a day passed, but the following expressions were sounded in the ears of Sabina.

“ If I had a hundred children, I would breed them—able to work.—Nobody knows how soon poverty will come. Dear me, Miss, why, after all my goodness, will you not pay a little attention. What I desire is trifling ; and you know I took you when nobody else would.”

Ill could the spirit of Sabina brook language like this.—Even fallen as she was in her own esteem, her soul revolted ; and though her tongue was silent, the blood of the Tynians arose in her face.

Not a moment of time could she call her own. If she sat down to read to herself, she was reminded, that a habit of idleness was sooner acquired than forgotten ; that girls like her should turn themselves to something useful ; and that however large her income, she could not keep people who absolutely did nothing.

Those reproaches were galling to the keen feelings of Sabina. Every thing she had hitherto suffered appeared to her preferable. Yet so great an ascendant had Mrs. Bandal gained over her, that she was afraid to leave her ; and as every change she made had been for the worse, she dreaded again exposing herself to unknown evils.

So nicely did Mrs. Bandal hold the equipoise betwixt kindness and ill nature, that all her reproaches seemed drawn from her by a wish of doing good, and mingled with lamentation at the vicious state of human nature, which was a severe way of charging

charging the individual with much more than could otherwise be said, and prevented reply.

Servants copy the manners of their superiors; and having been used to see the *companion* snubbed on all occasions, were far from softening her situation.—In matters of insignificance, though extremely mortifying, they took care not to be wanting in attention.

The obscurity which Sabina endeavoured to draw over her birth and misfortunes, was to her a source of trouble: For though Mrs. Blandal found her endeavours to gain information unsuccessful, she wondered at the silence of *some* people, who undoubtedly had mighty good reasons to be concealed; but she hated concealment, and well knew that nothing good ever came of mystery.

This was by no means the way to win upon Sabina, whose discernment would not permit her to fall into the snare laid for her pride; and she mostly heard in silence, or mildly replied.—Whatever my misfortunes are, they are such as I wish to conceal; and I hope, Madam, you have no reason to mistrust my sincerity. The only time Sabina was permitted to employ an hour as she pleased, was when indisposition confined Mrs. Blandal to her bed; and this was not seldom the case.

I have said she was an epicurean in the modern meaning; and whilst she scarcely allowed Sabina or herself to eat sufficient at table to support existence, because it was vulgar to eat much, she devoured in private more than would have satisfied any moderate person; and as all those meals were made in haste, and in fear of intrusion, indigestion, sickness, and fever, were the consequence.

At times, Sabina had serious thoughts of quitting a situation amounting to slavery.—Then again those reflections were laid aside, when Mrs. Blandal spoke kindly, which she contrived always to do,
after

after she had been particularly harsh ; and by thus counterbalancing her inflictions, held Sabina in a state of such irresolution, that she suffered day after day, and week after week, to pass by in the suspension of determination.

They were soon to go into the country for a few months, which Sabina anticipated with pleasure : For so long had she been accustomed to the dark unpleasant town, that to breathe the clear air, to ramble amidst woods and fields, seemed alone to promise comfort ; and being, by degrees, more habituated to the whimsies of her patroness, she shrunk from her expressions the less, and endeavoured more to accommodate herself, than, by vainly endeavouring to please, have additional mortification.

C H A P. VII.

But lo! to Sappho's melting airs,
Descends the radiant Queen of Love:
She smiles, and asks what fonder cares,
Her suppliants plaintive measures move.

AKENSIDE.

OUR Heroine was sometimes allowed, as a favour, to take a walk in the morning in the park, but with a strict charge never to invite the company of men : “ For if once you bring any of those vile dangles here,” said Mrs. Blandal, “ all my kindness must cease ; and however great will be my grief, we must part.”

Sabina assured her, and with sincerity, that no such accident could happen ; for should any of them
pay

pay attention to her, which was very improbable; she hoped she had a better opinion of her, than to suppose she would return it—for that was impossible.

This was said in the simplicity of confidence, and this brought upon her a lecture, which would have been mortifying even to those who wanted any grace of person or mind.

"I thought Miss," said Mrs. Blandal, with an air of haughtiness, "that your misfortunes (whatever they are) had bent down your pride; but really that cannot be the case, if you suppose any man should fall in love with *you* at first sight.—No, though I must confess you are *extremely lovely*, I really don't think that possible. Besides, my dear, *you* (though I do not wish to hurt you) have your *defects*, as well as other mortals. The *dead white* of your skin is not very enticing: But why do you weep—foolish girl—I hope I have said nothing to grieve you.—No, I love you as my own child; and even this friendly advice should tell you so. All, then, my dear, I wish is, that you do not hang out allurements to them, on purpose to be flattered."

In no very high spirits, after so very mortifying an admonition, Sabina went out to breathe some time uninterrupted; and though the day was warm, muffled herself up about the face to prevent any person discovering her, who might chance to be there; and endeavouring to banish her disagreeable situation, turned her thoughts towards the city, in the desire of hearing from the Bothels; but, to have any communication with them, would at once discover her situation.

Amongst other reasons for desiring to have some intercourse with them, was a distant wish of hearing from Alfred. Not that she now sighed at his desertion, or that his neglect gave her any heart-felt uneasiness, but curiosity, perhaps something more,

more, in a slight degree, made her desire to know if he was yet married; if he had fallen in with the views of his mother, and made a union of interest.

From those reflections, her attention was called by the voice of poverty, in the person of an elderly woman, with one child in her arms, and two others barely covered with decency, hanging by her gown.

Their pleadings were more irresistible with Sabina, than those of their mother, accustomed to the situation, and she put her hand into her pocket to provide them the morsel of bread for which they so powerfully entreated.

"Surely," said she, observing the great age of the woman, "these children are not your own?"

"No, my lady," said the woman; "they are my dear son, Joseph's; I am their grand-mother, please your ladyship, and the only support they have besides God, in the world."

"What then," asked Sabina, looking attentively at her, "What is become of their father?"

"He is dead, Madam," said she.—"He died serving his country, like many a brave fellow; and many as brave as he died too; and their mother, Madam, died of a broken heart."

A tear stood in the eye of the compassionate Sabina.—She wished to know something more about this wretched family; and the comparison of herself with them, was some trifling source of comfort.

"Is it long since he died!" said she in a tone of sorrow.

"No, Madam, not long.—I could tell you more; but the distresses of poor people are not minded by the rich."

"I hope it is not so," said Sabina.—"What was your husband's name?"

"My second husband's name was Moxop; he was a sailor; but was shipwrecked a coming from America, in the ship Catomaul."

Sabina

Sabina faintly shrieked at the name of the fatal vessel, on board of which her father had also suffered, and besought the woman to relate every particular which she knew of that event.

She could, however, learn nothing in addition to what she already knew; and repressing her feelings, that she might not encourage that familiarity persons of little education are too forward to assume, she contented herself with doubling her bounty, and fearing her long stay might be observed, hastened home, with her bosom swelling at this new confirmation, and remembrance of her loss.

The figure of the beggar hung all day upon her mind, till, by constantly reviewing every feature, she persuaded herself they were not unknown to her, though recollection was wholly baffled in fixing them to any particular person.

She now regretted having so soon parted with her, and began to devise some means to see her once more, with very little hope of success.

The next day was fine; Mrs. Blandal was indisposed, occasioned by some vile fruit that would not digest, though she imputed it to fasting nearly six hours, and as company were forbid, Sabina supposed she might venture on a short morning walk, and be able to return before she should want her chocolate.

Full of the beggar, she took the same walk, and after spending some time in tracing backwards and forwards, began to fret at her not appearing, without considering how improbable it was, she should be again in the same place.

The time that Sabina could spare was nearly exhausted, and she proposed only to go once more to the end of the avenue before her return, when she perceived her at a distance talking to some ladies.

She advanced with haste, but stopped short at a distance, being struck by the appearance of one of the

the ladies, whom she instantly knew to be Mrs. Brunton.—The others were strangers.

Fearful that she might have been seen, she was obliged, however painful, to sacrifice curiosity to discretion, which, now that she had again seen the woman, she was more ready to do, as she supposed that part of the park her usual walk.

Fluttered by this unexpected meeting, which had so nearly detected her, she hastened home, and the clock striking eleven, took nothing from her alarm, as she feared Mrs. Blandal's anger, in case of being missed; for though not a servant, and on a footing which ought to have rendered her nearly mistress of her own time, so well had her *benefactress* used the power of her eloquence, that Sabina was really more a slave to her humours than the meanest servant in the house.

She endeavoured to glide up to her own room, but was not quick enough for Mrs. Blandal, who had been told of her absence, and waited, wrapped in flannel (her morning dress) 'till she should arrive. To her summons Sabina reluctantly attended, in expectation, from the pitch of her voice of what was to follow; and endeavouring to support her spirits, she called to her remembrance the family from whence she sprung, that her present income would support her independantly in the north of England, and she half determined not to subject herself to worse than slavery any longer.

“And so, Miss this is the return for all my kindness,” said Mrs. Blandal, in a crying tone.—“This is gratitude, to forsake me in my illness, when I knew not that I should live an hour. You go gadding into the park, or where your pleasure leads you. If I give you leave to go out on any particular occasion (and she raised her voice), that is not a general leave to go out where and when you please; for that, I suppose, would be always.—
I wish

I wish your father had left you under the care of guardians:—For me, I fear I shall, in my weak condition, be unable to keep you in.”

A degree of rage was rising in the bosom of Sabina. Her delicacy revolted against the suspicions thrown out, and she was going to reply with no little acrimony; but checking what her resentment would have uttered, from the consideration that true dignity arose far above such meaness, she calmly, and with some contempt in her countenance, answered, “that she was not so poor, as tamely to submit to insult, and that her friends, if she chose to apply to them, would protect her as guardians themselves.

“Apply, then, for Heaven’s sake,” cried Mrs. Blandal, trembling with rage.—“Am I, out of pure charity and benevolence, to keep a chattering minx, to walk in the park, and talk impertinence; Go, go! go to your relations, and tell them you are the mistress of ingratitude; but thus is goodness abused in this world.”

Sabina, with some difficulty retained her temper. She was too much irritated to expostulate; and stepping back, made one of those courtesies which Lady Augusta used to acknowledge were becoming a Princess, barely said, between her teeth, “I go then, Madam,” and hastened away to her room, where she threw herself upon the bed, and wept aloud.

Where to go, or with whom to seek shelter, became the object of her distracted thoughts; yet did she not attach any blame on her own actions; and since London had been to her a constant source of sorrows, she resolved to quit it at once; but unprepared as she was, her determination wavered on the point of irresolution, and she almost wished she had not been so hasty in replying to Mrs. Blandal.

That

That worthy personage, who, in her heart, wished not to part from Sabina, as she had never before been so well attended, she being more like a servant than companion, was afraid she had carried it too far; and lest Sabina should in reality endeavour to find another protector, she sought, by the art she well could practise, to prevent it.

Sally, her woman, was sent up with a basin of chocolate, and her mistress's desire, that Sabina would bring down the volume she had half finished, as she wished much to hear it.

So unexpected a message could not but surprise Sabina. So little accustomed to profound hypocrisy, and not knowing to what to impute it, she debated a few moments in irresolution on what to fix, in which her helpless condition turned her choice in contradiction to the judgment of reason, and endeavouring to compose herself, she hastened down.

Here a new scene of excellent acting awaited her, and so confounded her, that she knew not whether to blame herself, or the hastiness of Mrs. Blandal, which prompted her to a harshness contrary to her nature.

The *good* lady received her with tears, and whilst she spoke, sobbed like a child.

"You know, my love," said she, "that all I wish is your welfare; and it cuts me to the heart, it grieves me cruelly to think you should do amiss, and then to find you this morning abroad, when my fond imagination had pictured you hanging over your nearly exhausted friend; it was hard, indeed. Heaven knows, I wish not to constrain you to any thing disagreeable; and if, in my zeal for your welfare, I am prompted to any hasty expressions, you should overlook them.—Will you then forgive what I have said this morning?"

"I do—

"I do—I, I," sobbed the softened Sabinā, who was too confounded to answer distinctly, though cut to the soul at her expressions.

"And you do not think of removing?" said Mrs. Blandal.

"Not whilst you so kindly permit me to remain," replied Sabina.

The tears of Mrs. Blandal were dried in a little time; her voice was kindness; and as our Heroine was not in much humour to read, she entertained her with a plan of their journey, which was to be in a few days, when they were interrupted by the cook, who came to beg being excused boiling some lobsters, which Mrs. Blandal had ordered to be so hung, that the claws should be boiled before the rest of the body touched the water.

"And so, wench, you won't put them in as I tell you," said Mrs. Blandal.

"I can't, indeed, mem—they squeak so, it makes my blood run cold."

"Mighty fine, truly," cried she, "when servants pretend to delicate feelings. But I tell you a lobster has no feeling."

"I beg your pardon, mem—I think it must feel, or it would not squeak."

"Ignorant low bred creature," said Mrs. Blandal; "that noise is nothing but the wind, which the heat of the water forces out of the shell.—What, I suppose you would make me believe a lobster was a Christian; either boil the claws first, or quit my house. I shan't soon have a flounder fried alive, nor any thing done as it ought to be, for the delicate feelings of a cook wench."

What learned metaphysician, with all his reasoning, ever came up to Mrs. Blandal. He might prove that a beast was a beast, because it was a beast, and had not the soul of a man; but she could prove

prove what that soul was, even like their profound and laboured explanations—nothing but wind.

Sabina was now left at liberty to walk in the park; but however she wished to make use of that liberty, her delicacy would not permit it; and not being able to trace who the woman could be, was obliged to remain, for the present in ignorance.—In two days, their journey was to commence; the pleasing expectation took from her much anxiety; as, whoever it was, she certainly could be no way particularly interested in her behalf.—Her face might be only one of those slight likenesses which often strike us.

She could not think of leaving town without inquiring after Mrs. Bothel and Lucy; but she feared irritating Mrs. Blandal, by going out herself; and to employ another, might reveal her situation. She therefore contented herself with writing of her welfare, and regretting the impossibility of paying her a visit, as she should quit London the following day.

Mrs. Blandal had contrived to keep her good humour, 'till they were on the road; but no longer apprehensive that Sabina would quit her, and unwilling to permit her the enjoyment of any thing like ease, she contrived, one way or other, to sink her spirits, and deprive her of every pleasure she otherwise would have tasted.

If she ventured to praise a prospect as fine, she was called romantic and foolish; if she expressed a wish to ramble in any particular grove, that they passed, Mrs. Blandal supposed she wished also for some young lover, or expected to meet a fairy with an invisible ring.

Finding so little taste for country scenes in her companion, Sabina confined her observations to herself; and comparing the different prospects as
she

she passed, to those she had formerly seen, she was surprised to find them much below her expectations, and that every object wanted that charm which had formerly rendered them so pleasing; and she discovered, with a sigh, that to take pleasure in any situation, we must enjoy peace of mind; as when that is wanting, all nature is little more than a blank.

She saw she should, without an effort, be almost a prisoner where she was going, and beginning to know a little more of Mrs. Blandal's character, from the vicious pleasure she seemed to take in tormenting every animal she came near.

Such were the reflections that occupied her mind during this ride to the hall in Nottinghamshire, and added not a little to her other sources of uneasiness; but the prospects, the grandeur of the country, the delightful walks which presented themselves at her approach to the hall, in part dissipated those fears, and she took possession of her room, with some of that satisfaction she would have felt, had it been in Tynian Castle.

She arose with the first dawn of the morning, and opened her windows to enjoy a delight long untasted. She seemed to inhale strength from the fresh sweetness which exhaled around her, and to breathe with greater freedom. Every trifle was an object of attachment; and not a flower, within the range of her eye, escaped her observation. Mrs. Blandal was wholly forgot; her romantic imagination fed her with the pure beauties of nature, and for a few moments she seemed to be happy.—When the family should be stirring, she intended to adopt the mode she had fixed on, to spend her time as much from the house as possible, but she was disappointed, as her friend, who had penetrated into her taste, contrived to fix her, in the
room

room with herself, on some trifling employment, and in great *good-nature*, allowed her to accompany her in a walk in the evening, destroying even that pleasure by uninteresting discourse, which prevented the mind enjoying reflection.

Teazed and tired by such behaviour, Sabina endeavoured to shorten the walk, and hastened to her own room, there to think over the same round of sorrow which mostly prepared her for sleep, and constantly filled that sleep with uneasy images.— Surely there is no state more distressing than was that of Sabina's; she was conscious of her own freedom; but the awe of Mrs. Blandal, who seemed to take every disobligation to heart, so completely fettered her will, that she was the most miserable of slaves, from too great delicacy, and would have preferred menial employ to the drudgery she suffered.

For some days, she submitted to be a constant prisoner; but the fineness of the weather, and the beauty of the country, was a temptation no longer to be withstood; and, at the hazard of displeasure equal to that her walk in the park had occasioned, she slipped out softly by the dawn of day, and sauntered along a grove which led to a common.—Some trees, which were cut down, afforded her a seat, from, whence she contemplated the distant mountains, and the wildness around her. For some time she was delighted with the calls of various birds, not familiar to her ear, and which only haunt the wilds bordering the sea. At the most distant verge of the horizon this grand object was perceptible, but only by a tint of deeper shade than the sky, and could therefore only aid reflection, by the knowledge of its identity.

Whilst Sabina listened with pleasure to the winds, and to the birds, whose notes died away on

its breezes, she heard, wafted from a distance, sounds more melodious than either; sounds which seemed to spring from the finger of enchantment, producing one of those harmonies reported to be the performance of aerial musicians.

In vain did she look for the cause of the melody, which, as the wind abated, ceased to be heard.—It seemed to come from a small cluster of pines and evergreens, which a little paling divided from the rest of the common; but she was unable to distinguish what could produce it; and as the wind had wholly ceased, or changed to an opposite quarter, she heard it no longer; and readily believing it the work of her imagination, or perhaps some shepherd's pipe, which distance had softened, she returned home, with design again to visit the same place.

The day was passed as the preceding; but in the evening Mrs. Blandal paid a visit of compliment to a neighbour; and supposing that Sabina would be mortified by not being of the party, she was permitted to remain at home, the thing she most desired, and which gave her an opportunity not to be lost.—Her chip hat was put on in a minute, and to protect her from damp, put on an additional handkerchief, and away she sprang, with something like the eagerness and sportive playfulness of her original nature.

But Sabina was now sedate—This flush of spirits left her before she entered the grove, and contracting the solemnity which evening always inspires in the thinking mind, she walked slowly forwards, stopping now and then, as fancy fluttered in her ear, the notes she had heard in the morning. Unattending to the way, and in a strange place, she struck into a path, which being shaded by spreading trees, was extremely pleasant, and more silent

than

than the open country ; a bank, which moss seemed to have raised in a ridge of considerable length, invited her to sit down and thus the rustling of her footsteps ceasing, she was surrounded by total silence, and felt, with delight, its power of calming every passion to repose. Even grief lost its edge, and sublime ideas alone had place.—In those still moments, when only peace was near, the same melodious sounds, though nearer and more soft, broke in upon the silence, and raised in the mind of Sabina a degree of ecstasy bordering upon enthusiasm.—Every reflection that can soften the soul, was raised by those enchanting sounds, which touched upon the nerves, and banished every rude remembrance. In wild strains, they seemed to call up the innocent solacements of primeval simplicity, to tune the soul to refined and Heavenly sentiment, and catching the ardour, Sabina repeated, with the poet :—

They tune their golden harps, to the great name
Of Love, immortal love, their darling theme :
Ten thousand echoes thro' the lightsome plains
Repeat the clear, the sweet melodious strains.
The fields rejoice, the fragrant groves around,
Blossom afresh to their enchanting sound :
The Heaven of Heavens, from dazzling heights above,
Returns the name, and hails the power of love.

Almost blushing at betraying a softness of feeling like this even to the winds, she arose with intent to discover the invisible harmonist ; but before she had advanced twenty paces, the sound ceased, and she saw, winding through the thicket, a person in deep mourning. His face was from her, but, from his appearance, she supposed him to be young, and concealing herself amongst the bushes, she waited for a glimpse of his face, his skill having so prepossessed her in his favour.

It was not, however, such as she had imagined it. The youthful features were fixed; he seemed about thirty, and appeared with the pensive cast which softened the sternness of manhood.—He did not observe her, and ignorant of his auditor, quickly lost himself among the trees. Sabina soon after finished her walk, and returned time enough to prevent being missed by Mrs. Bandal, though the fear of her anger was sunk in considering who this gentleman was, that delighted so much in a science he so greatly excelled in.—The slight glimpse she had of his countenance, banished apprehension; and the placidity discernible led her to conclude him the pastor of the place. Her fancy once at work, was not checked 'till she had followed him home in her mind, saw him seated with his wife, and smiling children around him, listening to his instructions. Nay, more, his hospitable roof might afford her shelter; she might board in his family, and, without the miseries of dependence, live just as her sanguine wishes prompted in social solitude.

Charming dream, which could, for a night, soothe the soul of Sabina; which could again point out to her the wanton urchin hope, that flits and gambols before us, through the mazes of life. Dream on, dreaming mortals, when you wake from this delusion, ye are miserable.

C H A P VIII.

THE COTTAGE.

NEXT morning, Sabina was, as usual, up with the dawn, but a thick drizzling rain obscured the prospect; and though it refreshed the flowers, prevented her from walking. She opened the casement to admit the air, and spent the morning in copying some drawings.—In this employ she passed her time 'till breakfast, when she was not a little surprised that Mrs. Blandal should desire her to go to the next town with a trifling complimentary present to the person she had been to visit the preceding evening. She had no doubt of its being with intent to exhibit the object of her charity, as she had more than once affected to call her; and she was not a little hurt at her want of feeling, in desiring her to go on so disagreeable a morning.

The stroke was not, however, so severe as Mrs. Blandal intended. To Sabina the inconvenience was trifling, and would have passed unnoticed, had it not been for the particular manner it was delivered in. “You can go, child,” said that considerate lady, “behind John on the mare.—You need not be afraid, as I would not for the world expose you to any kind of danger.”

“I am obliged to you, Madam,” answered Sabina coolly; “but I could never sit on horseback; and, as it rains, I cannot go, unless you permit me to have the carriage.”

After some sneers at pride and poverty, she was allowed this indulgence, and enjoyed more pleasure in

in her short ride than had been intended. The person whom she went to visit was a widow lady, whose husband had been slain abroad.—The pension she enjoyed on that account, and a trifle of her own, allowed her to make a decent appearance in a country village. She received Sabina with good-nature; and observing that it was an unfavourable morning to come on so unimportant an errand, obliged her to sit down, and accept some refreshment.

Kindness was become so much a stranger to Sabina, that she was surprised to find it, and could not refuse the invitation to stay a short time. She had never before been in the village; and whilst she answered several questions, which Mrs. Marmot put to her, she sat looking into the street, at the people who passed. She had not sat long, before she observed the same person in black, whom she had before noticed in the grove, slowly advancing, with his eyes bent towards the ground, and seemingly so inattentive to the rain, that his clothes were dropping wet.

Sabina felt herself moved at his approach; and as if conscious of impropriety, had some difficulty to inquire of Mrs. Marmot who he was, and whether or not he was the parson of the parish.

“No, my dear,” said she smiling; “he is one of the most unaccountable men living. Meet him when you will, he is barely civil; he never pays any visits to the rich people; and he has even passed one without touching his hat, which you know shews him to be extremely ill bred.”

“Perhaps,” observed Sabina, “he is so rich, that he thinks himself above other people.”

“That cannot be, neither,” answered Mrs. Marmot; “but, between us, I think him a little deranged: I have seen him kissing the brats of beggars,

beggars, and sometimes sitting down to a mess of porridge with the lowest peasant in the village."

Sabina felt a tear swelling to her eye; she checked it, and made some faltering inquiry if he was married, or possessed any estate.

"Really I am not certain whether he is married or not," answered Mrs. Marmot; "but I suspect if he is not, he has been; for he wears a miniature picture of a lady, and I have sometimes seen him take it from his bosom, and press it to his lips."

Sabina could not repress a sigh.—What a partner, thought she, would he have been for the tender Lucy; but their souls would have tasted too much rapture.—Mrs. Marmot went on.

"It is but two months," said she, "since he came into this part of the world, having been left heir to a very good estate of about 400*l.* a year.—I believe he squanders nearly the whole upon beggars, and has not, I dare say, ever had much money before in his life. It is only a few days since it cost him 20*l.* to get a vagabond, that has been out of the parish many years, reinstated with her brats in a cottage on the common by you."

Heaven reward him, thought Sabina.—Generous man, thou art indeed particular. She wished to have asked many more questions, but she feared observation; and not a little engaged to this stranger, earnestly wished for an opportunity of introducing herself. If, thought she, he acknowledges only the unfortunate, he will not reject my acquaintance.

She took leave, returned with her thoughts wholly bent upon the stranger; and shall it be owned, the picture was not the least object of those thoughts, though no other motive might exist save curiosity.

An

An illness of some days confined Mrs. Bandal to her bed, and Sabina to her room, under pretence that no one could serve her so well; but, without pity to the pallid looks of her attendant, she caused her to sleep upon a pallet in one corner, and rise several times in the night to give her medicine.

This unusual attention ill agreed with the constitution of our Heroine, now much impaired by the griefs she had suffered: Yet the reproach of ingratitude, which she feared would be applied without palliation, restrained her, against her strength, to continue the office of nurse.

She saw, with sorrow, the fine weather passing away, whilst she could not partake the transient pleasure it afforded, and found herself so much confined to the sick-room, that five minutes walk in the garden was a treat seldom allowed her.

By degrees, however, Mrs. Bandal thought herself better; and as Sabina had made no objection to sleeping in her room, that good lady, whose maxim it was to act contrary to the little wants and wishes of those in her power, permitted her *companion* to return to the possession of her own.

Sabina found the truth of that observation, which tells us, that to know the value of a possession, we should, for a time, experience its want; and her chamber, where she could breathe free from ill smells, appeared to her much more pleasant than the first day she entered it — Her books were turned over with a new delight; and it was at a very late hour she at last prevailed upon herself to retire to rest, first proposing to herself a walk in the morning; and some distant hopes arose that she might again meet Mr. Lently; for so she had heard him called by Mrs. Bandal, with the epithet of *mad*.

With

With her his reputed madness deduced nothing from his character; and all the confirmation she could learn of his being so, only raised him in her esteem, as it was exhibited in actions springing from the goodness of his heart, and which, from their singularity, well might merit the appellation.

His aversion to those who pretended to grandeur she feared would be a difficulty in the way of gaining his friendship; and having discovered that he lived by himself, her intention of becoming his boarder was at an end, and her imagination wandered in search of some other scheme; for to spend her life with Mrs Blandal, was to sacrifice it to caprice, and wholly to forego the most distant idea of pleasure.—The uprightness of Lently, his gentle nature, and the benevolence which his neighbours allowed him to possess, marked him as a proper person to intrust as a friend. Whilst his manners took off the impropriety which the scruples of Sabina might have suggested, sleep, which she had lately little enjoyed, prevented her arising in the morning as she intended; and one trifling accident or other occurring, it was more than a week before she again visited the grove which bordered the common.

She had been reading through the greatest part of the day to Mrs Blandal, who had desired she would amuse the despondence that hung upon her spirits. From this office Sabina would at this time, with pleasure, have escaped, as she found her eyes so weak, from a cold she had taken with laying the preceding night with the window open, that it was with difficulty she performed her task; and which, for the honour of Mrs. Blandal, I am ashamed to say, was only required because of its inconvenience.

The day had been rainy, but towards evening, cleared up; and as she had not stirred from the house, she took an opportunity of slipping out after tea, and hastened through the garden to the grove.

For some little time she fauntered about, now and then stopping to listen, in hopes of again hearing those sounds she had so much admired. Almost supposing she heard them at a distance, she advanced nearly to the common, when the loud voices of children at play brought to her recollection the poor family which Lently had relieved, and giving way to curiosity, she halted towards them.

The cottage was neat, and surrounded by a little garden, paled in by furz bushes, upon a plat, outside of which some children were building little houses of stones, and decorating them with broken porcelain.—They did not perceive the approach of Sabina, one corner of the hedge concealing her, till close upon them; and as she wished not to disturb their amusement, she leaned over silently, smiling at their puerile observations, and the chuckling exultations each bestowed on its own performance.

Happy, happy ignorance, thought she: O why are not all our days as those of our youth, when a broken tea-cup can produce our tears, or excite transports of joy?

But tell me, my reader, are not our affections too generally taken by the tea-cups and trumpery of life; and are not the generality of our passions excited one way or other, by objects nearly as trivial.

One of the children, more quick-sighted than the others, discovered Sabina; and giving a shout of surprise, left its play-things, and ran, with its hands held out, to meet her, as if already acquainted.

“Mamma

"Mamma will be glad to see *ou*," cried the little girl, "because *ou* cry for papa and gran papa."

Sabina recollected, with a start of surprise, that this was one of the children she had seen with Mrs. Moxop in the park, and, with some little flurry, inquired where their mamma lived.

"Come with me, I will shew *ou*," cried the child, giving her one hand, and pointing with the other to the cottage. The rest of the children, whose memories were not so retentive, were yet overjoyed at the sight of so fine a lady, and ran forwards, soon bringing out their mother, to see what occasioned their shouting.

"What!" cried Sabina, "do I see Mrs Moxop. You know not how often I have thought on you since we parted; but how came you so far distant from London."

"Please your ladyship," answered the good woman, with a profound courtesy, "I found charity so precarious a living, and myself so infirm, that I thought it best to return to the place I was born in, and seek relief from the parish. When I came here, they were going to cart me away like a *malefactor*, under pretence that I did not belong to them, as my first husband entitled me to a place in his parish; but Mr. Lently, Heaven for ever bless him, stood up for the widow and the orphan; and finding who was my first husband, gave me this cottage."

"And might I also ask what was the name of your first husband?" said Sabina.

"It was Draper," answered she; "and I assure you he was once in a good way."

"Draper," faintly echoed Sabina, the colour forsaking her cheeks; and finding herself unable to speak or stand, she sat down upon a bench at the door,

door, whilst Mrs. Moxop ran for a glass of water, which much refreshed her.

"No wonder," said she, "your first appearance so engaged me, when I was so many ways interested; when your husband was the companion of my father in death, and when your son—has undone me; she would have said; but, from reasons of prudence, she checked the confession, turning the exclamation into a question: If she had not a son named Capt. Draper, and if she knew what was become of him?"

The poor woman's tears began to flow at this question. "Alas! Madam," said she, "I have indeed such a son.—He was once my favourite; but how unlike my son, Joseph. Ah! Joseph was worth two of him; but they are neither sons to me any longer."

"How so?" demanded Sabina; "the Captain lives: And surely if he knew where you were, he would allow you something. At that moment she had forgot his treachery; but it recurring to her mind, she added, though perhaps a man so destitute of every sentiment of honour, might not even do that, which he has in his power with ease."

"You know then, Madam, the unworthiness of my son. It signifies nothing grieving about it now. I did, to be sure, at first, as was natural.—When he went to the Indies, he was the sweetest, and most dutiful boy of them all; but (and she shook her head) I have suffered from him since."

So have I, thought Sabina.—And inquired if he had not assisted her at his first coming over.

"You shall hear, Madam," said she.—"My second husband was out at sea, and my poor Joseph was the only son I had living in England, at least besides him; the rest were scattered over the wide world. Joseph maintained me and his children; but

but his wife dying he grew very dispirited, and greatly in debt; so that he durst scarcely shew his face.

"About this time the Captain came home; and not doubting I should have plenty of money, I went to his lodgings; but when I sent up my name, his man came down, desiring I would not trouble his master any more, as he knew no such person, and could not be plagued with impertinent messages.

"Well, Madam, I returned home nearly heart-broken, and feared to tell Joseph, who had made no doubt of his at least lending us a sum; for in our prosperity, we had sent the Captain a present of British goods to the amount of 50*l*. and had received nothing in return.

"Joseph saw well enough, by my countenance, how it was; and starting up in a passion, made me tell him every thing. He then flew out of the house in a great rage, and went, as he afterwards told me, to the Captain, forcing his way by the servant. High words passed between them; the Captain sent for a constable, and swore my poor Joseph wanted to rob him, under pretext of being his brother; and would you believe it, Madam, had the hardness of heart to suffer him to be dragged to prison.

"He did not however, appear against him; and when we went to seek him, he was gone out of town.

"My poor boy was arrested for debt; and one day, happening to meet the Captain in Hatton-garden, I represented, with tears, our distress—but I believe the heat of the sun dries up the hearts of people in the Indies. He took out six-pence.—

"There, woman," said he, "you seem to want, and that is twelve times as much as I give in general to beggars."

"I

"I shall never forget his words; for my heart, I could not touch his money. Ah! Miss, I was then indeed bitterly hurt, to think it was my own son, who so cruelly used me. The creditors liberated Joseph, on condition of his becoming a soldier, as they found he could not pay them by staying in prison, and the next news was his death.

"I had, for a time, provided us a trifle by washing; but now my strength forsook me, and I determined to take those lovely babes, and see if they could not find some tenderness in their uncle.

"He was wounded, his man said, in a duel, about a young lady, and could not be seen. But when he knows I come from that lady, he will receive me, says I (Heaven forgive the lie), the man made no more words, but walked up before us. We all fell on our knees before him, but he sat unmoved, like an Emperor, with us at his feet; and having heard my request, that he would put us in some way from starving, till my husband should return, he peevishly bid us quit him, as he had something of more consequence to think about.

We were yet on our knees; for, thought I, that posture of humility from his mother must soften his nature, if indeed any thing can do so; at least it will wound his pride to see her supplicating for bread—but he has a heart harder than a rock. I believe I said we were kneeling before him, when a very pretty young woman entered the room.

"He frowned and bid her leave him; but I caught hold of her gown, and besought her, if she had any power with my son, to beg he would prevent our starving, and to return at least some of the obligations he owed a mother.

"Woman," said he, for he never called me mother, "I know nothing about you.—My mother's

ther's name was Draper, and she died long ago—poor soul.”

“No, I answered—I am alive.—I am your mother, and my voice must tell you so.”

“The young lady was softened into tears; and going to him, whispered something I did not hear. He seemed to relent, and in a voice softened of its sternness, though with a glance of his eye that shot into me—“Your name, you say, is Moxop.—Is it not?” said he.—He took a sheet of paper, and writing, sealed it up; and then imprecating a dreadful curse, if he did not send us to jail for life, if we again presumed to appear before him, he bid us begone.

“I thought nothing less, than that he had given us a draft on his bankers, and comforted myself with having at least some little establishment; but hear yourself, Miss, his cruel letter.

“*Mrs. Moxop.*—You will get a good living by “begging, as your husband is drowned——.”

“I have heard too much,” cried Sabina, faintly; “I cannot listen to more.—Wicked as I have found him to myself, this is beyond conception.”

“I was for some days quite stupified with grief,” continued Mrs. Moxop.—“I had nothing left but the way he recommended;” and thus concluded her little narrative, with exhibiting another side of the Captain's *excellencies*, which shewed him to have arrived at that degree of perfection, so far above all frail natural feelings, that description fails when I attempt its praise.

Sabina had relief only in tears; for of such a nature was the Captain's ingratitude, that she found it impossible to offer a word of comfort to his mother. She refrained from complaining of his usage of herself, concealing who she was, lest the whole country should soon be informed through some

some indiscretion of Mrs. Moxop, only mentioning again the loss of her father, which at the same time she desired her not to mention; and not being recovered from the shock which this further knowledge of the Captain's ingratitude gave her, it having forcibly brought to remembrance her own wrongs, she turned the discourse to inquiries after Mr. Lently, and in what part of the country he lived.

"His estate," said Mrs. Moxop, her eyes brightening at mention of a person she was never tired of discoursing about.—"His estate is about a mile from here, and a very fine one it is; the house, which is like a palace, is a little out of repair; but, as he says, it will last his time; and why should he be choaked with mortar and workmen, and deafened by noise, when there is no necessity.—He is indeed a little odd in some of his notions, but he is a good man, and has a right to do as he pleases."

"Certainly," said Sabina.—"But has he nobody in the house with him?"

"Nobody but an old house-keeper, who lived there in the time of old Jeffrey Morton, and his man, who is grey-headed; but as Mr. Lently says, he is well enough to clean his horse; and as he sees no company, he has no need of many servants; and when he has any extra work in the garden, he hires a man. Indeed, Madam, the poor people round about heap upon him their blessings, and they have some reason to do so. His estate is covered with cottages; and as he will not trouble himself with farming, all his ground is let; and I heard a gentleman at the head inn say, that if he would but throw the little farms together, and let it to some rich farmer, he might have double and treble rents, to what those poor wretches can afford to pay."

"He's a fool," said another, "and will never be rich."—I did not say any thing; but I knew, that in the eyes of the good, he is not so foolish."

"He

"He is too good, I fear," said Sabina, "to be a man of this world. No wonder he should be despised for actions which are a condemnation to his neighbours; but I wonder a man so good, as he certainly must be, should never have married."

"It is indeed a wonder," said Mrs. Moxop; "and I myself have been amazed at it; for certainly he is in love with somebody."

Our Heroine leaned forward in the attitude of attention, a silent demand on Mrs. Moxop to proceed, which needed no other enforcement.

"To be sure," said she, "he is a man which no woman need be ashamed of, and, in my opinion, he is very handsome.—I have sometimes seen him kiss a little picture, and sigh enough to break one's heart. It is a sad thing to be crossed in love."

"Has he been crossed in love, then," asked Sabina, with expressive softness.—"Do you know who the picture is a resemblance of?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Moxop.—"But it is amazingly beautiful, and exactly such eyes as yourself."

"Like me!" said Sabina, blushing deeply.—To prevent which being noticed, she took up the youngest child, and began to play with it.

"It may be only my fancy," said the talkative Moxop.—"But as sure as can be, talk of the devil, and he'll appear."

This proverb caused Sabina to turn towards the door, which at the same instant was opened by Lently himself.

He had heard so much of Sabina's history as was known in the parish. He knew Mrs. Blandal's exquisite talents, and without any acquaintance with the object of her charity, he felt for her situation, but from his knowledge of what must be endured, and that great previous misfortunes, could only render the endurance sufferable.

Sabina

Sabina was rising to depart, but he entreated her not to be disturbed at his intrusion; and sitting down, uttered something like a compliment on her visiting where the rich and the gay seldom enter.

"If it were for that reason alone," replied she, "it would be an enticement, as I have hitherto been disappointed in those places preferred by the rich and the gay."

"You are but young," said he, smiling; "and of a sex that rarely quarrels with the world. Confess, would you, out of this cottage, own those sentiments."

"Most assuredly," said Sabina.—"A difference of place ought not to produce difference of opinion."

"It ought not indeed," said he.—"But how few can preserve a uniformity of action, or avoid adopting the manners of the place they live in.—O vanity! vanity!"—He had forgot himself in this exclamation; but recovering, he begged Sabina's pardon for his absence, and without attempting to continue the discourse, made some observations on the evening (which looked like rain), and rising up, as if from a sudden remembrance, made a bow to Sabina, and hastened away.

This abrupt behaviour added strength in her mind to the report of his insanity, which she could not avoid noticing to Mrs. Moxop.

"It is only forgetfulness," said his advocate.—"His grief, which you may read in every feature, sometimes overcomes him; and I have seen him weep like a child: But I assure you he is very sensible."

'Tis a great pity, thought Sabina, who sat musing on the clouds, which began to gather.—'Tis a pity that a man like him, with his talents, should be buried from the world. But why the world; it can have nothing connected with Lently.—Yet

it

it is a pity he should be so lost to himself, and enjoy life so little.—This was a very shallow way of arguing, for the soul of Lently, delighted in its own torment, and tasted, with gloomy pleasure, the miseries it suffered. Some few such there are in the world; and 'tis well there are but few—as, in their hands, the affairs of state would be ill guided, the battles of nations would never be heard of. All that gives the zest to life would sink into slumber, and no one public action go onwards with energy.

Whilst Sabina was pitying the sufferings of Lently, the clouds which had been for some time gathering, began to pour down in torrents, accompanied by thunder, that shook the little cottage, and seemed to bow down the lofty trees of the forest.—Sabina, who feared more the anger of Mrs Blandal than the fury of the tempest; for though conscious innocence can fearlessly behold the madness of elements, it affords no protection from chiding; and this accident, she feared, would be taken hold on, to *desire* she would not again go so great a distance from the house.—The storm gave no signs of abatement; it was impossible she could return through it, and night would soon render her a prisoner, which was no small uneasiness; and in considering her own situation, she had forgot that Lently must be out in the midst of it, 'till she saw him advancing, with the wet dropping from him. Her apprehensions, lest he should take cold, in turn banished her fears of getting home, and the displeasure of Mrs. Blandal; and she joined her intreaties with Mrs. Moxop, that he would change his clothes, and dry them by the fire.

Lently in vain assured her he should receive no injury, habit having accustomed him to the accidents of the weather; but at length, unable to withstand

withstand the representations of Sabina, who appeared tenderly solicitous, or the more forcible intreaties of Mrs. Moxop, he consented to dry his coat and waistcoat; and that he might not suffer by sitting without them, he accepted one of her petticoats to cover his shoulders, smiling, as no doubt will the reader, at such a metamorphose:—For though Lently was proud in some cases, his pride was very different from that passion prevalent in most people, who are anxious to keep up the forms and ceremonies of society.

The conversation became familiar between him and Sabina; Mrs. Moxop busying herself to prepare a slight supper, which she begged them to partake; for though the thunder had ceased, or only rolled at a distance, the rain yet was very violent. This accident, which detained our Heroine, was unavoidable; and as such, she endeavoured to be easy under it.—The more so, as, for the first time within many weeks, she found herself in company with one who could discourse on those subjects she had been taught to consider as important by her mother and Lady Augusta.

Lently so far conquered his habitual listlessness, as to enter with some degree of animation, into the conversation; and both, as with a preconcerted delicacy, avoided, as much as possible, touching on any thing that would revive sorrowful reflections.

Those charms, which peculiarly adorned the conversation of Sabina, when she could speak the genuine sentiments she thought, lost not their insinuating power upon Lently, so different, so much superior did he think them to the common nothings which he heard (if politeness ever conducted him to the houses of the rich), that he more than once expressed his astonishment that her education should have been so liberal, and she obliged

to be in her present situation.—Enjoying the pleasure conversation like this afforded, the storm blew around them, only heard to be the subject of comment, and it was with regret the shades of night were seen, as a warning to part.

The tempest was much abated, but the night was dark, and Sabina feared trusting herself alone through the wood; nor would her bashfulness allow her to ask the favour of Lently to escort her. It was only a fit of forgetfulness which prevented his immediate offer, his eyes being fixed upon two broken plates that were placed above the fire-place; but when he saw Sabina ready to depart, he started up, and not being properly recovered from his fit of musing, offered her his arm, without remembering the petticoat of Mrs. Moxop.

Sabina felt an embarrassment which tied her tongue; but her eyes directing his, he blushed (for Lently too could blush), and hurrying to put on his coat and waistcoat, the picture (the knot having slipped) fell to the ground.—He snatched it up, as if fearful the treasure would be lost, and hastily fastened it round his neck; but curiosity being seconded by opportunity, Sabina could not refrain desiring to see a picture he seemingly prized so highly.

“Yet,” said he, “would you believe it, that form with which Heaven itself would be graced, contains a soul.—What shall I say—excuse me, Madam; nothing more deceives us than our outward senses.”

“Was the person,” inquired Sabina, looking from the picture to him—“was the person related to you? There is a softness of expression pleasing in her countenance.”

“Heaven and earth!” cried he—“yes, there was all that could please, all that could charm.”

Sabina

Sabina started at the wildness with which he made this expression; and repenting that she had roughly touched where the hand of delicacy would have wounded, she turned round, in order to bid good night to Mrs. Moxop, and after kissing the children, departed with Lently, who had not spoke since his emotion betrayed itself; nor had he brought himself to sufficient resolution 'till they were nearly half way home.

"You will forgive me," said he, "for an abrupt exclamation, of which you may one day perhaps know the reason; and when I tell you I am not quite master of myself at those moments, you will not wonder at a behaviour which must appear irrational. The picture is of a person whom I too late discovered unworthy my esteem; but such was the strength of my attachment to her, that even now you see how I am affected. Ah! had she possessed a mind equal to her person, then indeed we might have been happy; but I know not whether Heaven acted well or ill, in composing the human-economy; for how rarely do we meet the accomplishments of the mind united to beauty, and we must be content with one of the qualities without the other."

Our Heroine agreed to this assertion, but in a way that a nice observer might have traced in it some shades of vanity.—They now arrived at Mrs. Blandal's.

To enter by the garden was the nearest way to the house; but as it had been some time dark, it would have an appearance of a wish for concealment, which, to avoid, they were under the necessity of going round to the gate.—She rang for some time, without the porter's appearance. No light was visible from any of the windows, and to her surprise; for it was not yet eleven o'clock; no person seemed stirring in the house; and she began

to

to express her apprehensions to Lently, that Mrs. Blandal intended not to receive her again.

"Should that be her determination," said he, "I have, I think, interest enough to procure you a situation perhaps more eligible than her's; and be assured, should you ever have occasion for my services they will not be reluctantly granted."

Sabina was going to thank him, with that warmth which the offer required, when the house-keeper appeared with a candle at the window, and her night-cap on, desiring to know who was there.—"O, 'tis you, be it, Ma'am," said she, "drawling. I'm coming directly."

Sabina turned her face to observe the features of Lently, but it was dark; and a slight groan was all the emotion perceptible.

Lently, when the house-keeper came to the door, wished her good night, though not unobserved, which was accompanied with a remark, that time slipped away in good company.—Sabina only answered, by inquiring if Mrs. Blandal was indisposed, that the house should so soon be shut up, and the family retired.

"No, Miss, answered the house-keeper; "she was a little frightened you were drowned; but I says never fear, mem. I warrant Miss will find some one to take care of her.—Aye, I was right, you see."

"I am obliged to you," said Sabina.—"I hope you were not put to any inconvenience by my being detained by the storm."

She was chagrined at the visible arrangement that had been made on purpose, which she could easily perceive, that she might notice its singularity, and tremble at the anger of Mrs. Blandal; but here the lady was not deficient in her usual refinement of duplicity, and received Sabina the next morning, not with the reproaches she expected, but

but with her accustomed behaviour; though this calm was only to impress on Sabina the excellencies of her nature; and before the day was over, she was told of that goodness, in never once chiding her, though she had staid beyond the hours of every sober family, and even came home with a man;—but a second time she did not know what might happen.

Sabina attempted to vindicate herself; but Mrs. Blandal could not bear her noise, which distracted her poor head, that had been aching all night with the fright of being waked from a first sleep.

In this manner the *benevolent* Mrs. Blandal contrived to ring the changes of goodness, obligation, favours, gratitude, &c.; and, for this reason, Sabina's life was as little to be envied as her's who depends on her labour in the fields.

CHAP. IX.

E non amor, ch'è naturale affetto?

SO much was our Heroine engaged, by the character she had heard from others, and the sentiments she had heard from himself, that though already cruelly deceived in the specious pretences of Draper, she could not deny her confidence to Lently; and in this vague promise of protection, he had accidentally, as it were, been drawn in to make, comforted herself, that, should she be unable to endure the treatment of Mrs. Blandal, she should yet have some asylum to fly to—some protection from

from absolute misery.—His person, which was particularly engaging, seemed to haunt her in her walks; his words, his actions, were each in turn present to her memory; and in her mind he appeared more worthy than any man she had hitherto conversed with.—His misfortunes, of whatever kind, had so wholly overcome him, that pity, perhaps something softer, entered her bosom, and she felt, in a slight proportion, some of those emotions Alfred had once inspired her with; though yet, and for some time after, could scarcely be said to deviate from those of sisterly affection.

As Mrs. Blandal attempted not to restrain her walking in the evening, Sabina seldom failed straying to the common, and when the weather prevented, it was no small disappointment.—Lently was mostly certain to meet her, by the meekest chance in the world; and it was only his known character which can plead her excuse.—By degrees, their mutual confidence became stronger, as their sentiments were better known. To him she dispensed with the resolution she had formed of concealing her family and connexions, at different times revealing all that she had suffered, especially the ingratitude of Draper; for of Alfred she said only as much as to avoid unconnexion.

“I have heard,” said he, after a long silence on her mentioning Draper, “that he is one of the greatest villains this day breathing.—Yes, Madam, ’tis he—’tis that wretch who has injured me for ever; ’tis he to whom I owe all my misfortunes. When I can command myself sufficiently, I will give you another reason to despise him, and perhaps you will allow my sufferings are great; they are indeed without remedy. The first, the dearest wish of my soul is destroyed; this earth is to me now only a place without comfort, where I must remain an appointed time.—In your company,

VOL. II. G however,

however, I will own, that I am less sensible to the distraction which destroys me ; and were you my sister.——” He paused, as if seeking some expression. Sabina wished she had such a brother ; but that she might not fall into a painful train of reflection, she reassumed the history she was relating, and Lently continued to listen in silence.

The pleasure he enjoyed in company with Sabina, overcame his reluctance to mingle with the rich ; and the better to gain access to her, whom he wished to be constantly with, he made a visit to Mrs. Bandal, who was flattered with this mark of attention in him so uncommon, and imputed it to her fame for benevolence ; a title which, of all others, pleased her the most, as she the least deserved it.—It was soon, however, visible to whom those visits were in reality paid, Lently making no merit of concealment ; and he was not in a situation to witness the ill humours of Mrs. Bandal, which Sabina suffered in private, almost tempting her to desire he would not take notice of her, since it was so disagreeable to the lady.

One morning he entered a little after breakfast. He appeared agitated ; and when Mrs. Bandal, who was present, turned aside her head, he put into Sabina’s hand a slip of paper, on which was written, with a pencil—“ I have something to inform you which requires your courage to hear.—Meet me, if you can, this evening at the bottom of your garden.”

She could not but express her surprise at a request so unexpected and unaccountable, and declared it by a look, perfectly understood by Lently.—He seemed confused, and about to whisper, when Mrs. Bandal turned round, and in a few minutes contrived to send Sabina from the room.

The situation she found herself in was embarrassing. Simply viewed, it was only what she had done

done many times before ; but here the idea of a settled assignation created scruples, and doubt and fear, by turns, expressed what he had to impart.—Some matter of moment she thought it must be, or he would not have believed precaution necessary ; yet to go, she feared might even sink her in his esteem, which she wished, above most things, to avoid, and was half determined not to go. She sighed for Lucy to advise with ; but Lucy would have advised as prompted by the unsuspicion and softness of her nature, and that Sabina saw had been dreadfully imposed upon.

After many suspicions of what he could have to communicate ; after rejecting the idea which had once glided in, without her knowing how—that he felt some attachment to herself.—She could only fix on his having determined to acquaint her with his story, which she had often desired to hear, and perhaps something had newly happened, that he might wish to ask her advice upon.—Seldom is argument wanting to gloss over our actions ; and shortly convinced it would be no infringement on propriety, Sabina was determined to attend at the time appointed.—He was already there, walking with his arms crossed.—He hastened to meet her, with an apology for the liberty he had taken.

“I don’t know,” said he, “whether much preparation is of benefit to us, when we are to endure any unexpected surprise.—If we could attain a command over our passions sufficient to prevent their being startled by any unexpected occurrence, we should be always collected in ourselves ; but I own myself not that person.”

“And for me,” said Sabina, “so few things can now affect me, who am almost without connexions, that I have little need to attempt its acquirement ; but surely you have something to tell me, which you think renders it significant.”

"I have, in truth, said he," looking at her with fixed attention—"what may perhaps shock you, however secure you may be in your own strength, and judging by myself, I almost fear the trial of your fortitude.—Is there no one you regard with affection; for whom your esteem is preserved, though their actions have not deserved it."

"I cannot say—indeed I don't know," replied Sabina, hesitating.—"But why all this preparation—I am ignorant of what you suspect."

"In plain terms, then, Madam," said he; "is your heart perfectly free from engagement; or is there any man whose union with another would cause you to sigh?"

"Why should you suppose there is," said she, blushing, and endeavouring to evade his question, which she did not perfectly understand.—"If you have any thing you wish me to know, and which you fear will affect me, suspense is worse than most certainties."

"If that is your opinion, Miss Trenton," said he, "I will read a paragraph, which I found in this newspaper, that gave me concern on your account; but if, as you say, your heart is wholly disengaged, it may be a piece of news you will not be sorry at hearing."

"Last week Lord Tynian was united at Paris, to the wealthy daughter of Mr.——, the famous Farmer General.—She is reckoned one of the most elegant women in Paris, and not unworthy to rank amongst the beauties of our island."

Sabina, untried, was firm.—She believed herself wholly indifferent to any thing that could happen to Alfred; and at times was surprised that a similar event had not before taken place.—But now, when it was brought home to her, the recollection of all that had passed between them, the contrast of
her

her present situation, lost, despised, and unknown, filled her eyes with tears, and her bosom with sighs, which she was unable to repress. She felt herself sick ; and almost ashamed of betraying so much weakness to Lently, burst into tears, which relieved her oppression ; and sitting down on the grass, gradually became more calm, and reconciled her to what was unavoidable.

The behaviour of Lently particularly affected her.—Experience had taught him that the first flow of passion ought not to be restrained. He had likewise known, though much more severely, the disappointments of a lover. He therefore silently sat down beside her, and taking one of her hands, pressed it to his bosom, whilst, with the other, he wiped off a tear, which the weakness of his nature shed.

By division suffering is reduced, and the participant endeared to us. No wonder, then, that Sabina should feel the attention of Lently ; that her heart, open to impression, should receive his ;—should give way to those sensations which yet she had never known to extreme, and which his pre-engagement might have altogether repressed.—But nature, whether for our good or not, hath implanted in us a desire to attain that which is difficult of access, and to enhance the merit of any dubious acquisition.

Lently appeared to her in a light superior to any man with whom she had hitherto conversed.—His person was engaging : It was not handsome ; but the habitual expression of mildness was much more desirable. His manners were soft, though not effeminate ; his sentiments, such as she had been taught to esteem, and his regard for the sex, which appeared so conspicuous in an attachment that had been unhappily formed, gave her the highest ideas of

of his taste for domestic felicity. Such were the desultory foundations of the thoughts which filled the mind of Sabina, and chased away the flights she had received from Alfred ; but these, in turn, were destroyed, or rather checked, by reflecting how improbable it was she should ever be his.—She thanked him for the concern he had taken about her, and being accustomed to speak to him with confidence, owned, that at first she had been slightly affected, but that now, and henceforward, she should hear of him with calmness.—The evening set in cool, an excuse which she gladly laid hold on to return ;—for in her present disposition, solitude alone was desirable and she wished, to examine into her heart, to take herself to talk, for the emotions it underwent.—It was near morning before sleep closed her reflections, and for a while held in suspension the new troubles, which she foresaw too surely opening upon her. However willing she might be to deceive herself, the investigation she had entered into too surely displayed the state of her affections, and declared them no longer in her power.

Love had found its way into her soul, armed with the strength of doubt and fear, almost amounting to certainty ; and she supposed herself doomed to be the martyr at last to a passion she now found she had never before perfectly experienced.—How weak now appeared all the resolutions she had formed of guarding against man.—He had approached her when her vigilance was asleep, and, by unperceived degrees, penetrated too deeply for reason to eradicate.—So much good, so many noble qualities appeared in Lently, that even in her own eye, she was held excuseable : but who that loves thinks otherwise.

To love without return, is often the lot of the fair ; and Sabina expected it to be her's, now repenting that she had allowed herself so much of his company,

company, or regarded him in any light superior to all others.—Now the mischief was done ; for the rankling wound in her heart, the only remedy in her power was to fly from the increase of danger ; but where could she fly ; who would receive her.—The offer he had made, in case of her quitting Mrs. Blandal, would expose her to a more easy access.—Thus she found herself entangled in a snare she had little dreamt of ; and the certainty of that entanglement took from her not only the power of exertion, but almost the wish to escape.

Her mind, confused by the ideas which constantly suggested, and dispirited her from every attempt at amusement, no longer impelled her to visit those walks, where she was almost certain of meeting Lently ; for having seen the futility of hope, she sought only to bury her grief in the silence of solitude, where her sighs could be repeated unheard, and her reflections wander unchecked.

She even shunned, as much as possible, the now dangerous company of Lently, who frequently came to Mrs. Blandal's, but without incurring the imputation of caprice or particularity, she was often then obliged to remain. Lently instantly perceived this change in her behaviour.—Perhaps he made some secret observations ; for what is more penetrating to the eye of a male or female into the motives and actions of the opposite sex.—But be that as it will, he seemed to copy her examples, by lessening the frequency of his visits.

It is difficult to say what were his sentiments ; but 'tis certain he found much less pleasure in his solitary rambles, and often came half way to the house, with intent to visit Sabina, when his resolution failing, he returned.

Indeed, such a man as he was could not fail being engaged by her conversation, her manners and her person. Nor was it extraordinary in the country, where

where few of elegance are found, who are not corrupted by pride, that he should prefer her company to any other person. Not able perfectly to account for this sudden alteration in Sabina's behaviour towards him, and fearing that he might have unknowingly offended her, he determined, after many delays, and much hesitation, to seek an explanation.

It happened, that the evening he chose, Mrs. Blandal had been invited to a ball at some distance, leaving Sabina to enjoy her little holiday, which she prepared to do, as was most pleasing to herself.—Some of her old music books, containing her favourite airs, with which the Castle of Tynian had often echoed, she carried with her into the sitting room, where the harpsichord stood, and which was the most pleasant room in the house, the window commanding an extensive view of the west, where the eye was enchanted by variegated landscapes.—Giving way to her feelings, she played for some time, whilst remembrance brought with each a tender recollection, some little incident that once had affected her.—So entirely was her attention engaged, that Lently came into the room unobserved, and stealing softly along, stood behind her chair. He had inquired of the servant if her mistress was at home, and being answered—No, informed himself who it was he heard playing, and hastened up with intent to surprise Sabina.

When she had finished the air, she turned over the leaves of her book, in doing which, the sonnet me had taken from Alfred's room, and which she had placed as a mark to her lesson, presented itself. She had believed it lost, or left at Mrs. Andrews', and now half blushed at the folly she had been guilty of, in procuring it, and the triumph he must have enjoyed when he discovered it.—Lently was thrown from his guard at sight of the verses, into an inquiry

ry if they were her own composing? But his unexpected appearance took from her the power of answering any other than by a start, and an exclamation of—"Mr. Lently, is it you? How could you enter without my hearing?"

"When young ladies are intent on a favourite pursuit, they are easily surpris'd," answered he.—"And as I have caught you, either play over the melancholy air, which so suited me, or suffer me to read the verses."

She was too much surpris'd to perform with ease. She therefore gave him the sonnet, saying, "he would not find it worth the trouble of perusing."

"I can now guess," said he, smiling, after having read it, "who is the writer: He must then have loved you, which makes his behaviour since strangely unaccountable. Do you think he could have made you happy?"

"I know not," said she, turning round to the harpsichord.—"He never was by fate intended to be my husband; and I hope the lady, whom he has now chosen, will find more pleasure in his society than ever I should."

"What idea of happiness must you have formed," said he; "when you seem to doubt the power of grandeur, and its numberless appendages. To what station will Miss Trenton look for happiness?"

"So little," returned she, "is in the power of choice to effect, that I doubt whether it is not a mark of weakness to propose to ourselves any scheme of life; for out of an hundred formed, not one may ever meet completion."

"Yet," answered he, after a pause, "that soaring of imagination, I am of opinion is nearly all we enjoy of happiness. I, from my youth, delighted in castle building, in forming Arcadian scenes, in

fleeting visions of unexisting felicity; but they are gone; I dream no longer; and yet I could be contented to dream to the end of my life."

The purpose he had come upon was forgot; so easily does the present influence our actions. The confidence they enjoyed in conversation banished the cautious timidity of the one, and gave a flow of spirits to the other. So much did opportunity banish restraint, that from one subject to another, that of the picture Lently constantly wore was again introduced. He so far prevailed with himself, as to untie it, and give it into her hand, observing, that he feared, ere this, those features which appeared so lovely, were now faded, or perhaps withered for ever.

Sabina could not answer this remark.—She endeavoured to turn it to a subject more pleasant; and thinking this an opportunity not to be lost, reminded him that he had often raised her curiosity on this subject, and that now he would greatly oblige her, by relating how he had been injured by Draper.

"My reasons," answered he, "for delaying it hitherto, was a dislike to bring afresh to my memory, what, while passing, had been so dreadful, and my doubts, whether to you it would be interesting. Since you desire it, I will no longer conceal from you my affections or my sufferings."

A VERY UNINTERESTING STORY TO MANY.

"It may be strange to date my history from a prison; but as that abode of wretchedness was the last stage of my father, so it was the first of mine; and now, as is often the case, when we enter on a subject without previous consideration, I must return to the youth of my father, which was spent at college,

college, where he acquired a taste for learning, or rather for that sort of reading which exhibits the deformity of mankind, and disgusts us with a dark and dreary picture of his wants, sufferings, and insipid pursuits.

“ Thus fitted for a convent, he entered the counting-house, where his talents for verse were more conspicuous than for accounts; and his father declared he neither knew how to gain or to spend money. He therefore, in his will, made an admirable distinction between his three sons—those beside my father, being the one a spendthrift, the other a miser. To the latter he left the bulk of his fortune, because to him that hath shall be given. To the spendthrift he left nothing, because his ambition was to possess nothing.—And to my father he left an annuity of 20*l*. because poets needed money only to buy ink and paper, and could live on the smile of some female goddess.

“ The near prospect of starving made my father reflect seriously on his situation; and though at first he spurned the offer, he soon consented to become clerk to his brother.

“ Most of the principal events of our life are governed by the passion of love, or I should say by the choice we make of a partner; and ’till my father felt the power of this irresistible passion, he was a constant drudge through the day, and a student through great part of the night; but having seen the daughter of Sir Jeffery Merton, he believed, in reality, all the fictitious descriptions of poetic enthusiasm.

“ His hours, ’till midnight, were spent in writing sonnets to her praise.—He contrived to do her many little services, and on Sundays constantly attended Stepney church, where the object of his adoration, with the other young ladies at the boarding

ing school, constantly attended.—A smile was the gratification of a week; and as I, who am versed in those, know how much is built upon a smile, I wonder not at him. She received his sonnets.—She even avowed a pleasure in them; and being young, was not a little proud of the particular attention paid her by so fine a person; for I assure you, few men were handsomer than my father; and I fear the pleasure of listening to adulation, is too often substituted for real affection.—Indeed a genuine passion is rarely mutually felt; so many circumstances being wanted to render it permanent.

“Particularly to detail the courtship of my father, which he has often related to me, with a minuteness that declared it the happiest period of his life, though then he laboured under all the miseries of uncertainty, would be swelling what I have to say beyond the bounds of our time.—For seven years, then, he was the constant lover of my mother.

“For seven years,” cried Sabina, with astonishment.—“Surely no lover could endure, with patience, so long a state of doubt? He must have loved more than any other man.”

“No, I believe not,” said Lently, sighing.—“Yet it was thus that Miss Morton contrived to keep him in her chains! one while appearing to feel all the tenderness he wished to inspire; the next declaring that she never could think of him; that she would die unmarried.

“Those checks were, however, delivered with such an air, that my father supposed them alone to arise from prudery, and, by dint of importunity, he at length made her his wife, at the age of twenty-one. She had become her own mistress by the death of her father, and since entered upon the estate with a presentiment, that he was going to enjoy

enjoy a Heaven upon earth ; but this vision shortly vanished.

“ My mother never had loved him.—She soon looked upon him with contempt ; and insisting on living in London, plunged into expences which my father saw must shortly end in ruin ; but this did not so much affect him as the visible neglect with which she treated him, rendering home dreadful, and abroad unbearable.

“ The man who can live, and cringe to contempt, is unworthy of life.—My father could not ; and with tears besought her to consider him and herself. She heard him calmly, declared herself mistress of her own time, and that, as he had always told her she was the most *sensible* of her *sex*.—She would now let him see that she could act without advice, flounced out of the room, leaving my father in agonies little short of distraction. Indeed, the chief check which a man can have over a woman, whose behaviour is irregular, he wanted.--the estate having been so secured by her father, that he had not power to take up a farthing, and too late he repented having *flattered* a woman into acceptance of him.

“ Finding that all his endeavours to amend only rendered the calamity more serious, he gave himself up to despair, which threw him into a decline, and the debts of his wife into a prison.—She frequently visited him in the Bench : She sometimes promised to amend ; but having lived up to the extent of her income, she could not consent to sink in the eyes of her acquaintance, and of consequence my father could not be liberated.

“ One day she happened to slip on the last step from the prison, and being very near her time of delivery, fainted away.—She was brought to my father's little apartment, where I was soon after ushered into the world, the partaker of sorrow from my infancy.

“ My

“ My mother, during her confinement, seemed touched by the caresses and tender solicitude of my father : But alas ! habit, when it coincides with inclination, requires much resolution to be conquered.

“ No sooner was she capable of quitting the prison, than, as if this slight denial had only increased her desires, she plunged, with avidity, into more boundless dissipation, and the poor man pining in a jail was an object remembered only with disgust ; and to shew that no rule, moral or divine, could curb the high spirit of the soul, she shortly after made a tour to the Continent, with a man delicate as herself, and many years passed away before I ever heard again concerning her ; when my father had long ceased to feel her injuries, or to regret his vanished prospects in the peaceful grave.

“ My mother was much too fine a lady to attend her offspring, and for a few of the first years of my life, I was out at nurse with a woman in the borough, who carried me once a day to partake the blessings and tears of my father. As soon as he considered me qualified to comprehend instruction, I was removed to his little room, and I became his companion and friend.

“ He taught me what I was able to learn ; and though he had suffered from too refined an imagination, he could not refrain polishing mine to an edge equally acute ; and perhaps more so, as my earliest years, nay, before I knew why, were in part spent in mourning with him ; and it is probable the comfort he found in complaining to me, the diversion my instruction gave his mind, was the chief reason of his continuing to live, as to this moment I do not remember ever having seen a person so emaciated.

“ Naturally I inherited his sensibility of soul, which, though a torment to the possessor, the possessor could seldom consent to lose ; and before the

age

age when other children are learning accounts, I could enter into the feelings and disposition of a man.

“As my father had suffered so much, he endeavoured to guide me from the same danger; and the usual close of his seven years fighting, was to warn me against urging a woman against her inclinations; for though, on some, said he, you may prevail perhaps by flattery and repeated importunity, on others by pity for your sufferings. Unless the act is of inclination, you will never enjoy that confidential friendship which is the tie of the married state, and which a thousand accidents daily concur to unloose.

“Amidst discourses like this, you may be sure the necessary qualities of a wife were not forgot to be enumerated. Negligent of present customs and manners, the picture he drew was of such exalted perfection, that I believe neither this nor any other time ever produced the original.

“Young, ignorant of mankind, and warm in imagination, I eagerly adopted the phantom he had formed, and became so wedded to it, that it became my model in choice of a wife, and this choice I considered as the first business of existence.

Sabina smiled, which Lently returned, and went on.

“You see, Madam, with what notions I entered life; nor has reason, reflection, or a deeper knowledge of our imperfections, been able to eradicate them; and thus you see me single at thirty, after having sought a wife from the age of fourteen.

“I have sometimes reflected,” said Sabina; “and I think a woman may be allowed to reflect on the subject, that expectance of too much is the certain means of disappointment; because, however refined human nature may become by reading and

and instruction, still is human nature guilty of a repetition of errors."

"Your remark is just," said he, "and more than once occurred to me; but we are weak and blind to that weakness. At the age of fourteen, my father died, which may be called the first positive evil of any moment I was conscious of suffering.—I knew that my mother had quitted England, but my soul abhorred communication with her; and I was contented to lose the reversion of her estate, rather than endeavour to discover a being, whom I considered as unworthy existence.

"The twenty pounds a year my father had enjoyed, was the interest of a sum invested in the funds.—This was the only dependance I could be certain of; but having received, though in a prison, a good education, a merchant, who had been one of my father's chief creditors, took me into his counting-house.—The knowledge that my master had suffered a considerable loss by my father's death, was to me as great a stimulus as emulation; and every private advantage I did him I considered as lessening the obligation under which I lay.

"He was not like those masters who exact, with minuteness, the performance of a task, and look upon all that is overdone with indifference.—He saw my diligence, and gave me every encouragement I could have desired. He was, in a word, the best character I have ever met, both to his family and strangers.

"Is he now living," interrupted Sabina.—
"Might I ask his name."

"It is Bothel," replied he; "the same whom you have so kindly mentioned; and I assure you, his behaviour to you has added much to my esteem of him. His daughters were then at school, and my eye was caught by the beauties of Sophia; but I felt no particular attachment beyond admiration; though

though afterwards, as she began to advance in years, and her beauty became more conspicuous, fancy led me to think I should be happy in such a partner.

“ But her want of tenderness, which I could easily discern, checked and froze up my desires.— Whilst I was foolish enough to sigh in secret, I determined she should never be mine. She possessed that cold prudence which acts only on reflection; and if her passions were calm, it was only because that quality was required to gain any end with security.—I endeavoured to inspire her with a love of knowledge. I hoped to form in her an artificial taste for the romantic; but my endeavours were baffled, and, after many efforts, I overcame the first passion of my heart.

“ I was now twenty.—I looked round amongst my acquaintance for the woman I could love, whose gentleness should not sink into timidity; whose beauty should not inspire her with vanity; who should be such a woman as never was; excuse the reflection, which I am certain you will allow I had reason to make; and that it was no wonder I could not find what I sought; and I entered my five and twentieth year fully resolved to marry, should I hazard something.

“ I have been foolish, said I to myself. This life, and all its actions, are a sort of commerce, where something must be ventured, or nothing can be gained. Besides, if a woman is not all that I can wish, if I can but inspire her with love, I shall easily form her to my fancy. Her gentleness of nature will bend to my instructions; and a man of sense will never desire any thing unreasonable.”

“ You smile, Madam, at my self-flattery.—

Such, then, were my thoughts; and as I had highly prized beauty, I now considered it but as secondary, and looked out for one that could love; that could

enter

enter with me into all the softness of sentiment; but I too late found, that those who in company pretended to have a taste for poetry and literary compositions, did it merely from affectation; and that their whole knowledge extended no farther than plays and novels.—I returned tired and disgusted. Nay, I began to think seriously on remaining single. But, when again I reflected on the wants and weaknesses of age, and on the many advantages arising from marriage, then again I determined not to remain single, though I still hesitated where to fix, or rather not one that I saw could engage my affections beyond a first, or at most, a second visit.

“It was the peculiar sport of my fortune, perpetually to fill me with increasing desire to enter on a state which I had portrayed as the ultimate of human felicity, and ever to throw some check in the way, which destroyed my desires, and lead on to a constant rotation of disappointment.

“With a soul open to the softer passions, with feeling but too susceptible to allow me much enjoyment, I yet had never seriously loved, as I never could find the phantom I had pictured to admire; but the time was not now far distant, when I was to taste what I had so much wished for; and though now convinced of its delusion, I confess that was the happiest time of my life. The deception of a chimera was then the strongest; and when the charm dissolved, I was so lost to myself, that reason, for some time, also took flight.

“Oh! Matilda, too charming, too able to deceive.—Why was I ever deceived, or why ever did I discover the deception?

“Matilda!” repeated Sabina, with a look of surprise.—“Is the picture the portrait of Matilda?”

“It is,” cried Lently.—“How—is it possible you can know her?”

“No,

"No," said she; "perhaps my conjectures are wrong.—"Did you never attempt the life of any man?"

Lently coloured.—"Yes," said he, "though so contrary to my sentiments, madness urged me to attempt the life of a villain, to revenge innocence once pure, as the spirits which inhabit the Heaven of Heavens. But, my warth alarms you. I know I missed my purpose; he escaped to be punished by the judge of evil.

"Hitherto I have related the transient passions I suffered; but I now must sketch (for minutely to describe, I feel myself unable) a love which rose to excess, that few can feel, and which is unintended by nature, since she has formed the generality of souls incompetent to experience it.—It happened that some business Mr. Bothel had to transact at Portsmouth, required the attendance of one whom he could trust, and I being his senior clerk, was made acquainted with the affair, which required dispatch.

"That I might not delay upon the road, I set out with intention to ride all night, which verified the proverb of proceeding slow and secure.—About midnight I was attacked by two highwaymen, and should have made resistance, being well armed; but I reflected that the life of a man was of more value than a few pounds, and suffered myself to be rifled at discretion.

"I had, however, soon reason to repent my lenity; for either from displeasure at the smallness of the booty, or some sudden whim, they agreed to dispatch me, as I might spoil their fortune for the night. With a wanton barbarity, of which the English are seldom guilty, one of them fired upon me, and I instantly fell. They did not wait to examine my wound, but my horse was so frightened at

at the report and the fire, that he set out at full speed with me at the stirrup.

"He was soon entangled in the trees, which interrupted the road, the arm of one catching the girths; the saddle was torn away, and I was left on the ground. The bruises I had received were more dangerous than my wound, which was slight in the arm, and for a long time I lay upon the ground senseless.

"The cold, I believe, revived me. But I found myself so stiff as to be almost incapable of exertion. Yet considering my life depended on it, I endeavoured to grope my way among the trees, not without danger of adding to my contusion, by running against the hanging branches.

"After much labour, and nearly exhausted, I cleared myself from the wood; but the cheerless prospect of being many miles distant from any town, could not add to my spirits, and I believed every instant I must lay down and wait the event, though still some faint impulse spurred me forward.

"At last I arrived at a little hamlet of about six cottages, that were scattered upon a green, with a large house that stood like the palace of a monarch, in comparison with the others. A light in the window was the only object which at that time attracted my notice; and I exerted my small remains of strength so much in crossing the green, that unable to knock, I fell down upon the steps of the door.

"I was afterwards informed that the maid had heard me fall, being busy ironing some linen, that she might be at liberty next day to go to a fair, and running to the window, mistook me for a drunken man; and seeing I was dressed in light coloured clothes, believed it had been her lover.

"With this idea she hastened down stairs, no doubt to upbraid him with his wickedness, when she

saw

saw a stranger bloody, and seemingly dead, the imprudent girl ran screaming to her mistress, crying out, that a dead man had laid himself at their door, and for certain they should all be murdered.

"Mrs. Knightly could not possibly conjecture what had happened; but from the maid's evident alarm, feared some persons might be attempting to rob the house; and being a woman of spirit, she hastily slipped on a bed-gown, and taking down an old blunderbuss, which she forgot was unloaded, advanced before the trembling domestic, who had a great antipathy to dead men, whatever her feelings were for the living.

"I was soon discovered to breathe; and my appearance, as well as the blood which had run over my clothes, banished any fears of my being an impostor. By their endeavours, and the assistance of a neighbour, I was put to bed. A barber, who was surgeon and apothecary to the place, was sent for to my assistance, and having some share of skill, he dressed the wound, which was immaterial, and applied some remedies to my contusion. During this, I had not so far recovered from my stupor, as to distinguish persons and things; and it was next day before I opened my eyes to a recollection of my situation.

"The first object I saw was a young lady, whose features you have seen the resemblance of; though picture can ill convey the smiles, the illuminations of a countenance, divinely handsome, in the expression of hospitable benevolence. She was dressed in a pink striped gown, as you see I have had her gown, and appeared in my eyes the loveliest figure I had ever seen.

"The offices she performed for me sunk deep to my heart, being attacked on the side most penetrable; and I soon found, that if I loved Sophia Bothel,

Bothel, I adored Matilda Knightly. The seclusion in which she had always lived, gave that turn to her manners, which to me was peculiarly pleasing; and that her temper was excellent, that she possessed a heart overflowing with kindness, I hourly felt.

“ Ah! Miss Trenton, how charming, how charming did she appear.— You will forgive me.— I thought her all that I could wish. I blessed Heaven, which had, by a decree of fate, conducted me to such hidden treasure, and could have endured a continuance of my corporeal sufferings, to live only in her sight.— Her mother was a very good woman, though much reduced, and as I afterwards learned, lived upon a very narrow income, that she might leave a trifle to her Matilda, who had, besides, some distant expectations from an uncle in the Indies, who, once in two years, sent her a chintz gown, and a present of tea.

“ My wounds healed without my much desiring them, as the time passed away almost imperceptibly. I tasted that bliss I had so often imagined; and without daring to hint my sufferings, I daily became more and more enamoured of her virtues.— I dreaded worse than death the approaching separation. I would have offered her my heart and my hand, but my poverty restrained me. My love was too great, to desire other than the happiness of its object; and I could not consent to break in upon that peace which they had enjoyed before my acquaintance.

“ Matilda had a taste for writing, though I found her extremely ignorant in many things which girls of independent expectations generally are versed in. These circumstances opened to me an opportunity of improving an acquaintance which I found would be next to death to break; and with consent of her mother, who respected

respected me, I was allowed to write to the daughter, and invited, when I had a day to spare, to spend it at their house.

“Charmed with being on so friendly a footing, I looked forward with the ardour of hope. I spent hours in contemplating prospects not to be realized, and every night the smiling image of Matilda was the last object which perception retained. I even flattered myself, that as our souls appeared formed of the same principles, that she would shortly feel for me, what I did for her, that we should love and be happy. Wild, fond delusions: Alas! when are they realized; when are they seen but in imagination, that cheats us with impossible expectations.

“Do you think it then impossible for two persons to love each other?” inquired Sabina, her eyes beaming with inexpressible softness.

“I think,” answered Lently, “that much is in the power of imagination.—For where do we find any who have knowledge of the many delicate traits of love, but amongst the thinking part of mankind; which makes it plain, that the powers of the mind must be exerted, and that——In a word——Really I am at a loss to say any thing on the subject. I loved, I believe, as much as it is possible; but that was the peculiar habit of my mind, a passion ingrafted by nature in my soul.

Sabina did not notice his having not answered her question. She sat a moment, musing; then lifted her eyes from the carpet, with a desire that he would go on.

“A knowledge of my incapacity to support this earling of my affections, held me at the distance of the profoundest respect; and though my letters were on almost every subject, they never touched upon love; as then my stile would have betrayed me, and my expressions, which must have been vivid,

vivid, would ill have suited with the silence I had imposed upon myself.

“For three years I was a constant Christmas visitor; and when my business lay that way, I failed not to call, and was always received with a flattering attention. My eyes watched those of Matilda. I fancied that her’s met mine with that diffident confusion, which gives to the lover ineffable delight.—I believed that she secretly preferred me to any other, and in that belief I was happy.

“Love is a miserly passion, and its motto is “all, or nothing.” We can no more consent to divide the smiles of our mistress, than wholly to forego her favour; and thus jealousy has fears similar to avarice.

“I will own, I sometimes feared, lest the treasure I so prized should be snatched from me. I reflected how many men, more wealthy than myself, might make offers, which could not justly be refused. The smiles I depended on might be only those of friendship; and whilst, from considerations of my own inability, I remained silent, some one less diffident might step in before me.

“These were thoughts of temptation, that often nearly overturned my principles; and when I reflected how improbable it was I should ever be in a situation equal to my wishes, I became despondant, and shunned company. On the contrary, I was cheered by the situation in which they lived, by the reception I met with, and the smiles of Matilda.

“I thought I could no longer doubt; nay, I believed she suffered from my silence; and charging myself with folly in being too scrupulous, I determined to open to Mrs. Knightly my hopes and my fears.

“With a mind greatly agitated, by degrees I disclosed to her the desires I had formed, and be-
lieved

lieved I beheld the dawn of certain success in her reception of my overtures. I acquainted her with my establishments, amounting to near a hundred pounds a year, without hinting at the estate of my mother.—For indeed I considered it as wholly lost, and had never made the smallest inquiry concerning it.—In return she informed me, that at her death, Matilda would possess an income nearly equal, and acknowledging, she thought, with prudence, we might live comfortably, gave me her consent; at the same time candidly confessing, that she should not interfere either for or against me.

“ I flew, I ran into the garden, where I knew Matilda was; and flushed with my unexpected success, I could scarce restrain the ardent sentiments which were rising to utterance.—I sat down with her upon a bench.—I ventured to take her hand.—She blushed at a freedom I had never before presumed to take. Charming girl, said I—lovely Matilda, from the moment my eyes first saw you, my soul was inspired with esteem, with tender affection. You are the only person I have ever loved; you are the only woman who can make me happy. Tell, me then, my friend, can you, will you accept me.

“ Her confusion was extreme at so abrupt a declaration. She coloured very deeply, and withdrawing her hand, arose to go, without answering me.—Will you leave thus, cried I; will you destroy me with dreadful and unbearable surmises. Oh! Matilda where is your native softness.—O tell me if I may hope?

“ I cannot tell,” answered she.—“ Pray let me go.”

“ I thought I saw resentment in her eyes.—I trembled at my temerity. I was no longer master of myself, and leaning back on the bench, suffered her to go from me without speaking.—I remained,

for some time, in a sort of indescribable confusion, too embarrassed to combine my crowding reflections. I feared I had unpardonably offended her. I detested myself for my rashness, and yet the simple expression of "I cannot tell," rung in my ears, and stood in opposition to every other fear.

"Ardently as I desired a further explanation, I trembled to meet her, lest, after all my hopes, I should find a disappointment, and I sat on the bench, with every turn of her features impressed upon my mind, and which I alternately considered as sources of hope or despair, 'till Mrs. Knightly sent to desire I would come to supper.

"My spirits beat high; I expected to read my fate in the eyes of the too charming girl; but a damp overcame me, when I learnt she was retired to bed, indisposed with the head-ach.

"I have undone all, sighed I to myself; I ought to have unfolded my sentiments by degrees. Yet, if I am to be miserable, why could she not pronounce my sentence at once. Yet she may be too tender hearted. She saw my sincerity, and had not courage to wound me—to destroy me.

"So do we torment ourselves. I was unable to taste any thing set before me; even to utter a word, was a difficulty, and begging to be excused, I retired also.—In the morning we met. But how altered was Matilda from her natural and usual cheerfulness. Her behaviour was distantly polite; in place of asking questions on many little subjects, as she had been used, she sat silent, or returned my questions by monosyllables. Mrs. Knightly could not but observe her behaviour altogether new, looking at me, and then at her daughter, for an explanation. I believe I looked embarrassed, confused, I know not how. I observed a smile spreading over her face; and perhaps you can guess at its meaning.—

meaning.—Sabina looked towards the other side of the room, and Lently went on.

“What is it in our natures that delights to torment? It can be only to exhibit our power, as if there were not evils sufficient without our wantonly adding to the measure; or, is it that in love, we need stratagem and art to support. If this is the case, no wonder the esteem founded on despection should vanish, and be lost, when it is no longer supported, and the only charm which retained us, thrown aside and neglected.

“The only circumstance which could inspire me with some comfort, was a remembrance of her former kindness; and this held me from giving way to that despair her present behaviour inspired; yet the torture of uncertainty was too acute—long to bear.—Engaged to her by virtues which I saw no where else, by a knowledge of her temper, by time, and by a thousand nameless attractions and incidents, to suppose she would at last reject me, that she would never be mine. O! madness—I cannot—Pardon me, Miss Trenton: We can often feel what we cannot describe.

“The wildest, the most improbable schemes crowded upon me. If she should refuse me, I thought of flying to some distant country, and dwelling with shepherds; of travelling with the hordes of savages which inhabit America, or of exiling myself to some hermitage in France, or travelling from one country to another, as a wandering musician; but these were the ravings of fancy, whilst I continued undetermined and irresolute.

“It is amazing with what facility the mind adopts any thing, that but distantly flatters its desires; and notwithstanding my reasons to fear, I persuaded myself that I had been needlessly alarmed, and that, at first, I could not have expected a more definitive answer. Yet again, when I thought

that I might be deceiving myself, my spirits fell, and I became the prey of sadness.

“ I made an effort to overcome this weakness.— As opportunity was not wanting, I again offered myself to Matilda, but was struck with grief too painful for memory to trace at receiving a more positive refusal, in terms which nearly extinguished every hope, and left me little room to expect she would change.

“ In vain I besought her to give me some reason for this rejection. She was silent, or returned me general answers; and all the concession I could procure, was her consent to continue my acquaintance.—I returned to town in a state more dead than alive. Business could not fix my attention; indeed, I was incapable of attending to it, and sat whole hours leaning upon my desk, with my eyes fixed upon the floor.

“ Mr. Borhel could not but notice my want of exertion. He endeavoured, in vain, to discover its cause, as I could not reveal it. I turned in my mind the examples of my acquaintance. I discovered, in the courtship of some, cases not very different from my own, and was soothed by supposing Matilda had acted from the love of coquetry, each female more or less exerts, or that she wished to try my constancy, before she ventured to repose in me a confidence, which can be deposited but once. I caught hold on this hope; I repented that I had so soon given way to despair; and in the moment of returning exultation, I wrote a letter, which breathed the sentiments of my soul, and conjured her to act with that sincerity which had been to me the most engaging of her charms.

“ She returned an answer cold, it is true; but my fancy drew from some sentences, something in my favour. Nor was her condescension, in returning the correspondence, the least subject of animation.—

tion.—I instantly, as usual, gave the reins to my fancy. I supposed a life of marriage, such as I had ever done, more a representation of an ideal paradise, than any state attainable on earth.

“By degrees, confidence, exchange of opinion, and perhaps increase of tenderness on her part, gave to her still, to her sentiments, an alteration which could not escape me, and from which I imputed a certain omen of success.—I desired permission, for a few days, to pay a visit to my friends; and without sending word, I hastened to surprise them by my presence, and pleased myself with the pleasure I supposed they would express at my arrival.—In this I was not disappointed. I read, in the sudden glow which diffused itself over the cheeks of Matilda, that I was not indifferent to her; and a like sensation must have told her the sympathy of my soul, whilst I gazed without power of articulation, 'till I saw my behaviour oppressed and embarrassed her.

“Descriptions like this are perhaps only to be truly entered into by those that feel, and are of very little importance to any one else in the world. Besides, I find I am unable to recount the happiness I tasted, and which, by the contrast, so much embitters the present. I must hasten, therefore, to tell you, that in about a week I obtained her consent.—The rapturous, the tumultuous gust of joy, which filled my soul, was too much to bear; and whilst I attempted to express my thanks, whilst I pressed her hand to my lips, my eyes closed, and, for an instant, my faculties were suspended.

A tear stood in the eye of Sabina. Lently rose up, went to the window a moment to recover himself, then sat down, and went on.

“As I had not much time to remain, the affairs of Mr. Bothel requiring my return, I spent this time in talking over our future plans, in doing and saying

saying a thousand inexpressible things, by which the three days passed away as a moment.

“The sweet intercourse of letters shortened our distance, and made us acquainted with each others thoughts; for by them we could make known without disguise, and sometimes almost without intention, what we should have hesitated to pronounce.

“Mrs. Knightly was in daily expectation of some news from India, and repressed my desires, by wishing us to wait ’till the arrival of their usual present, which she had reason to believe would be considerably augmented. For my part, this delay was not difficult. I loved almost too much; and to hear from, to see, or to converse with my Matilda, was enough to give a charm to life, to pray for a prolongation of mortality.

“The time at length arrived; but in place of the present, Capt. Draper introduced himself with an account that their relation was dead.—He was but just then landed in England, and his specious and imposing air I need not describe. He pretended to be so wholly a stranger to our manners and customs, that Mrs. Knightly allowed him a room in her house. His arrival gave me no concern; for confiding in the constancy of Matilda, I did not place in comparison his elegance of person. I had yet to learn the fascination of appearance, and the only sentiment I felt was envy, at his enjoying so much of her company, whilst I was fixed to the desk.

“This reflection hinged upon the state of my circumstances, and I became sad at the prospect of constant drudgery, though the fortune Matilda would inherit from her uncle would set us above its necessity. But here I was so scrupulous as to be against her accepting it. The remembrance of my

my father made me shudder, even at supposing Matilda richer than myself.

“ Thus, whilst Mrs. Knightly rejoiced in an acquisition which would raise us above dependence, my not having an equivalent, rendered me uneasy, and I wished, from my heart, that the whole might be sunk or taken by the enemy.—This, I believe, was a species of pride, too high to brook obligation, and, in my circumstances, was certainly wrong; but we are not always governed by reason, as in this instance was my case.

“ Mr. Bothel, who professed very great esteem for me, perceived that something hung heavy upon my spirits, and endeavoured to bring me to confession. I now repented not being more explicit, as what afterwards happened, would have prevented Draper from ever becoming acquainted at his house; but I had then no suspicion, and merely replied, that I was grieved at an acquisition of wealth, which would perhaps throw a mercenary shade upon my marriage.

“ He reminded me, that it was perhaps owing to my negligence that I remained unpossessed of my mother’s estate, and advised me to make an inquiry into the business. I thanked him, and returned to my employment with a new gleam of satisfaction. I had never once made inquiries after my mother, by which all traces were lost to me, and the only way open, was by applying to those to whom the estate was mortgaged, and which by this time must have nearly cleared itself.

“ I knew that if my mother was dead, and no other claimant to appear, the mortgagees would consider it as their own, and might endeavour to bar against inquiry, when unsupported by power. I therefore desired Mr. Bothel to speak to an eminent counsellor, who would transact the business for him, as much from friendship as interest.

“ With

“With some difficulty, he learnt that the last account they had of my mother’s being alive, was as far as ten years back, at which period she had lodged in a miserable hovel in the suburbs of Paris, but that it would be impossible to discover any certainty without being on the spot.

“The man who once puts forth his hand to an enterprise, knows not whether he shall have power to withdraw it. I saw before me the possibility of acquiring an estate by a short journey; but I considered not the misery a trifling elapse of time is able to produce; and having committed one oversight, easily fell into another.

“I suffered myself to be dazzled by the puerile gratification of the surprise they would express at my return, when I could lay before them a fortune nearly equivalent to their own; and that period I fixed as the moment, which should put an end to all my fears, when I should enter on the stage of happiness I supposed myself within sight of.

“I did violence to myself in setting out, without taking any other farewell than a letter could convey, contenting myself with mentioning, that business, which I had not foreseen, required my attendance at Paris; after which I would dedicate my time wholly to them.

“This letter, I learnt since from Mrs. Knightly, they never received. At Paris I made many inquiries, before I discovered the people with whom my mother had lived, and these again referred me to others, who sent me away in turn; ’till at last I was informed that she had died in an hospital, of diseases the consequence of her vices.

“The particulars of her death are too shocking for repetition; and the agonies of mind under which she had laboured, brought before me the sufferings of my father. I reflected at that moment, that the life of the wicked is a sufficient punishment,

ment, from the train of calamity my mother had endured. I concluded, that every vice brought with it a proportionate punishment; but this doctrine I am now ready to refute, perhaps only because I have not seen it myself.

“ Having procured incontrovertible testimonies of the death of my mother, I hastened back to London, where I gave my documents into the hands of the counsellor, together with the proofs of my birth, and doubted not of being instantly enstated in my right; but I was deceived, and found, that unless I delayed my visit to Matilda longer than the ardour of my desires would allow, I must rest content with carrying her only the expectation of riches.

“ To live so near the woman, who was my only object of delightful reflection, and not to fly to her, was a restraint unbearable by my nature, and shaking off the incumbrance of litigation, left it wholly to my lawyer, and, in a transport of joy, hastened in a post-chaise to the village, within two miles of the little hamlet where my treasure was deposited.

“ It was the dusk of the evening, and my spirits were high in expectation. I supposed that I was to be more happy than my father; that I had discovered and gained the heart of the worthiest woman in England. I figured the reception I was to meet, in the glowing colours my imagination constantly adopts, suffering no thought to check the certainty of my expectation. Indeed had they been less sanguine, how could I have feared, where no probable cause existed.

“ I passed over the little green, and saw with satisfaction, that the peaceful inhabitants had retired to rest; for the days were long, and the night was broke upon, before it was quite dark. No change appeared, from the night I had first found my way

there, to partake genuine hospitality ; my heart leapt at supposing it was going to enter into union with the attendant of my illness, and I took two steps faster, that I might be sooner before her.—I observed a light in the parlour window ; and that I might enjoy, for a moment, unobserved, the sight of Matilda, whilst she supposed me many miles distant, I stepped aside to the wall, advancing under the window without noise.

“The sparkling of the fire cast an uncertain reflection against the pictures opposite. I pleased myself with remembering that I had first leaned upon Matilda, round the little room, when recovering from my illness. At that moment my soul delighted to dwell upon trifles ; and I have always found, that trifles are the most acute, whether of pleasure or of pain.—I looked into the parlour through the window, in hopes of seeing Matilda and her mother sitting beside the fire, perhaps reading, perhaps expecting my return ; and strange as it may appear, the person of Draper never once obtruded upon me.

“Ah ! Madam, how do we defraud ourselves with delusive shades, and at the moment of expectant fruition, find it dissolve, and ourselves in a void, of which the bounds are unperceivable.—The first damp which fell upon my exalted hopes, was seeing Mrs. Knightly alone in the parlour, her head leaning upon a pillow on the table. She is indisposed, thought I, and the angelic Matilda is preparing something to refresh her. I rapped gently at the door, that the noise might not disturb her. The maid started back at my appearance, with a look of so much grief, that involuntarily, I trembled at I knew not what.

“Why, how now,” said I ; “surely you know me now from a dead man. She endeavoured to smile ; but it was evidently an exertion ; and the
poor

poor girl burst into tears.—What has happened, cried I.—Where is Matilda?

“Indeed, Sir, dear Mr. Lently,” said she, leading the way to the kitchen.—“You must have a deal of patience.—My poor mistress is nearly dead; she has never been in bed since.”

“Since when,” cried I.—“You distract me; come, be a good girl, and don’t look so frightened; tell me, has any thing happened to Matilda? I am almost afraid to tell you, Sir; yes you must know it—Capt. Draper.

“This was enough.—The confusion of ideas that instantly whirled through my brain, deprived me of power to desire she would go on; and I should have fallen on the floor, had not Mrs. Knightly heard the screams of the maid at sight of my changing countenance, and ran in time enough to support me to a seat.

“By a little water and hartshorn, and her endeavours to comfort me, I was enabled to retain my senses, soon gathering the calamity which had befallen me from the speeches of Mrs. Knightly, who supposed my agitation could only proceed from the girl’s having told me every thing.—I found, that in a moment I had lost the treasure I had brooded over with delight; that but too probably all my gaudy schemes were destroyed, at the time when I was contemplating the certainty of success.—All, all was blasted, and I left alone without comfort or consolation.

“That Matilda had eloped in the dusk of the evening with Draper, was the sum of my misery; and whilst I lamented and reproached her with falsehood and unkindness, my heart was torn in a thousand pieces.—Nothing could have supported my reason under this tempest, but a desire of revenge, a faint hope that she had been betray-
ed,

ed, and might yet be virtuous ; but this hope vanished, when calmly beheld, and in its place remained sorrow to excess.—For that night, I sat alone in my chamber, with a candle burning beside me. My head leaned upon the table, whilst its internal pulsations swelled almost to bursting. I wept, I wrung my hands. I sometimes started up in the wildness of my rage, with an intent to destroy myself, and I execrated the whole race of females. Then again my soul was melted down by tender recollections ; I gazed upon the picture of Matilda until my eyes became dim, and I wept like a child.

“ But I see you are affected.—I will spare both you and myself what can be grateful to neither ; and yet those recollections, though they fill me with sorrow, I often take pleasure in calling them again to mind.—In the midst of the gloom that involved every prospect of futurity, and overwhelmed better expectations ; the falsehood of Matilda was almost too glaring to be believed ; and whilst convinced by her absence of its truth, I still fondly hoped she must have been deceived, or perhaps carried away by violence.

“ I was more confirmed in this supposition, as no traces of premeditation appeared ; all her clothes remained ; she had even gone without a bonnet.—Pursuing this track, and unwilling to suppose I could have been deceived in the opinion I had formed of one, who to me was all that is lovely, I suddenly started up, and gnashing my teeth together in anguish at the wrong Draper had done me, vowing, in the moment of frenzy to follow, to wreck my vengeance upon him, if he concealed himself in the bowels of the earth.

“ With this determination, which calmly considered, was an impracticable madness, I set out the

the next day, leaving Mrs. Knightly in tears, offering up prayers for her daughter and for me. I suffered my horse to choose his road, as much from indifference as a principle of knight errantry, putting up at night at an inn. In this way I spent two days. The third night I came to a town, where there was a fair. The crowd of people made it difficult to get a lodging. I walked about for some time, 'till I entered the yard of a large inn, and it being now quite dark, I gave my horse to one of the ostlers, and walked into the house, with intent to sit up all night, as I supposed many must who were there. Accordingly I was ushered into a room full of graziers and clothiers, who, with their boisterous noise, almost distracted me.

“ Though I love, at times, to partake in the mirth of the vulgar, just then every sound of hilarity was grating to my ears. I wondered at the folly of men, to laugh at what to me was dull and insipid. I would have had them weep, and sigh as I did, for the loss I had suffered.—I retired into a corner, and seating myself on some bags, laid my head against the wainscot, in hopes of enjoying repose, since I could not reflection. In a state neither sleeping nor waking, I thought Matilda appeared suddenly before me—I fancied I heard her voice—but I could not distinguish the sounds that it uttered. I started suddenly up, crying out, Where is she? lead me instantly to her—Nothing on earth can restrain me.

“ Every one fixed his eye upon me; and as I stood in a posture of defiance, the nearest began to move to the other end of the room.

“ He is dreaming of some ravished damsel,” said one.—“ He is mad,” said another.—“ Gentlemen, I would have you take care.”

“ For

“For pity’s sake,” cried I, “tell me where you have concealed the villain; he is unworthy your protection, though he wears the garments of honor. A man plainly dressed, who, I suppose was a quaker, came and whispered in my ear, to know who I wanted.

“My Matilda,” said I.—“My wife, who is torn from me by an impious impostor.

“Be a little calmer,” said he.—“Thou suffereſt thy anger to kindle without a cauſe. Doſt thou know where to find him?”

“No—no,” said I; “would to Heaven that I did.

“What ſort of a man was he that injured thee,” said he?”

“He was an officer,” said I.—“Tell me where is Capt. Draper?”

“I know not the man’s name, friend. But thou wilt perhaps find him thou ſeekeſt in the room above thee.”

“I was by this time perfectly awake, and ſhould have diſcovered my folly; but, by the answers of the quaker, I made no doubt of his knowing Draper; and enraged at once at the ſuppoſition of his being in the houſe, I ſtarted out of the room, followed by ſeveral of the company, with intent inſtantly to deſtroy him.. I followed the directions of the quaker, and finding the door faſtened, I burſt it open with my foot.

At this part of his ſtory, Lently found himſelf ſo much affected, that he was obliged to take a glaſs of water; after which, and gazing for a little time, firſt upon the picture, and then upon Sabina, he went on.

“When the door opened, the firſt object I ſaw was Matilda, in a ſort of undreſs, and the
Captain

Captain standing up with one hand upon his sword. The moment I entered, she caught hold of his arm, uttering a cry for protection. This was too much. I could no longer doubt of her voluntary flight; I was become an enemy to be feared by her; all my purposes of vengeance vanished; my nerves relaxed; and, from a transport of rage, a dead calm overcame me. I gazed for an instant—I rushed out of the house, and out of the town—I fell down upon the ground; a violent rush of blood seemed to fill my brain; sense, motion, every faculty was lost or suspended: and this only I remember, that I thought myself dead.

“ Weeks, nay months, elapsed, before the first dawn of reason returned; and many days were added before I became master of my actions. The good Mrs. Knightly was my nurse, and from that hour to this, I have never learnt any account of Matilda. It was in a fit of desperation, arising from my accidentally meeting Draper, that I gave way to my desire of revenge. I haunted him for nearly a week, and it was by chance I met him in White Conduit gardens.— You know the event of that affair; but having satiated my anger, I became more calm, and returned to Mrs. Knightly’s.

“ During this, I had never once visited either Mr. Bothel or my lawyer; so that, when I became so much myself as to partake of matters about and relative to life, I found myself master of an estate, free from almost every incumbrance; and having adopted an idea of remaining always single, I preferred this place to Mrs. Knightly’s, where I should constantly be reminded of what I had suffered. I confess, that in your company I have found a mitigation of my grief; but can time
itself

itself efface those fond fancies I had formed of Matilda? To her my very soul was united; and though I am conscious of her unworthiness, though she is torn from me for ever, such is my weakness, such the attachment my nature is capable of forming, that death only can dissolve the charm that even now binds me to her."

Though Sabina could have spared him the concluding sentence of his narrative, she was yet pleased at the constancy it expressed, and naturally fell into such a conversation as might be expected.

Mrs. Knightly was a person Sabina wished to see; and on asking if she lived at his house, learnt, that she chose not to quit the place where she had lived with her husband, and that it was her he had hinted at, in case Mrs. Blandal's house should become insupportable.—Our heroine returned him thanks, and without hesitation opened to him the many inconveniencies she had to suffer, and being glad of an opportunity that held out so many advantages, desired Knightly, if it were no inconvenience, to propose her boarding with Mrs. Lently.—He was silent for some time, which, interpreting it into his dislike of the proposal, inquired if he knew any reason that should be an objection.

"I am very selfish," said he, "I own, Miss Trenton.—But for your sake I will overcome it. I was considering I should then lose the pleasure of your company, which will be a great deprivation. Yet I cannot wish, from so self-interested a motive that you should remain in a situation so disagreeable."

This compliment called a smile into the face of Sabina, which again faded, when her eye caught the picture that hung by a ribbon from his neck,
and

and for almost the first time in her life, the sight of Mrs. Bandal descending from her carriage was pleasant.

She hastily recommended her request to Lently ; and taking up her music books, hastened to her chamber.—She had heard enough for reflection ; but pity for Lently was the principal sensation ; and though his attachment appeared almost unshaken, her esteem was stronger than before.—Esteem I ought not to have called it ; for Sabina began to fear that something more tender was concealed under that disguise, nor when she considered his virtues, his qualifications, could she find any thing to blame in herself.

The emphasis he had laid upon the words, where he confessed that he still loved Matilda, took from her any hopes that love would transfer from one to the other ; and the view of living with Mrs. Knightly was to her the most eligible.

To live in constant intercourse with a man but too engaging, who, while she found herself drawn to him by impulses the most tender, left it not to be supposed that he thought more of her than a friend, or that he ever could, her discernment shewed her, was a situation extremely dangerous and painful.—A situation which he ought to avoid, unless she would willingly condemn herself to the misery of sighing in secret.—The inclination she had for Alfred, she now found amounted to but a small proportion of the passion she then found insinuating into her bosom, and which, though its pain was severe, yet was it too delightful to part from without regret.

To live with Mrs. Knightly, was the most pleasing plan she had formed since her knowledge of her father's death : and (for why should I conceal what nature will not blush to own) she would
whilst

whilst her love of retirement and independence was gratified, be within knowledge of Lently.

It was possible he might change—it was plain he preferred her to all his acquaintance—he might find the want of her company—he might yet, for he was far from being old, change his love to her. Thus she was willing to deceive herself with ideas, whilst certainty denied its reality ; and so is every person who loves, and Sabina was now a subject of that passion.

CHAP. XXXV.

Pleasure; like a bubble; flies,
Variegated to our eyes;
Cheats us with the rainbow's glare,
Bursts, and is dissolv'd in air.

DISAPPOINTMENT sat uneasy upon the mind of Lord Tynian, who ardently wished for news from England, that on certainty he might form some project that should reconcile him to the loss of Sabina ; for of that, there scarcely appeared a doubt ; and yet, so strange is the effect of love, when once it has been any time established in our bosoms, that nothing less than impossibilities can detach us ; and thus Alfred, convinced in himself of her falsehood, certain of her poverty, and satisfied almost beyond a doubt, yet conscious in himself, that 'till some account arrived of her situation, it would be impossible to quiet the tumults which agitated him, or resist the attraction which still held him towards her.

Mr.

Mr. Brudenel observed the disquietude of his friend ; and as an antidote, he had always found specific against care, hurried him from one scene of dissipation to another, and introduced him to every company, where care for to-morrow was a guest unknown.

Contrary as this was to the temper of Alfred, who, though he would indulge, indulged with prudence, he yet courted it with eager avidity ; and whilst he raised the glass to his mouth, or threw the cards from his hand, a vacant laugh flashed in his face, which might have told the calm observer, that he enjoyed not the pleasures he partook of.

Whilst so employed, reflection was less busy, though the comparison he could not but make between the manners of Miss Trenton and the females he now associated with, but poorly reconciled him to the loss of her. Nay, when solitude left him time to remember her goodness, her qualifications, and the numberless charms that had rivetted his esteem, the greatness of his loss drove him nearly to distraction, and little was wanting to spur him to the last act of folly.—This little was not the effort of philosophy, of religion, of duty towards his neighbour, but simply the suggestion that our Heroine was now unworthy his regard, or might triumph in this mark of her power.—The latter supposition was faint ; he knew Sabina incapable of triumphing in the woes of any one, and he was angry with himself at the traduction.

In the moments when he had leisure to think the time passed thus uncomfortably, he saw no point to fix upon, no place to settle. He wished for the arrival of Diemburk, but neither he, nor letters from him, accounted for his strange absence.

sence. What was more perplexing, he learnt, in advices from his mother, that he had left the Castle long since, and that she dreaded, lest some accident had befallen him.

To no person, who lived at or near the Castle, could Alfred reveal the wavering disposition of his mind, excepting Mr. Munday, whose wife was lately dead; and to him he determined to trust the commission he now learnt had been neglected by Disemburk, which he knew the worthy physician (who was a friend to Sabina) would willingly perform. But what was his grief and surprise to learn, that Sabina was no longer within reach of his bounty; that she had been plundered of almost the last mite, by a wretched adventurer (for Mr. Bothel had made known to Lady Augusta the whole transaction), and that, in despair, she had retired to some secret retreat, to which it was impossible to penetrate. "I hope," concluded the letter, "that she hath not deviated from the precepts which were her only remaining fortune; and that her fortitude was able to stand against shining temptation, which too often hath dazzled to blindness the frail daughters of man. Peace be with thee, Sabina; for assuredly mighty must be the reasons that could move thy soul, to swerve from the delicacy which must be thy pride and thy ambition."

From this apostrophe, Alfred knew not what to think. It might be only the prayer of the benevolent man, for the protection of a female, whom he feared might err: Yet it seemed to convey an insinuation of a more alarming nature; it seemed to palliate an action committed.

Once give the reins to fancy, and she will run forward beyond the verge of possibility; but notwithstanding

withstanding, that Alfred could look forward to consequences, as well as any man, he yet could not conceive how virtue, like Sabina's, should be overcome. That she, whose every sentiment was delicacy; that she, who could refuse him with a fortune more than equal to every wish, merely from a punctilio of propriety, should accept the proffers of venality; and descend to the lowest step of vice.—Was it to be believed? No—it was impossible; and though the phantom of its reality haunted his imagination, he drove it from him, and hastened with Brudenel on a party of pleasure.

The company consisted of some young men, to whom every hour was tedious, which inaction dedicated to thinking, and some young women, who supposed, that as nature had given them charms, she could have no other intention than to have them exhibited; and that pleasure was the only occupation worthy a handsome woman.

With minds eager to give and receive entertainment, they met, determined to enjoy the present; and what was wanting in wit, the wines of the South supplied. Expence was not regarded, and having provided a band of music, they hired a boat, to add to enjoyment by variety of prospect, which the gliding current of the river every moment opened upon them.

The notes of their musicians were returned from the shores. Their hearts were filled with enjoyment; and if beauty, music, and wine, can constitute happiness, they might be said to be happy. Yet, as the moment of fruition is often the moment of disappointment, so they found the cup of their pleasures dashed from them, as they attempted to sip.

The

The rowers, not to be behind with their employers, plentifully solaced themselves with the wine they contrived to convey from the hamper they had been ordered to bring on board; so that, when the stars arose, 'tis probable they mistook their reflection in the water for their reality in the Heavens; and each of their senses being inverted, in place of steering from, they ran foul of a large corn vessel, and were overset in a moment.

Alfred could swim, and was making fast to the shore (for wine had not yet extinguished extinct), when he was nearly prevented by his friend Brudenel, who caught him by the coat, and would not be persuaded to quit his hold. Happily for them both, the strength and skill of Alfred were not exerted in vain.

Two young men were drowned; and one of the ladies, who was Alfred's partner, and heiress to a rich old lady who lived in Picardy, and had sent her niece to learn a little of the world, before she sat down to domestic life, not thinking, that had she escaped from every fortuitous accident, this method of instruction, in place of giving her proper ideas for the scenes she was intended to figure in, would, by being only tasted, for ever disgust her with domestic society, or at least, take away much of that amiable modesty which gives to the sex the power of charming, which the wanton is obliged to assume, and which, in all states is requisite to gain, and retain the affections of man.

A blow so sudden and so dreadful, as that which had dashed their hilarity of enjoyment, rendered even Brudenel sedate, and shut up Alfred by himself in his chamber, where he had leisure to reflect and to abhor the wild career he had begun

begun. How much more preferable, thought he, was a walk with Sabina, when under the cool shade of the pleasant groves that surround Tynian Castle.—How did her observations give charms even to nature; and what calm pleasure did her presence inspire into my soul; no tumultuous passions urged me to actions that lead only to repentance; and conscious of right, my nights were only intruded on by her image, or broken by a fear of losing a prize I was unworthy to gain. With her, how delightful would have been the days of my life.—Yes, life can only be enjoyed in the company of a virtuous woman.—But, for the jealousy of a moment, I have thrown from me this treasure; I have wounded a bosom I ought to have cherished.—No, I cannot be forgiven—wretch that I am.—What damned suspicion first led me to doubt.

His passion was beginning to rise; but the circumstances which had given birth to his suspicion, returned to his remembrance, and again he acquitted himself. Yet the idea of Sabina forsaken, abandoned to poverty, and its concomitant hardships, grated on his feelings.—In that moment, he would have given half his estate to have relieved her.

Her being abandoned by Draper, convinced him she had suffered by his deceptions, and her known principles acquitted her of every other crime, save falsehood. Who, said he to himself, but may be deceived into error, and the consciousness of weakness is a caution to care. Yet it may be possible Sabina might be mine; we have mutually been to blame. She must, she did love me; and how preferable is the possession of such a heart, to all the caresses an impure can give.

No

No sooner did Alfred adopt an idea, than impatience marked his movements, and he was eager to execute it. He sat down instantly to write to Sabina ; he filled half the letter with tender expressions, and went on to lament the loss of her father, when he was suddenly stopped, by remembering that the letter could not possibly reach her, that she was now lost to all her acquaintance, and giving way to his vexations, he tore the letter in pieces, and threw it behind the fire.

A journey to England was the only means he could devise to discover her ; for he supposed the exertions of a lover would penetrate the mystery in which she was involved. Yet from this he found himself delayed, in consideration of the duty he owed the deceased young lady, whose unfortunate accident had produced this revolution of his ideas.

After fretting a little at this unavoidable delay, he retired to bed, and gave himself up to dreams of future felicity, though his sleep was every now and then disturbed by the image of the deceased, ever interposing between him and the objects he wished to attain. Sabina appeared to him lovely as ever ; but as he held out his hand towards her, she seemed to shrink from the touch, to glide before him into a wilderness where he was lost amidst its windings, and waked by supposing himself on the brink of a precipice.

In the morning, Brudenel came to take breakfast with him, and as they could not decently be seen in public, they agreed to visit the relations of the deceased in the afternoon ; for to stay at home was so contrary to the habits of Brudenel, that even a visit to the house of mourning was preferable.

Their

Their breakfast was scarcely ended, when a packet was delivered to Alfred, containing some letters from his friends, and one from his mother. This he hastily opened, in expectation of Sabina's having been found; but his disappointment was great to find, that she was yet missing, and that every one believed she was privately taken into keeping.—“And some,” added Lady Augusta, “are so well informed, if we are to believe them, that they mention a Lord P—— as the person she has chose for her protector. You see, my dear Alfred, from what you have escaped; and your surprise cannot be greater than mine. Who, after this, can say any one is perfect. I discourage the report as much as possible; for though she is of mean birth on the father's side, I tremble, lest her degeneracy should cast a blot on the house of Tynian; a house, my dear son, which has hitherto preserved its dignity through ages of darkness, and still keeps the respect it is entitled to. It is yours to preserve, to deliver it down, unclouded, to posterity; for this accident cannot (I hope) affect us, as I will never give credit to it.”

Alfred was not of the opinion of his mother; it was, in his eyes, of very little consequence whether the House of Tynian had ever been distinguished or not; so much was he enlightened by modern maxims; but he knew that this misfortune of Sabina's grievously affected the remaining heir.—In a word, he would gladly have given as little credit to the report, as his mother pretended to do; but the letter of Mr. Munday confirmed him in its truth; as, had there been no very strong grounds for supposition, that gentleman would have been last to have mentioned any thing in her dis-

favour. Why, also, if nothing clandestine was in her retiring, should she make a secret of it, even to the Bothels, and depart with a contrivance, of which he did not suppose her capable?

Thus had a little false pride in Sabina given rise to suspicion the most disgraceful; and in place of adding any thing to her advantage, gave her actions a dubious appearance, which the malevolent failed not to construe as they pleased, and which is above all things to be avoided in a woman. Certainly she, in this, acted wrong; and as I cannot extenuate, I can only excuse, by offering the reasons already given, and by desiring that her example may warn those who condemn it.

The sentiments which had again been revived in the bosom of Alfred, were destroyed. He could not think of Sabina as a wife: No, neither now nor ever; and as he was determined to settle, he had to look out for some other female equally qualified.—This was easy at first sight. But when he enumerated his acquaintance, not one came near the standard, and for the present he was obliged to drop the examination, not doubting but chance would conduct him to the object he sought.

As one day passed over the other, the shock Alfred and Brudenel had received in the death of their friends, gradually became less perceivable. As the impression became less, the force of habit returned, and again they plunged, with increased avidity, into the vortex of pleasure and dissipation.

C H A P XXXVI.

The consequence of disappointment in a young man.

AMONGST other families to which the title, fortune, and gaiety of Lord Tynian introduced him, was a rich Farmer General's, consisting of himself, his wife, and an only daughter, whose charms were displayed to the greatest advantage, in hopes of some alliance, which would, by its brilliance, make amends for the obscurity of her birth.

She was thought to be one of the greatest beauties in Paris; and, to be well with the greatest beauty in Paris, was certainly flattering to the vanity of a young man, now wholly intoxicated by the scenes which he daily was pleased with.

No Diemburk was near to correct, by his counsel—No Sabina to sooth him to softer enjoyments; and he agreed with the giddy Brudenel, that the life of man was too short to be wasted in care; that it was alone the portion of the rich, to pass it in pleasures. The name of this young lady was Gracour. She possessed all the vivacity of her country, with some abatement of discretion. She had been taught, however, to manage a lover with art, and knew, to a nicety, when to let him play, and when to strike.

The addresses of an English nobleman were flattering to her pride; and 'till she could have some certainty of his sincerity, she spared no pains

to deceive him. To possess the heart of a woman, was to Alfred a desirable thing; flattering himself, that Mademoiselle Gracour had imbibed a passion for him—suffered himself to be deceived by her lures, and in a little time, our Heroine was wholly forgot, and no other woman in the world so handsome, or so accomplished, as the beautiful Arina.

Yet his cold English constitution would sometimes suggest a wish that she was more sedate.—But the advancement of years would damp the fallies of her youth; and when her beauty should fade, the softened vivacity of her manner would give life to the hour, which dulness would sink into vapidty.

Thus, what a moment before he condemned as a fault, the reasoning of the next acknowledged as an additional charm, and he determined, the very first opportunity, to propose himself to Arina, and intreat for the honour of her becoming Lady Tynian.

As it was possible he might be refused, and as he wished to render that an impossibility, by engaging her more and more to himself, he still lingered in his declaration, though still the very next opportunity was to be taken advantage of.

Opportunities were not wanting; and at length, with less timidity than he had used to Sabina, when he only required a trifling favour (so bold do we grow in danger), he ventured to express his love, and vowed, with all the truth of gallantry, that she was the only person he had ever loved; that he adored her the first moment he beheld her, and could only cease to do so, when his last breath should transpire. So much for his improvement under the fashionable instructions of Brudenel.

Arina

Arina was delighted with professions which at once flattered her pride and her wishes; but aware of the little value of easy attainments, she concealed her satisfaction under feigned displeasure, and dismissed him uncertain of his fate.

Brudenel encouraged him to hope; and attributing his miscarriage with Sabina to his timidity, he pressed him to come to a determination, and, by a *coup de main*, carry the fortress.

Alfred had much the same thoughts with his friend; and shuddering at the idea of sighing month after month, with the comfort at last of being forsaken for another, he failed not to press her (every time he decently could) to make him happy, and in less than a month she replied, "that the will of her parents must be her's."

Alfred pressed her hand to his lips, and poured forth a profusion of expressions, in which he thought himself sincere; and as they could not apply the same day to her father, he spent it in describing his estate, and the happiness he expected to enjoy in her company, when settled in England.

Far other was the intention of Arina.—All the pleasures that London could afford, were the subjects of her contemplation, but this she thought proper to conceal; and flattering the humour of Alfred, he returned home in an ecstasy of joy.

He met Brudenel on the stairs, and catching him in his arms—"Wish me joy you dog," cried he; "Arina is mine. The finest girl in the world has consented to be mine.—And what's more, she loves me."

"If so," returned Brudenel, with a smile, that was meant to be of import, "I wish you long life and happiness. No doubt you will be a rapturous couple, for a month, or so."

"Pshaw,

"Pshaw," said Alfred, "you don't comprehend the extent of my love.—I tell you I shall love her for ever."

"O, very probable," said Brudenel.—"You mean a lover's eternity.—But when shall you hear from your mother. The good lady should also wish you joy, though what will she say to your want of a quartering?"

"I am of age to please myself," replied Alfred hastily.—"I have already lost one, by studying too much her humour; and though Arina were the daughter of a beggar, she is worthy to be the wife of a prince."

"Certainly," answered Brudenel; "she is handsome enough; and I am now fixed to drink her health in Burgundy with the Marquis of Quinti and your rival, Count L——. Come along, my boy, you shall enjoy your triumph, and thank me for helping you to it."

Alfred's spirits were too high to refuse an invitation, especially for such a purpose; and in drinking the health of his mistress, he shewed little regard for his own; so that he was unable to return to his lodging; and had his rival, the Count, chose to have taken an Italian opportunity, nothing could have happened better for his purpose. But the truth was, the Count's love was in compliance with fashion; and as he knew Arina's marriage would give place for some other beauty to take the lead, he considered more in what suit of clothes he should profess himself a dying swain to the new toast, than where he should act the dying hero.

In the morning, Alfred found his head so unwell, that he was obliged to stifle his impatience; and as he could not visit the charming Arina, he ordered his man to write a letter to his mother,
and

and to add, that he had sprained his thumb, which prevented his writing himself.

Sabina and Diemburk now seldom troubled him; and being guided by the counsels of Brudenel, he no longer wished the arrival of the latter, whom conscience taught him to fear, as a severe censurer from the habits he had imbibed, as a man past enjoyment.

The very affection he supposed he had for Arina, was artificial; and only sustained by the ardour of pursuit; for after a day or two's certainty of her consent, he began to feel a want of energy in his expressions, and found many things to condemn in her behaviour. But he had made proposals to her father, which were in a train of execution, and he found himself too far entangled to retreat.—And want of courage to withstand ridicule, prevented his owning the disinclination he felt to fulfil his engagements; and considering himself as already beyond the possibility of retreat, by way of amendment, he added to his other ill practices, the spending whole nights at the gaming-house.

In equal ratio, as the time drew near which was to give Arina to his arms, he found his reluctance increase; not that she was less beautiful, but she wanted every accomplishment but that which a man would wish in a wife. She disgusted him with frivolous giddiness; and in place of attending to any of his desires, treated all his wishes with ridicule, as beneath the notice of a woman of spirit, whose province she told him, was only to be seen, and to be admired.

A thousand times he cursed his folly, which yet held him to her and his precipitancy, which had hurried him beyond prudence; then reflecting 'till reflection lead on to madness, he hastened to
the

the gaming table, as a resource more to be preferred than the pistol.

He concealed from Brudenel the change of his mind.— He delayed this 'till he was at a loss for an excuse, in the fulfilment of the articles, and lingered out a miserable existence, having now drained to the dregs the cup of pleasure, and turned from it with loathing.

He had postponed his marriage, under pretence of his mother's consent not being arrived, and faintly hoped he could break it wholly off, on her refusal; but her unexpected consent destroyed that hope, and he prepared to put on the bands of Hymen, with the same alacrity with which a malefactor would run to meet his chains.

To account for this sudden change is easy, and far from uncommon. Which of us but has suddenly, on disappointment, committed an action, which has been repented at leisure; and how often have men, in the first madness of a refusal, for a time, transfer'd their passion to the first new object they saw, and in a fit of revenge, of spite, or what you will, tied themselves to partners, who have been their torment for the rest of their life.

Astonished at his mother's consent (for that lady had heard some flying reports of his extravagance) and fearing that her darling son, the hopes of her house, should at length sink into the manners which fashion had rendered common, though not good, she sincerely repented her opposition to his marriage with Sabina, who, she knew, would then have made him one of the best of wives, and thinking that such a connexion alone, could save him from ruin, she was desirous of having it closed, where any probability of happiness appeared; and though the daughter of a Farmer General could not trace her ancestors, perhaps a
wood-

wood-cutter or shepherd, who existed some centuries ago, she yet was possessed of wealth enough to buy many modern titles. As Alfred knew not his mother's motives, he was astonished at her ready consent; and as no way appeared by which he could honourably break off his marriage, he became eager to have that over, which he wished not to take place.

Arina was no less anxious than himself, though she concealed it under indifference, and with seeming reluctance, fixed the day, which is generally styled happy, (perhaps because there is not another that so marks the life of a man), a fortnight was yet to intervene, which Lord Tynian dedicated to careless souls, like himself; in an interval of reflection, writing to his mother, entreating her to have Tynian Castle put into repair; as he intended, however it might be against her inclination, that Arina should, in solitude, begin to amend.

One week had already elapsed, and no signs of a reprieve appeared; but in the moment when he least expected it, it came, though in an unwelcome manner.

He was returning at three o'clock in the morning from the *Fountain of Fortune*, attended by his friend, who, as well as himself, had made rather too large libations, when they were attacked by two men masked, who evidently singled out Alfred as their victim. One of them cried out, "Murder the English dog: We'll cure him of seeking foreign alliance." At the same instant, Alfred was stabbed in the arm and the right shoulder.

He fell, unable to defend himself; and the ruffians, imagining he was killed, ran off, each taking a separate way.

Brudenel had received a slight scratch in the

cheek in the scuffle ; and finding Alfred yet lived, with the assistance of the police who came round, he had him conveyed home, where a surgeon was immediately sent for. At first, he could say nothing decisive about the wound on the shoulder, but hoped, by care, it might prove favourable ; —then leaving some general instructions, he took leave, having first given an opiate, which blunted the pain, and procured his patient some hours repose.

When Alfred awaked in the morning, one of the first objects that occurred to him was Arina. He would gladly have suffered double the pain he then endured to be finally separated ; and rejoiced that he should now have a feasible pretext which might be lengthened at pleasure ; and perhaps, in a little time, the lady might find another lover, or some second accident arise, which would make parting equally desired by Arina ; for now he could consider her defects unaccompanied by the blaze of her beauty. He did not think she was ever formed for him, and, in despite of other reflections, Sabina would at times recur to his thoughts.

Whilst congratulating himself on his fortunate escape, Brudenel entered, and naturally supposing that a man, within a week of marriage to one of the finest ladies in Paris, must stand in as much need of comfort to sustain the disappointment, as the accident which occasioned it, began with desiring him to have patience, and he would himself go that morning to Arina, and acquaint her with their misfortune, and the sorrow he felt at being deprived of her company.

“ You may, if you please,” replied Alfred, with a frown.—“ Go with my compliments ; but not a word about sorrow or disappointment ; for,
in

in the first place, I feel none ; and in the second, Arina laughs at every thing that has a resemblance of sentiment."

"How the d——I then did you ever make love to her," said Brudenel, "if she is as unfeeling as you say?"

"How!" said Alfred; "by flattery and oaths—but no more of her; suffer me to enjoy my short respite in quiet."

All this was unintelligible to Brudenel, who, though he was surprised at Alfred's being so seriously attached to a woman of so giddy a disposition as Arina, and had promoted his interests with all his power, had no suspicion of his wavering, and imputed this folly merely to peevishness at his wound.

However, as he saw, he really avoided speaking about Arina; he adverted to their nocturnal encounter, and inquired of his Lordship if he could guess who had done him the favour.

Here Alfred was as much in the dark as himself.—For though he could not directly affix it to any one, he imputed it to some disappointed lover of Arina's, and would have supposed the Count to be the man, but for the known honour of that gentleman's actions.

"I thought," said Brudenel, "the voice of the man who spoke was not unknown to me; and I think it will be wisest to make no stir or inquiry; and a little time will perhaps lead to a discovery.—I hope your wound will not be attended with such bad consequences as your surgeon would have us believe; and in a little time, you may fulfil your engagements.

"D——n the engagements, cried Alfred.—"Would to Heaven I could quit them at the expence of my arm, or half-a-dozen years lodging in the Bastile."

"You'll

"You'll certainly recover," said Brudenel, laughing, "if you can jest in this way."

"Do you think I jest then?" replied Alfred.

"Certainly I think so," said Brudenel.—

"What else can it be? You can never wish seriously and positively to break off with so fine a girl, after having gained her affections, and fixed the happy day."

"That she is the finest lady in Paris," said Alfred, "is my torment. I tell you, were she more homely, with a little more sensibility, I could love her as my soul; but I tell you in confidence, she neither does, nor can feel but for herself. She is one of those who have no affections; and I am already miserable in the idea of such a wife."

Brudenel expressed his astonishment at this change in his friend, and after some time silence, made Alfred again repeat, that the first wish he now had, was to break off his engagement; but he for some time doubted his sincerity.—"If that is your opinion," said Brudenel, "it is unfortunate you suffered matters to go so far; but if you dislike her, it would be wisest to beg an interview; state your reasons and objection.—If she will not comply with your terms, I see no way for you to escape."

"I have done nearly as much already," said Alfred, impatiently.—"The most trivial favour I ask is denied; and I believe I shall shoot myself through the head the first week of our marriage."

"I am sorry you are so disagreeably situated, positively," said Brudenel.—"What, is there no way to come off with honour? Perhaps a little delay will tire out the lady; and as you seem to think her affections are not engaged, a more lively lover may not be disagreeable. The Count, I know,

I know, is only a flutterer, but I'll give him a hint of your wishes; and no doubt but he will do much to serve you."

Lord Tynian thanked him, with little hopes of success. He proposed to adopt a coolness so striking, that Arina must see his indifference, and in the mean time lengthen his voluntary confinement. —He therefore desired Brudenel to assert, that his wound was mortal, and give double fees to the surgeon.

Brudenel went himself to the house of the Farmer General, and related the accident his friend had met with; at the same time watching the countenance of Arina, in which he discovered emotions that might have been mistaken for grief, had not a certain cast upon the features betrayed something of affectation.

Mr. Gracour, her father, was most affected of the two, and proposed that their family physician should attend him; but this Brudenel would not permit, saying, as an excuse, that a surgeon was already employed, whom his Lordship had some knowledge of.

That the reader may have an acquaintance with the handsome Arina, we must, for a moment, look into the economy of her house.

Her mother had been married on account of her beauty, consequently, in her eyes, beauty alone was valuable, and every thing that tended to sully it, was banished in the education of Arina, until vanity, and every base passion of the soul, like weeds in an uncultivated garden, bloomed and spread.

Her father, who was a man of observation, looked forward to the ultimate point of indulgence, and trembled for the honour of himself and his daughter. He saw, that as he could not himself prevail

prevail in remedying the evil, a husband was the only means of throwing it off himself, and an alliance with Lord Tynian, a nobleman of England, must flatter the pride of his daughter. It was therefore as much from the persuasion of her father, as regard for his Lordship, that she consented to be his wife.

The freedom he had almost immediately assumed of dictating on her pleasures, disgusted her; and adding the proverbial melancholy of the English, so opposite to her temper, she feared going to England almost as much as going to a dungeon. She was therefore rejoiced at observing his chagrin at her flighty behaviour, and added to it rather than diminished, in hopes of driving him from her.

Another secret also lurked in her heart, which was no other than the ascendancy a young Friar had gained over her, whose temper suited ill with his habit, and whose devotions were not always confined to his rosary. He had taken some trifling liberties, which the lady forgave, and had turned the serious airs of Alfred with such pointed ridicule, that Arina began to despise him, and heartily wished something might for ever prevent their union. She was now angry she had suffered it to proceed so far, but, to break it off on her side, was impossible.

When she heard he was wounded, and dangerously, a silent wish arose that it might be fatal; though this she was desirous to conceal from her father, who had threatened to disinherit her, if she offered to refuse him, when she had some time since entreated her mother to break off the match.

An union so little desired on either side, was in no danger of being suddenly formed; but the want of knowing each other's sentiments made each alike apprehensive.

For

For several weeks, Alfred intimated, that he was unable to leave his chamber, but the wounds being healed contrary to his wishes, he could no longer refuse going abroad, and with as good a grace as he could assume, he resolved to visit Arina.

That lady was more than ever set against him, by the instigations of her father confessor, Brissé. —She had secretly learnt, from the people of the house, his recovery, and, as a last resource, had persuaded her father to take a journey to the South of France, as it was probable Lord Tynian would not recover for some months, and her grief at his accident had affected her health.

It was not without the aid of tears, and her mother's entreaties, that Mr. Gracour consented, and with satisfaction, Alfred learnt her departure by his servant, whom he had sent, to announce his intention of waiting upon her.

This delay, however, was but temporary, and he found, from his intended father-in-law, that he at least had not cooled in his favour; he could talk only on the beauty of his dear daughter—the charming wife she would make, and entreated, with tears, that Alfred would use her with tenderness.—From a conversation like this, he hurried to his former companions. Brudenel had, on his visit to the Count, found him writing a *Bagatelle* to a new mistress, and so busy with other employments, that he refrained hinting to him his business; and unable to form any plan with certainty of success, he proposed that Alfred should either instantly set out for England, and leave behind his reasons for so suddenly abandoning his engagements, or prepare to fulfil them on the return of Arina.

Had not a sense of honour interposed, the former would have been instantly adopted; but he felt,

felt, that he should despise another for the same action, so must he despise himself: Besides, he had not so far thrown aside every sentiment of honour, as to make a sport of drawing a young lady into engagements, which she might wish to be fulfilled, and afterwards deserting her to the jests of her acquaintance, as too credulous and too easily gained.—He therefore, though against his inclination, determined, in this instance, to be a Tynian; and since the evil was unavoidable, to face it with the best grace in the world.

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF YOUNG MEN.

THUS we see from whence arose the report that had penetrated into the retreat of Sabina, and given her uneasiness, from a remembrance of many past occurrences; but of those her mind had not now leisure to reflect, her heart being wholly engaged with a passion as delightful as it was hopeless.—No longer did the fondness of Lucy appear a failing, though not like her, Sabina retained the government of herself; and however painful such guarded behaviour, she endeavoured, with sedulous attention, to prevent Lently from having the most distant suspicion of her sentiments in his favour.

But

But he, whose soul was skilled in the language of every tender passion, saw clearly through her mind. He read, in the softened expression of her eyes, in the tremulous modulation of her voice, what she endeavoured to conceal; and though he felt not an equal sympathy, he certainly felt more for her than friendship.

It might be, that priding himself in constancy to Matilda, he yet found her image ever present to his thoughts; he could not form particular views upon Sabina; and without inquiring into the particulars of her wish to remove from Mrs. Blandal's, he promoted her departure, and secured her a kind reception with Mrs. Knightly.

The good woman wept over her as if she had been her lost Matilda, and entertained her for hours in the evening over their work, with all the little anecdotes a mother's partiality could enumerate.—But when she remembered that this Matilda, this only child of her love, this darling companion of her solitude, had been lured from the bosom of her natural friend, a flood of tears fell at the sad recollection.

Though the same story was often repeated, yet to Sabina it had always some charm, as it tended towards Lently, whose meekness of manners, and placidity of temper, were equally touched upon; and forgetting her own love, in the generosity of her spirit, she sighed at his disappointment, and wished, if it were possible, that Matilda might return spotless and unfulfilled, to reward him.

This was not a place where Sabina was likely (as she had vainly supposed) to recover her indifference. She could not here forget a man whose praises were constantly sounded, and suffer, in secret, the torments of uncertain hope.—She certainly did hope; and I believe no one yet ardently

ly desired any object, however improbable the attainment, without at the same time entertaining a hope. From hope she went to probability; and in musing over all their conversation, which recurred to her memory, she supposed he had expressed something more than the coolness of friendship—she fancied she knew not what.

Every thing around her conspired to fix this passion in her mind, and she found herself fast approaching to that state of languid anxiety, which required a vigorous effort to throw off.

She had, from a desire of not being traced, as well as from want of convenience, refrained sending for her books, together with some clothes, and other things which yet remained at Mrs. Andrews's; but considering herself as now settled, and not being *ashamed* of her situation, she wrote to Mrs. Bothel, desiring her to send them, inquiring after her family, and especially Lucy; at the same time desiring, in the confidence of friendship, that she would observe a strict secrecy with the Tynians, to whom she was determined to owe no additional obligation.

She wished to inquire whether Alfred was actually married; but lest her curiosity should be misconstrued, she repressed it, not without expecting that Mrs. Bothel would, of herself, send any account she should think interesting to her.

No such account could she send, as Lady Augusta had ceased to inquire, and she was as much in the dark concerning his Lordship, as Sabina herself. As to Lucy, she informed her, that having relations in Scotland, who had been on a visit to them, they had taken her home with them, and that time had greatly relieved the malady which preyed upon her senses, that variety of objects had lessened her regard for Draper, and they entertain-
ed

ed hopes, that a further continuance in Scotland would wholly recover her.

Once in the letter Alfred was mentioned, and that was to praise him for his kindness to her daughter Sophia, who yet continued in a convent, being ashamed of meeting those friends, who must blame her in their minds, though their delicacy should keep them silent.

The letter concluded with expressions of wonder at the situation she had chose, and some gentle reproaches, for so long concealing her retreat.— She sent her compliments to Mrs. Knightly, and hinted, that the story of Lently was not unknown to them, though his never having visited them since his misfortune, kept them ignorant of the person who had injured him.

The arrival of her books and music relieved her, for a while, from her constant musing; and as a further occupation, when her other employments did not intervene, she took pleasure in perfecting herself in drawing.

Lently, left a prey to himself, from having no one to hear his complaints, and listen to his sighs, like Pharaoh (if I may be allowed the reference), he no sooner found that Sabina was actually gone, than he repented it, and would have followed her, had not reason detained him.

For her sake and his own, he refrained writing immediately to her, though it was plain for impartiality to observe, to whom, in fact, the letters were intended.

To her fell the province of answering them, Mrs. Knightly, excusing herself on account of her age; nevertheless, Sabina could not be prevailed upon to take the part of dictating them, fearing, lest any slip of her pen should betray sentiments improper for her to reveal, and which would

would expose the weakness she wished no one to observe.

If the post delayed, or Sabina wrote not, the disappointment had a visible effect upon Lently. —He flattered himself, that in this attachment, nothing but friendship existed; or when he more severely scrutinized the nature of his feelings, he was blind enough to suppose that they might realize the dreams of Platonism, and establish a commerce of soul approaching to sublimity.

Such is the consequence of feelings refined to acuteness, that it exposes to exquisite pain or pleasure, where the nerves of most persons are but slightly touched; and too often this sensitive quality leads into error and enthusiastic extravagance; a thousand impracticable schemes appear probable; and in a word, the whole life of such a man is a continued series of delusion. But it is a delusion possessing the power of enchantment, that leads us through life, wrapt in visions of happiness to come, of which nothing is ever experienced, but the foretaste of fancy.

The days of Sabina were marked by little variety. The still transactions of a country hamlet, the peaceful pleasures of the shady groves, when uninterrupted by the sighing of lovers, like the happy years of peace to a powerful kingdom, are passed over by historians in silence; whilst all the ills which mankind can inflict or endure, the glory of a general hunting of the human species, storms, and the sacking of towns, fill up the page: So action alone can find pens to note it; for in action alone, the mind finds amusement.

Let us then return from the peaceful fire-side of Mrs. Knightly, from the wanderings of Lently, to the unhappy Lord Tynian, who repented too late his rashness in forsaking Sabina unheard; and

to

to shew the change of his disposition, entangled himself as rashly in another engagement, which, being formed in a higher sphere, could not be broken with equal impunity.

Every day he saw depart with regret, as every day advanced the return of Arina, of whose arrival he was shortly after informed, and hastened, on the wings of politeness, to receive her.

She congratulated him on his recovery; and her father being present, behaved with more than usual complaisance. The old gentleman, who had nothing more at heart than their speedy union, proposed that a day should again be fixed; and as Alfred was passive, or obliged to seem eager for its accomplishment, a look from her father silenced the objections of Arina, and that day week was fixed upon.

When Alfred took leave, he could not avoid wishing, from the bottom of his soul, that some kind hand would again prove his friend, and half suggested the practicability of executing it himself.

On his return, he found letters from England; and what raised his surprise, one from Mr. Bothel. He was going to open it first, but recollecting that its contents were only relative to his daughter, he broke the seal of his mother's, which contained congratulations to himself and his wife, and entreaties that they would hasten to England.

At the word *wife*, Alfred changed countenance, walking a few times across the room, entertaining himself with reflections: He then finished the letter, and sat down to read that from Mr. Bothel.

In slightly glancing over his eye, he was struck by the name of Sabina, and, with a beating heart, began to read, in expectation of being confirmed

in

in her downfall, and perhaps the detail of consequent sufferings. But when he learnt by the letter that she was still the same, still the virtuous, the gentle Sabina, a thousand pangs darted through his soul, and the most dreadful curses were imprecated on his folly.

Mr. Bothel, not considering himself under obligation to keep the secret his wife had entrusted to him, as a second self, and knowing the character of Mrs. Knightly, was so charmed at the judicious choice of Sabina, that he failed not to praise her in the highest terms.

He expatiated on that excellence of mind, which conforms without falling before the accidents of life.—He represented the magnanimity of her withdrawing into a retirement where she could be distant from the temptations of high life, and might practise all the virtues of her sex, in colours so glowing, that giving way to passion, Alfred stamped about the room, uttering ejaculations of madness, and performing actions of frenzy.

Brudenel happened to be below, and hearing the noise, hurried up stairs; but his surprise was great, when he opened the door, to see the table and chairs overset, and Alfred dancing about with a crumpled paper in his hand, which he struck against his forehead.

He was angry at being intruded on in this moment of weakness; and giving way to his feelings,—"Who, pray, Sir," said he sternly, "desired your company?"

"O, my Lord, if it is *not* desired I can easily withdraw," replied Brudenel, looking round the room.—"Shall I send up your servant, for really—"

"What would you insinuate by that, Sir," cried Alfred, raising his voice.

"I

"I insinuate nothing, my Lord," said Brudenel; "I speak plainly."

"Then I answer plainly," replied Alfred, "your company is not desirable."

"Well, my Lord," said Brudenel, with the greatest indifference, "it will be desirable the next time we meet."

"That I hope will never be," answered Alfred.

"Your obsequious slave," said Brudenel.—

"Lord Alfred Tynian—Shall I send your physician?"

A reply, amounting to insult, was rising on the voice of Alfred; but seeing the door shut, he threw himself upon the floor, venting his grief and anger in tears.

Disagreeable as his marriage with Arina had for a long time appeared, it was now, beyond comparison, more dreadful.—To find at the same time, that he had rashly and wrongly accused Sabina;—that he had wantonly thrown away a good, because too easily attained, because, in his power, distracted him.

His folly, in giving himself up to dissipation, when he should coolly have observed her actions, if he had grounds for suspicion—in a word, his whole conduct stung him to the soul, and more than once he was tempted to terminate his miserable existence.

In the moments of pleasure, he had forgot the wise counsels and maxims of Diemburk, and he now, too late, repented having implicitly followed those of a young, thoughtless spendthrift, who wanted judgment to act with discretion. He looked back, with an eye of repentance, upon almost every action he had engaged in since he entered Paris, and found the consolation of repentance,

ance, and in knowing that not one of them could be retrieved.

He started up with intention to run and cast himself at the feet of Arina, to candidly confess that his heart was in possession of another, and trust to her mercy; but her unfeeling disposition with-held him, and her coquetry represented to him, that it would be only an exposure to ridicule. Yet to think of marrying her, when he knew Sabina to be innocent, to be free from engagement, was to him dreadful beyond description.

Gladly would he have given up his title and his estate to have shrunk from observation with honour. Attributing much blame to Brudenel (though there he was certainly wrong), he resolved to break off his acquaintance with him, and more than ever wished the presence of Mr. Diemburk.

Convinced of the folly of the actions in which he had been engaged, he formed his positive intent no more to attend the gaming houses, or others perhaps as fatal to the morals of youth, and being filled with the idea of Sabina and Arina, which, by turns, soothed and distracted him, he dismissed his servant, walking out alone into the fields round Paris, where he sat down to read again the letter of Mr. Bothel.

It was almost dark when he returned to the city, at the gate of which he met a man wrapt up in a dark cloak, and so muffled that his face could not be seen. He slipped a card into Alfred's hands, standing off at a little distance, as if waiting for an answer.

It was too dark to read the card; and as the man made signs, that he must not answer questions, Alfred was at a loss what to think of the adventure.

adventure, and hastened to a shop, where he read what was written with a pencil.

“ If your heart is not yet callous—if you can feel the sufferings of human nature—if pleasure and dissipation have not rooted out the bonds of friendship, you will not hesitate at doing an act of kindness.—If you can resolve to abandon vicious pursuits, follow the bearer.”

A mystery so inexplicable, he was unable to unravel.—He could scarcely conceive it related to himself; but conscious that the application of licentiousness was just, he doubted and hesitated, till curiosity, and a consideration, that in his present situation, life was of very little value, determined him, and he made signs to his guide to conduct him.

As he followed through several dark streets and winding lanes, he could not help thinking, this was a second plot of his former friend, which he was desirous to see the end of, and followed, with the bravery of a man, who must conquer or die, and who would not give sixpence for the liberty of choice.

Half an hour brought them to a large house, which, being situated in a mean street, served to let out to indigent lodgers, who wanted much room for little money.

A girl opened the door, with a rush-light in her hand, which the man in black taking, and beckoning to Alfred, walked before him up stairs. At the highest landing he stopped, and opened a door, which led into a room where misery herself would have chosen a residence.

The windows were paper, through which the wind whistled, and the rain might beat; a box lid, with four slips of wood for feet, composed the table; chair there was none, nor any fire.—

VOL. II.

K

From

From the angle of the fire-place, to the side of the window, a line was extended, on which was hung a horse rug, that concealed, as well as the many rents would permit, a bed of straw, not of the cleanest, and on the ledge of the window lay a pack of cards and a dice-box.

The plaster of the room had in places taken leave of the walls, and through two apertures in the ceiling, the stars shed their celestial influence. The place had been dark till they entered, when the guide, walking across the room, fixed the rush-light in the bowl of a pipe, which was thrust into the wall for a girandole.

Involuntary, though prepared for something strange, Alfred started back at a scene of such poverty and distress, when his attention was arrested by a hollow groan, and low sunken voice, which demanded who had entered.

The guide, without answering, drew aside the curtain, and presented a figure which might have passed for the anatomy of a human being. The eyes were far sunk in the head; the skin was stretched upon the prominences of the bones, and when he sat up, he appeared covered with a dirty sheet, which was tied round by a cord.

The obscurity threw a horrible shade upon his ghastly features, and the picture of death could not be more highly fancied.

"Good God!" cried Alfred, "what is it I behold.—Can any thing human thus suffer in the midst of plenty.—Shall one part perish with want, whilst the other is surfeited with luxuries?"

"Avenging Heaven!" ejaculated the figure.—"Thou, I perceive, art just.—I acknowledge thy justice.—Yet I cannot hope for thy mercy."

"Who," cried Alfred; "what voice do I hear? Surely it is familiar.—Do you know me?"

"I am

"I am now past your merited resentment," returned the other.—"I no longer fear your contempt; it is the least I can expect, after having wronged you as I have.—You see me changed indeed, but not for the better. It will be some satisfaction that you had opportunity to curse me; me who have sought to ruin you; who have divided you from a woman that loved you; who have attempted to murder you; these—these are my crimes.—Do you now remember me?"

"Can it be Capt. Draper that is before me?" cried Alfred.—"Why should you seek my life?"

"I had reasons," said Draper; "but I cannot now repeat them. I am too weak—the worthy—the good——." His words died away upon his lips, and he sunk down in an agony upon his bed of straw.

"Run," cried Alfred, to the man who had not hitherto spoke.—"Run, friend, take this money, and provide for your miserable master.—He has indeed been a wretch; but Heaven itself will punish.—Man must commiserate."

"Still—still you are my friend; now you are worthy; and now in the midst of poverty, I am proud to own you, though I shunned you when rioting in extravagance."

Whilst the stranger pronounced those words, he threw aside his cloak, and Alfred found himself in the arms of Diemburk.

Surprise took from him the power of speech.—He could not reconcile his being in company with Draper; he was too confounded to express any thing, and stood almost without motion.

"I see," said Diemburk, "your wonder; and when I have more leisure, I will account for what you see.—At present, the miseries of this wretch

claim our attention ; and if I may judge, he hath not long to live."

The little girl brought them up some drops for Draper, which greatly revived him, and gave him power to pronounce, though indistinctly, his wish that Alfred (whose presence tormented him) would leave the room.

" Oh ! terrible ! Oh ! tremendous judge !" cried he.—" What a wretch am I—where shall I find pardon.—Oh ! let me lose existence for ever.—Sink !—sink me into nothing."

Alfred was shocked at such a sentiment ; his heart was affected, and a tear stood in his eye.

" You are touched," whispered his friend.—

" Come, I will change the scene, and lead you to one who will receive you more pleasantly ; though, as you are engaged, you will be in no danger of falling in love ; and indeed I should be sorry you should, as the heart of her we are going to see is already another's."

" Ah ! my friend," whispered Alfred, with a sigh ; " you know then my misfortune ; you know of my misery.—Why not then fly to rescue me, before it was too late ? Why suffer me to form engagements which must render the remainder of my life miserable ; and the more so, as I have lost all relish for the extravagance and frippery which first introduced me to the acquaintance of Arina."

Diemburk affected surprise.—" Can it be possible," said he, " that the finest woman in Paris should lose her hold on your heart ; that after having signed and sealed engagements, you should repent even before marriage. A month or so after, the wonder would have ceased ; but now its strange indeed—What can be your reasons ?"

" Yet,"

"Yet," said Alfred, too serious to smile at what his friend intended should raise one—"they are of such moment, that I am tempted to run the gauntlet of the world, to bear reproach and contempt to break them off."

"Perhaps all that may not be necessary," returned Diemburk, fixing his eyes upon him. "We cannot foresee the events of futurity: Therefore should always rest in hope, and take care, that by our own faults, nothing is to be feared."

By this time they entered the room on the ground floor, where the little girl sat by the fire, and, on their entrance, ran to open another door, at which they entered, and were received with smiles by a young woman, whose countenance was ingenuity itself, and notwithstanding it was a little pale, was extremely lovely; whilst two fine dark eyes shot through large shining lashes, and penetrated the soul of Alfred with a mixture of esteem and veneration; not of love; for they transferred that part of the sentiment to Sabina, whom she distantly resembled.

"My friend, Madam," said Alfred, "is more fortunate than I, in the choice of his acquaintance. From my first arrival in Paris, 'till this moment, I have never before tasted any thing like satisfaction. I find that we can only enjoy in moderation."

"You do me honour," replied she, "by the compliment: But perhaps your friend would not say so much of one who has given him very little pleasure, but much trouble."

"I see how it is," said Diemburk, smiling.—"You are a rogue, like the rest of your sex. You are not contented with one compliment, but you wish for another. Fye, fye; I must tell Lently."

A blush

Yet,"

A blush overspread the features of Matilda (for it was her) at mention of a name so dear ; and lifting up her fine eyes in confusion, seemed to beg him to spare her, whilst a sigh declared that she was not perfectly easy.

Alfred had never heard the name of Lently.— It was therefore a matter of indifference to him ; and 'till supper came in, he sat musing, leaning on the edge of the table.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

Man, with an angel's form, surpassing fair,
With guileful tongue, and with insidious eye,
Like wily serpent wreath'd amidst the boughs,
Charms with his lure, or darts upon his prey.

LET us return to take a view of the accidents which had brought so many persons together, in a way more like enchantment, than the natural chances of life.

Diemburk had received the letter Alfred had written from Calais, and imputing it to his disposition, thought very little about it, though the circumstance of his having deserted Sabina at the moment when he had gained her consent, seemed to imply that something serious had happened ; and being satisfied that the fault could not be on the side of Miss Trenton, he imputed it to some inconsiderate action, which it might be best not to interfere in. He set out in compliance with the wishes of Lady Augusta ; but happening to meet a gentleman whom he had formerly served in a
matter

matter of kindness, he was easily persuaded to remain a few days, and other company dropping in, the party, consisting of men of sense, became so pleasing, that the days were multiplied into weeks, at the end of which, in place of taking London in his way, he set out directly for Dover.

At Dover he learnt, from an acquaintance, the company Alfred had fallen into, and not knowing of the suspicions he entertained of Sabina, which could have pleaded his excuse, he was going to take the road to Hanover, and give up a friendship which could be so little to his honour.

In his mind, Sabina must have been greatly injured; for no fault he could think her capable of, was equal to justify a behaviour so flagrant; and it was some time before he could allow the possibility of excuse.

He had given his friendship to Alfred, more from his good sense, and natural good-nature, than the relationship between them, and was not a little disappointed to find his instructions so suddenly disregarded. But to condemn him unheard, upon hearsay, on second thoughts, would be wrong; and he took his passage to France, with intent to observe him unseen; and if he found his inadvertencies the mere effusions of youth, he wished to reclaim and inspire him with principles worthy of a man, and such as might give stability to a renewal of friendship.

With this truly laudable design, he took a place in the packet for Calais, but owing to contrary winds, which tossed them about near thirty-six hours, they were obliged to put in at Dunkirk, from whence he preferred travelling by land.

The stage stopped at noon at a little village, where they had to wait some hours for the arrival of the other stage, which returned to this place.—

At

At the little inn where they waited, a young woman in black, with a deep veil, which at once concealed the beauties of her face, and the sorrow which at present preyed upon it, waited for the same machine.

The other passengers being characters wholly unentertaining, Diemburk, whose heart, though it ceased to flutter at the sight of beauty, beat high at the semblance of distress, paid particular attention to her, and the discovery of her country increased his attachment. To curiosity was added compassion; for so young and so lovely a female at a distance, probably from any of her relations, and whose circumstances might, for any thing he knew, be very distressing.

Politeness, and that reverence we ever pay to grief, prevented inquiry. She conversed but little; yet, from that little he discovered, traces of a refined understanding; he was insensibly interested, and ardently wished to render her any service within his power.

On the second day of their journey, they were left to themselves, which opportunity Diemburk took advantage of, to discover her reasons for so extraordinary a journey, by inquiring if she was going to see her relations, and general observations on the accidents which often, in this world, reduced many persons undeservedly to distress.

The young woman (who need scarce be announced as Matilda) understood to what his pity pointed. She answered in a way which declared her unwilling to trust a stranger. Frequent sighs escaped her, which she endeavoured to conceal; and when Diemburk looked on the prospects of the adjacent country, she fixed her eyes upon him; as much as to say, may I—dare I trust thee.

Matilda knew the deception of appearance.—

She

She feared trusting even the honest countenance of Diemburk ; and all the confession he could draw from her was, that she was extremely unhappy, and proposed, when at Paris, to seclude herself for life in a nunnery.

Diemburk attempted to remonstrate against the folly.—“ Great indeed,” said he, “ must be the reason that can warrant such a sacrifice ; a sacrifice but one step removed from suicide. Have you no friends, no relations, to whom your company would give pleasure. Has not some sudden accident given you a momentary distaste to life, and in that moment, you would throw yourself away.”

Matilda was affected to sobbing.—She thanked him for his advice :—But said, “ it is impossible I can follow it.—Of such a nature are my misfortunes, that to return now to my friends would be more painful than death.”

Diemburk smiled.—He made no doubt but a little time would take from the horror of such a return ; but conscious of the inefficacy of argument, on a mind already resolved, he contented himself with describing the duties of a woman who is created to harmonize society by the bonds of tenderness, in place of wasting her existence in a cell, and concluded with offering her the service of his purse, if any difficulty on that account restrained her.

She thanked him with a gracious smile, declining his offer, with a gentleness, which declared her not above the favour, and that, by it, he had greatly obliged her.

Their acquaintance was improved to friendship by the time they arrived at Paris ; and Diemburk, having learnt in that city, she had neither relation nor acquaintance, he easily prevailed on her to place in him some degree of that confidence his

looks and behaviour naturally inspired ; and as she was wholly ignorant of every custom of the place, his protection was the more acceptable.

'Till she could be provided as she wished, or should alter her opinion, she consented to live as a relation of Diemburk's, in the house where the reader has already discovered them. But lest some discreet fair should judge wrong of her prudence, it is not amiss to mention, that, on the part of Diemburk, he had revealed to her the intent of his journey ; he had described to her the virtues of Sabina, and the character of Alfred, in the course of which the family of the Bothels were mentioned.

With the latter, Lently had made her acquainted, and Diemburk's knowledge of them confirmed her confidence, though at that time, for many reasons, she forbore to mention it.

Mean while, Diemburk witnessed the dissolute manners of Alfred — He saw him plunged into folly, of which he determined to let him taste to surfeiting, as the only means of detaching him from it. — He did not write to Lady Augusta, as his accounts could only alarm her ; and thus, whilst Alfred was rioting, as he supposed, unnoticed, running the mad career of vice and infamy, his friend, like a watchful spirit, hovered at a distance, waiting for the moment when he might snatch him from the brink of the precipice, over which he was suspended.

The retired manner in which Diemburk and Matilda lived, prevented their having much communication with the other lodgers. The amusements he contrived for Matilda softened the melancholy which preyed upon her spirits, and rendered less pleasing the plan of a convent. She became

became more cheerful, and sought to do him the offices of a child to a parent.

He called her his daughter, and determined, when her delicacy would permit her to acquaint him with the particulars of her history, to employ all his interest to soften or relieve them.

They had been many weeks in Paris, when one evening Diemburk returned from the gaming-house, where he had won near 200*l.* in bets from his friend Alfred, who knew him not in the habit of a broken officer, with a patch over one eye, and a beard of a month's growth. On entering, the little girl confusedly informed him, that his daughter had been taken with fits, and was upon the bed ready to die.

He flew to her greatly alarmed, and found her in strong hysterics, which the efforts of the woman of the house could not overcome. He sent for the next physician, whose art more happily succeeded; and though weak, she was restored to her recollection, and returned her thanks with a sincerity that was flattering to the feelings of benevolence.

He had in vain inquired of the people what had so suddenly discomposed her; and as no one could give him the most distant hint, he spent great part of the night in guessing; but as by this he could receive no satisfaction, he ventured, in the morning at breakfast, to advert to her sudden indisposition, and gently to inquire what could have so greatly distressed her.

"I am to blame," said she softly, "after the many obligations I owe you, to have any secrets; but some things, which are blended in my misfortunes, take from me the courage I want, to relate them. The sight of the man, who is my most cruel enemy, and whom to avoid was my chief reason

reason for leaving England, passed by last night. The fight was too much for me; my blood suddenly turned, and I fell down on the floor. It is foolish to be so affected, but I cannot help it. What I have now further to trouble you with is, to desire you will no longer oppose my first resolution, since to meet him again will, I fear, wholly deprive me of reason."

"What should you fear, my dear daughter," said Diemburk—"Am not I here to protect you; and no man shall have power to touch you.—Why should his fight trouble you?"

"Ah! Sir," said Matilda, "can I see a man who has so cruelly injured me; who has—I cannot repeat his crimes—Pardon me."

"I would not distress you," said he; "but how can I judge of your reasons, when I am ignorant of them.—Can you tell me the name of this man?"

"It is Capt. Draper," said she.

"How! Capt. Draper," repeated he.—"By what means can you be acquainted with him?"

"To my sorrow—to my unutterable misery," cried she, with emphasis.—"I have too much reason to know him."

"Still," said Diemburk, "I am in the dark.—This man that I mean, has not been many months from the East Indies, and for any thing I ever heard before, acted as a man of honour."

"Yes—yes," said she, "he deceives with the exterior of virtue, but his tongue and his wiles are more to be dreaded than the avowed libertine.—But perhaps he is your friend?"

"No," said Diemburk, a little recoiling.—"He never was my friend. I own I suspected him of some little meanness; but villainy, such as you lay to his charge, indeed confounds me."

The

The little girl came in to take away the breakfast things—it was a wet morning, and neither being disposed to amuse themselves with reading, they sat, after this interruption, for a long time almost silent.

“Your delicacy,” at length, said he, “leaves room for suspicion, which perhaps wrongs you more than certainty. By this means, you wound yourself without knowing it, leaving room for doubt and conjecture.”

“In your eyes,” said she, “I wish not to appear to disadvantage. What can I say: Will my story restore your opinion of me.—If so, though it will hurt me, I will overcome my scruples?”

Diemburk was silent.—He looked, however, his wishes; and after some little effort, some blushes, and looks of bashful timidity, Matilda began.

She related what has been already mentioned up to the time of Lently’s departure for France.—“You must think, Sir,” she continued, “the sudden silence of him who had used to write by every post, gave me uneasiness; and those fears I could not conceal from my mother or Draper, who insinuated himself into our affairs, under pretence of being useful.

“At different times, he threw out suspicions against Lently, which I did not attend to, it being impossible I should suspect the mischief he meditated.

“A fortnight had elapsed, My fears made me ill, and I could scarcely support the company of my mother, who tried, by every argument, to dispel any suspicion of terror, which, in spite of myself, preyed on my mind. Draper pretended to pity; he would fly into a passion at Lently, for behaviour, which, he said, was both mean and
base,

base, proposing to go to London to inquire his reasons.

"One morning, he pretended to have received letters of business, which required his instant attendance, and took leave of us with many wishes, that before he returned, we might be made easy about Lently.

"At night, I was sitting by myself in our little parlour, where often I had sat with the man who has now forsaken me, and you may be sure he was not the farthest from my thoughts, when somebody knocked gently at the door.

"The maid was not in the way; and though at first I intended to shew my resentment, and was hastening to my room, believing it was him, yet my heart beat, and my feet, almost, against my will, led me to the door.

"I was much disappointed to see a stranger whom I did not know.—"Madam," said he, "are you Miss Knightly. If so be, a gentleman of the name of Lently begs you will instantly come to him."

"Where is he," cried I.—"What is the matter?"

"He is ill—very ill, indeed, Madam.—He is dying."

"I had at first hesitated, on account of the darkness of the night; but to suppose him dying, took from me prudent consideration; and without waiting to inform any one, caught hold of the man's arm, and was hurrying forward as fast as my feet would allow.

"Oh!" cried I; "why cannot I be there in a moment—where did you say he was?"

"At the little house at the end of the lane," answered he; "but owing to my confusion, and the gloominess of the night, I did not observe that

we

we turned up a bye way, that led directly contrary, and I found myself in the arms of another man, before I had the least intimation of danger.

“ I screamed for help ; but in this part of the country, no house was within hearing ; and though I made as much resistance as my strength would allow, they placed me in a chaise, and the man who had been waiting, and who I afterwards found was Draper, held my hands, that I might make no further resistance ; but I was by this too much spent, and nearly fainting, which was alone prevented by a dread of the danger I was in.

“ He had not hitherto spoke, and I was not the less terrified, on discovering who was the man, as he who could, after so many offers of friendship, commit an outrage against law and hospitality, I considered as equal to any bad action.

“ I besought him to suffer my return.—I entreated him, with all the persuasion I was mistress of, not to drag me away from my mother, who would die at my sudden loss.

He endeavoured to rally my fears ; he made professions of love, vowing that it was despair which had put him on this step, and that, if I would consent to marry him, no violence should be offered to me ; but those offers, it is easy to think, I refused ; at the same time, I resolved to escape, when we should arrive at the next town.

“ For that night, we continued to drive on, and in the morning I found we were upon a large open country, without any town near, and only one house by the road side. Here we waited till the evening, and I was obliged to attend to his speeches, to conceal, as much as possible, the grief which distracted me, in hopes of blinding his suspicions, though at some times, when I considered

dered the daring insolence of his behaviour, I was off my guard, and irritated him to passion.

“ On the fourth night, we arrived at a town where there was a fair, amidst the confusion of which I hoped to escape; but fearing every person around me was in his interest, I durst not attempt to gain any one to help me.

“ We were sitting till supper was ready, in a room, from the crowd; and whilst I considered whether it would be practicable to descend from the window; he was teasing me with professions of his passion—As he could not think of living without me, I might as well say yes, with a good grace.

“ On a sudden, the door of the room was burst open. I knew not what I had to expect; and in the first moment of fear, I caught hold of Draper’s arm for protection; but instantly recollecting the features of Lently, I sunk down in a swoon.—When I recovered, he was gone. Cruel Lently, to condemn, to fly from me unheard, and in such a moment, too.

“ Excuse me, Sir, I must stop a moment to recover myself.

Diemburk took her hand; he waited ’till she had dried her tears, when she thus proceeded.

“ My disgust against Draper could no longer be concealed.—I scrupled not to call him perfidious, whilst my heart bled at the unjust suspicions of Lently, which the involuntary act of self-preservation had confirmed.

“ Draper, conscious, I suppose, that he should never gain my consent, and unwilling to lose a prize such as my fortune would be, conceived one of the basest of plans, which sure, no man but he could have the heart to execute.—In the cordial he had procured to revive my spirits, he infused
some

some soporifick, and I found myself unable to keep from sleep. I endeavoured to rouse my spirits, but in vain, and my present misery was closed to awake to far greater.

“ Whether he had given me too small a quantity for the effect he designed, or whether Providence destroyed the quality, I know not, but I awoke in the middle of the night. I was going to arise, but instantly found myself seized by some person. There was no light in the room. I struggled for some time ineffectually, to release myself from his arms, and at the same time calling as loud as my strength would allow, for help.

“ I found myself sinking, exhausted with terror and exertion, when summoning all my strength to a last effort, by a sudden spring, I threw him on the floor.

“ I was nearly distracted with apprehension ; I called aloud for assistance ; and as many people yet remained, a light was quickly brought. Draper had left the room, muttering curses at my prudery, as he called it, and before morning, fearing, no doubt, the vengeance of justice, he left the town.

“ At least so the people of the house informed me, when I recovered from a delirious fever, which confined me to my bed for some weeks, and from which I arose more the image of death than life.

“ Indeed, I prayed fervently that I might die, that my shame might be concealed ; for, ignorant of what had happened, whilst insensible, how could I think of returning to my mother ; how could I ever behold the face of Lently. Alas ! Sir, when all those reflections crowded upon me, great was my need of resolution, to live under such an accumulation of evil.—But from self-destruction the principles of my excellent mother withheld

held me, and thus am I twice indebted to her for life.

“ I knew too well the trouble my sudden departure must give her ; but my hand refused to write—as I knew writing would be only a renewal of grief ; and 'tis better, thought I, to die, and be heard of no more, than that she should learn the ruin of her darling Matilda.

“ I will own, at times the affection I had for my mother, nearly overcame my sense of shame.—I started, I moved towards the door, to hasten and throw myself into her arms, to pour out the afflictions of my soul to her, and receive the caresses she would yet bestow on her humbled daughter.—But Lently would be there, and sickness nearly to death overcame me.

“ I know not which I most dreaded, to meet Lently or Draper ; and whilst I remained in England, I was exposed to both : Besides considering myself now as lost to every social being, perpetual imprisonment seemed my only portion, and enamoured me with monastic seclusion, where it would be impossible shame should reach me, and where oblivion should veil the past and the future.

“ I happened fortunately to have my watch, which had been my father's, and was of great value ; the trinkets alone were sufficient to defray my expences at the inn ; and on the produce of the watch, I have since subsisted, until your bounty so kindly protected me.”

“ My dear daughter,” cried Diemburk, “ I will always protect you ; and I swear by Heaven, to have justice on Draper, if he lives in Paris.”

“ What justice can I possibly have,” said Matilda.—“ The injury nothing can repair ; and unless I would add to it by discovery, he must escape with impunity.”

“ This

“ This was a subject Matilda grieved to touch upon ; and lifting her fine, though weeping eyes, to Diemburk, she said—“ Now, Sir, in compliance with your wishes, I have given you the reason of my sorrow. Will you increase your kindness, by burying it in your bosom, and being for ever silent to me upon it.”

Diemburk complied with her delicacy, and turned the discourse to Lently, with whom he was greatly pleased, and on whom Matilda would speak, though with an agitation of voice which declared the despair of her heart, and that she was not yet reconciled to the loss of every fond wish with a man whom she loved.

O happy Draper ! it was thy part to destroy the little pleasures of man ; it was thy commission to add some small atoms to human calamity, and to the extent of thy commission, thou dost act. Imitate him, all ye who wish to be cursed by the mother, and the daughter ; who wish to be execrated by the father and the honest man—Imitate him, and ye shall not lose your reward.

C H A P. XXXIX.

RELIGIOUS ZEAL.

DIEMBURK, from the knowledge he now had of Draper, no longer doubted imputing to his devices the sudden disarrangement between
Alfred

Alfred and Sabina ; and he would have revealed himself, and have endeavoured to clear up any disagreement, but the next accounts he received of his behaviour, was his engagement with Arina.

Angry at so precipitate a proceeding, he left him to be his own punisher, turning his thoughts to the discovery of Draper.

This adventurer had been guilty of some slip of decorum on his arrival at Paris, which obliged him to lay aside his English character, and assume the title and dress of a foreign Count, under which he endeavoured to gain the favours of the ladies, and the purses of the gentlemen.

He had seen Arina at public places ; he knew the giddiness of her manners, and presuming on his figure and address, doubted not to conquer the heart of a simple girl, fond of adulation, and vain of her charms. But now again he found himself opposed by Alfred, which was the more irritating, as he durst not appear where he expected this formidable rival, whom he doubted not was by this time in possession of a little secret, that might make a great noise in Paris, and if divulged, oblige him to fly the place altogether.

It required exquisite talents to play so difficult a part as now lay before him ; but conscious that he possessed those talents, he had little doubt of success. His first arrangement was to change his lodging, and this was the time when he was discovered by Matilda, unseen by him. So cautious was he, that though living in the same house, it was not 'till long after, that he was again exposed.

The plan of operations, he knew, must begin by removing Alfred ; to do which, many ineffectual propositions were started ; and as no one of promising aspect appeared, he was under the necessity

cessity of bribing one of Arina's domestics, that by her he might attain the secrets of her mistress. From this wench (who was a simple Lyonesse) he gained the knowledge of Father Brissé's familiarity, which he failed not to lay hold on.

One evening he dressed himself in green velvet, bordered with gold. On his breast he wore a small star, over which elegant attire he threw a large coat, and with a sword concealed in its foldings, he hastened to Father Brissé.

The *virtuous* confessor received him with profound politeness—at his desire, conducting him into a private apartment, which Draper seeing fit for his purpose, threw aside his cloak, displaying, in the eyes of Brissé, a splendor which dazzled him.

"I understand, my good Father," said he, "you are in the secrets of Madam Arina. I adore her to madness. I must have her, or die; and if you will put me in possession of her, ten thousand livres are at your service."

"Your Highness," answered the Friar, bowing reverently, "offers far above my abilities. The office of confessor, with which I am honoured, can give me no title to dispose of the person of the young lady. Nor do the rites of our holy church allow me to influence her conscience. But may I not have the honour of knowing with whom I converse?"

"My name," replied Draper, "is Lord Clاندorville. I am returning from India, where I have been from my youth, and where I possess estates that realize 20,000l. a year. I design to settle in France, as I detest the foggy damps of England; and if I can obtain this object of my wishes, I will give you a bond for the money, and retain you in the family, where I doubt not but
your

your private admonition will be highly exemplary."

Brissé bowed at the compliment, though he was too much engaged in weighing the design, to observe its pointed tendency; and as the countenance of Draper was no index to his heart, he considered him as a young Nabob with more money, more discretion, and who, warm from the hot climes of the East, was easily kindled by the blaze of Arina's beauty.

Thus was suspicion lulled to sleep, in a man otherwise watchful and wary as guilt can render its votaries; but he had to do with a man, at least his equal, who angled with the gilded bait, on which the passions of avarice and lust eagerly gazed.

Draper marked the movements of his mind.—He knew, that to hesitate was to comply; and he added to the offers.—He made so many rapturous expressions about love and heavenly joys, that the good Father, who was well versed in earthly ones, could not doubt of the difference.

He knew that Lord Tynian was nearly carrying Arina from him, notwithstanding all his caution. He knew, that he was incapacitated from offering himself. Now, if it was possible to bring about this business, he should yet be in possession of Arina, to whom his office would give him constant access, and the ten thousand livres be a noble recompense for his trouble: Both which circumstances might not be the case, even if ever he should succeed in breaking off the affair with Alfred.

Such was his reasoning. But on a matter so momentous, he forbore to make a positive decision; and flattering Draper that it might not, on secondary consideration, be altogether as impossible

ble as he had at first supposed it. He dismissed him, saying—"My dear Lord Clandorville, the soul of my precious daughter in faith is my nearest and dearest concern. Heaven is my witness, that I tremble at the possibility of her union with this heretic."

"I don't in the least doubt it, my good Father," answered Draper, smiling.—"Your piety and virtue were my only encouragement."

The virtuous Father smiled in his turn, and went on.—"I admire your zeal. It were grievous an heretic should carry off a saint. The very angels would groan; and no doubt it is they who have inspired you with the passion you feel, and will this night dictate the answer I am to give you."

"Offer for me your prayers," said Draper, crossing himself, "and burn a lamp for me before your crucifix.—There—there is a trifle to provide oil."

This trifle was fifty pounds of the wreck of Sabina's fortune, which she had never possessed, and therefore, according to Draper's logic, never could want. Brissé received it with a pressure of the hand, and desired Lord Clandorville would trouble himself so far as to call again on the next night, when he should be satisfied in his own mind about the sanctity of the action.

Draper returned to his room, exulting in his almost certain success; and considering whether it would be most easy to poison or stab the Friar, when Arina should be his, one of which he fixed as absolutely necessary.

He did not fail waiting upon him, as had been appointed. He was something surprised to see an air of restraint and mystery about him, and began to fancy himself was intended as a sacrifice, by the

the care he took in fastening the doors behind them.—He had opened the door himself—no one else appeared; and Draper, who suspected every shade, not fond of this preparation, slipped his hand to his sword, which he grasped ready for execution.

No such schemes had Father Brissé. His head was employed on another project, which he was doubtful of accomplishing, though it was only the trifling affair of sending Alfred to Heaven. That young man had prevailed to have the day fixed, even against his own inclination; and Brissé, apprehensive that all his artifices might miscarry, determined, if possible, to make a tool of this stranger; and, if he succeeded, to help him to Arina; if he miscarried, to secure himself.

It was his doubts of the reception his proposal might meet, which clouded his spect; and his suspicion rendered him cautious.

“Well, my good friend,” cried Draper, when they were seated in a private room—“how do the saints incline in my favour; will they help us in the glorious work, the saving of a daughter of the church from an infidel.”

“True, my son,” replied Brissé, with an hypocritical grin.—“Much must be done to prevent her falling into his hands.—O happy times, when infidels might be punished by the hands of privacy—for the action, our church has provided absolution; but I think improperly; for why do we need absolution for an act of virtue.”

“I agree, from my heart, with your sentiments,” cried Draper, catching at this unexpected opening, and seeing the whole meaning of the insinuation.—“I feel myself inspired with holy zeal. I feel something impel my arm to avenge the

the cause of Heaven, but unhappily we are not now protected by the magistrate."

Brissé fixed his eye upon Draper—it was a moment of hesitation and doubt.—He endeavoured to penetrate his soul; but whilst Draper inwardly trembled, lest he should have given alarm, by a masterly effort, he preserved the steadiness of his features, without even a movement of his eye.

"I admire your spirit," said Brissé, in a low voice.—You have been in the army in the East. I see you are familiar with those trifling accidents: Let us then know each other better, and swear eternal confidence and fidelity."

"Love," cried Draper, "is Lord of my actions. My heart obeys its warm impulses, and I confide in you."

"I believe," said the other, "you are worthy of Arina.—You remember your promise.—But when the first delirium of love shall be over, you may forget or repent."

"Hold, hold," said Draper, "I understand you. Have you pen and ink?"

The Father produced them.—Draper wrote the obligation, and gave it him.—"Come, my son," cried the Friar, "now we must consider of the means of obtaining so invaluable a gem.—You know, as well as I, the agreements this heretic has made. He must be removed at all hazards. O Italy—happy country—there true liberty reigns."

"Hush, Father," said Draper; "why mention Italy.—Are her sons more virtuous than we inhabitants of the East. I have a sword, which before now has done its service—and what should hinder?"

"Thou deservest Heaven," said Brissé; "but we must be guarded—swear to me by all things—

swear by your life, that not a whisper shall pass your lips."

"Hear me," said Draper, solemnly, and crossing his hands upon his breast.—I swear, by all the angels that hear us, by the wafer of the host—by hell and by eternity—that not all the tortures of inquisitorial invention shall make me betray you, if I miscarry; and hear me, father, by all those oaths—by Heaven itself—if thou betrayest me, this sword shall find a scabbard in thy heart."

"Amen," repeated the honest Father.—"We now know each other, and have no need of further disguise."

"Not in the least," thought Draper; "for we are two d——d villains."

The scheme of assassinating Alfred on his return from the gaming-house, was not long designing—the night was appointed, and they parted with all the friendship and cordiality which ever existed in a similar compact:—That is, each suspicious of the other, and each weighing the advantages of taking the other off, to prevent tales hereafter.

We have already seen the event of their design; and the actions of Draper, for some time after this, being involved in their deserved obscurity, the next acquaintance we have with him is, when he was discovered by Diemburk.—That gentleman went to learn the health of Alfred, and was relating the account to Matilda, when they were both interrupted by a bustle on the stairs, and the little girl entered a minute after, informing them that a foreign gentleman, who lived in the house, was dying; having fainted away for want of refreshment.

That any human being should be under such dreadful circumstances, and more especially a foreigner, was sufficient to open the heart of Diemburk;

burk; and desiring Matilda would sit still, until his return, he hastened by the girl's directions, into the room, where lay the object of misery we have already witnessed.

His weakness prevented his remembering Diemburk, 'till made known to him by name. Diemburk started back, at doing any thing in favour of a man who had exerted every power of his invention to mischief; yet softened by the circumstances into some compassion, he sent for assistance and some necessaries, by both of which Draper was so far restored, as to recover his senses, and some little strength.

Diemburk wisely concealed to himself the knowledge of who the stranger was, and anxious to discover what hand he had in breaking off the marriage of his friend; he would have hastened to Alfred, and desired an explanation, but the latter's dissipation and engagements to Arina withheld him—He was not so easy about Sabina; he trembled for her fate, when any way connected with so infamous a character, and he proposed, the first opportunity, to challenge the Captain, with inquiries concerning her.

The prospect of approaching death flattened the gaiety of the Captain's spirits.—He was conscious, when he received a benefit from Diemburk, how much beneath the notice of so good a man, his vices had sunk him.—He felt, for the first time, his own unworthiness, and looking back, discovered that all his designs had recoiled upon himself; that his devices had overwhelmed him in ruin, and brought him to the edge of the grave in the bloom of his years.

He could not suppose Diemburk unacquainted with the fraud he had practised on Sabina; and considering, that if he lived, he could only expect

exposure in his true character to the world, and would have chosen death as preferable, had not its dark prospect struck him with dismay, and wanting the cheering smiles of confidence, he trembled to encounter the most terrible uncertainty.

His physician having no motive to keep him in suspense, attempted not to flatter him with hopes of life, and seeing the despair of his mind, which often burst out into execrations, bid him prepare to leave the world, by confessing his sins, and partaking the holy comforts of the church.

Draper had no religion at all; not from any argument of reason, but merely because any militated against his practices; he could therefore look to none for comfort; and the only compunction he suffered, was anger at the deprivation of every hope, and a sense of something, he had never known before, at receiving the bounty of Diemburk.

That gentleman, pitying his condition, would steal an hour or more in a day to attend him; but having no faith in creeds, he was incapable to inspire a vicious man, in the hour of death, with a confidence in the merits of another, or that, having done no one good action himself, those of another were sufficient to give him a title to eternal felicity. He rather sought to impress on him a sense of the necessity of retribution, under which idea he endeavoured to draw from him an account of his past life, that, if possible, some of his actions might be lessened in their consequences.

But what a detail for the ear of the virtuous Diemburk.—Much as he knew the vicious nature of man, some things exceeded his belief, and he shuddered with horror at the ingratitude of his behaviour to Sabina, whilst, at the same time, he rejoiced

rejoiced that she had escaped the extent of evil intended her.

He saw now in part the reason which had induced Alfred to so extraordinary a behaviour; and whilst he excused himself the rest, on the score of passionate blindness, he pitied the consequences, which he attributed, and truly, to his grief at her loss.—He now beheld the affair of Arina in another light; he considered, that it was only the impulse of sudden resentment, that a heart so afflicted, so seriously engaged to Sabina as his had been, could not so easily destroy its impulses, or place them on any other, and more especially on a person so different.

Checking, however, the many reflections which arose, he attended to the relation of Draper, whilst he unfolded to him the design upon Alfred's life, taking care (as was natural) to represent the chief blame, as the monk's; continuing thus,—“Finding we had succeeded in our intent, we hastened away by different streets to our lodgings, as I thought; but I was not a little astonished, on turning round to fasten my door, to see the Monk at my heels.—On his part, I believe the astonishment was equal; for though I then lived in the room under this, it was by no means an apartment for my Lord Clandorville, with 20,000*l.* a year; and I observed a dark gloom overshadow his face in a moment.

He was, however, too much his own master to take any notice; he ran up, and caught me in his arms. “My dear Lord,” cried he, “pardon this intrusion.—I was going home; but luckily recollecting I had promised a present to Arina, and that now it would come much better from you than from me, I turned about, and hastened after you.”

There

There was so evident an air of falsehood in this story, that I was blind not to see it ; but hurried by our late adventure, and knowing myself in his power, I imprudently opened the chest in which was deposited all the spoils I had gathered (for I was too cautious to trust any thing in the hands of a banker), I gave him a diamond cross, which I had won from a young nobleman, which unfortunately for me he had stole from the cabinet of his mother ; of this I was then ignorant.

“ The designing Monk, who was already too much in the favour of Arina to need the auxiliary of presents, eagerly pocketed the cross, and casting an eye of satisfaction on the contents of my box, pressed my hand, and with a smile, like that of Judas, left the room.

“ My heart misgave me the moment he went out ; and had I possessed my usual foresight, I should, the next morning, have changed my lodgings ; but I know not how—I was blinded—I was confounded ; and sat at home irresolute, and trembling at every step I heard.

“ The horrid smile of the Monk was more before my eyes than the wounded Alfred, whom I made little doubt of having murdered ; and yet, to speak properly, I was so confused, that I scarcely knew my own thoughts.

“ At a late hour the following night, Brissé paid me another visit ; but no smile was now thought necessary ; he was muffled up in his clothes, and before he sat down, had the boldness to lock the door.

“ My Lord,” said he, “ the cross you gave me last night, belongs to Madame La Comtesse De P——. She has offered an immense reward for the discovery of the thief. One of our brothers has seen the cross in my possession, and I tremble

tremble for the danger of the Holy Order, which will be scandalized ; and if it once becomes public, you can only expect the Bastile for life.

“ Though I saw at once his intention, the threat of the Bastile confounded me. I found myself in the power of my master, and attempted to explain how the cross came into my possession.

“ He affected not to believe it. He represented, that even were it so, I could not, under my present circumstances, dare to be seen in public.—

This last argument, I believe, he used on purpose, to prevent my taking any step against him ; and throwing off all disguise, he upbraided me with wanting to ruin a child of the church, to pass upon him for a man of fortune, when I was no other than a gamester, to commit the detestable crime of making religion subservient to my crimes ; and concluded, by advising me to make my peace with the church, by pouring into its bosom my ill-gotten wealth, in preference to having it torn from me by the harpies of the law, who would find me lodgings for life at the gate of St. Antoine.

“ His effrontery nearly deprived me of my senses.—I started up from my seat, and was going to plunge my sword into his heart, but the Bastile struck me forcibly. I wished myself any where but where I was: I would gladly have given up all the Arinas in the world to escape ; and at once becoming cool, I computed the force of my enemy so much my superior, that I saw nothing but artifice could avail. He was not, however, to be deceived ; and commending my piety, and assuring me of the church’s protection, I saw him depart, with an accumulation of spoils which had cost me so much to gather.

“ My Lord Clandorville,” said he, at the head
of

of the stairs ; “ if you wish no more communication with me, you will be wise. If you are discreet, I will not enforce the little note of 10,000 livres between us. My Lord, I am your most obedient.”

“ I saw clearly into the nature of this insinuation. I was now nearly a bankrupt—had lost every hope of gaining Arina, and learnt, that Alfred was not dead, though severely wounded. I durst not stir abroad in the day, for many reasons ; and when I reflected on the trick of the Monk, I was nearly bidding the world adieu, with the report of a pistol.

“ My fortune had never been lower. It was impossible I could retrieve it in Paris, or in London. I thought my career was at an end ; and as nothing rankled in my veins so much as to be over-reached, I calmly determined to lead the Monk by the hand to the place of our destination, and prepared to put this my last scheme in execution, brooding over it with inward satisfaction.

“ I knew, that almost every night the Holy Father attended the private devotions of Arina, which that pious young lady chose should not be known to her parents ; as perhaps, so extraordinary a devotion in a girl of her disposition, might have been mistaken for hypocrisy.—The usual place of their meeting was in a little room, which the young lady had prevailed to have fitted up for herself, as it looked pleasantly into the garden, was on the ground floor, and she loved the smell of the flowers, which grew up against the window.

“ Is it possible,” interrupted Diemburk, “ that Alfred should be engaged to so abandoned a woman.—Is it possible a Father of the Holy Order of —, and so young a lady, should be as guilty as you say ?”

“ O, very

“O, very possible,” cried Draper.—“Any thing of that kind is possible. I determined to wait concealed in some of the shrubs, for his passing; and as one idea raises another, I added to my design the intention of reading prayers in his place.

“I disguised myself as much as possible, cutting my hair into form, and wrapping myself in my great coat, took my pistols, loaded with a brace of balls each, and hastened in the dark to the garden. By means of a tree, that grew close to the wall, I mounted upon it, and descended on the other side, without taking any precaution for my return; as indeed I had no such intention.—I passed with care through the winding walks, that I might observe if the house was quiet; and as no light appeared, I returned to plant myself in the way to the gate, of which the Monk had a key.

“Eleven o’clock struck without any signs of his appearing; and beginning to think that he might have taken some other way, or remained at home ’till I should be out of the country, I quitted my retreat, and advanced boldly to that part of the house which Arina inhabited.

“The night was so exceedingly dark and gloomy, that no object could be seen; and I frequently stopped to listen, if any one approached me. I fancied, through the chinks of the shutters, I could discern a light—I stopped—and heard the soft step of a woman coming towards me.

“I whispered, as near as I could imitate, in the voice of the Monk; and after eluding many questions, about my not having been there for several preceding nights, we entered by way of the window into the saloon. I need not dwell on description; I triumphed over both my rivals, and

should have revealed myself, and offered her marriage, but I dreaded the consequence of her sudden surprise; and having now not so much reason to quarrel with fate, I wished to retreat, if possible, undiscovered.—A thought also struck me, by which I made no doubt of drawing, by degrees, the whole sum I had been so religiously stripped of, again into my chest; and unperceived by her, I wrenched a gold seal, with the cypher and arms of the family, from her watch chain.

Diemurk stopped him, to inquire if he then had it in his possession.

“Yes,” said he; “she was in the country when I would have used it.—You will find it under that broken tea-cup in the chimney. You may use it, to disengage your friend from so worthless a woman. It will be useless to me—I must die. What, not one year—one single year more—Oh! Heavens! am I not to see the end of this month—but this one month—Dreadful! What! where am I going to?”

From this start of raving, Diemurk recalled him, by inquiring how he had escaped from the garden.

“How,” said he.—“Why, bad enough.—I did not leave Arina ’till some time after the clock had struck two. I expected to have been able, if not to force back the lock of the garden door, to have scaled the top; but the strength of the lock defied my fingers, and the long iron spikes my agility.—I now began to fear I was caught in a trap—No large tree grew near enough for me to use it, and the wall fruit was too near the out-houses. The night was so exceeding dark, that I could see nothing to make use of; and I began to think I must yet have recourse to my pistols, when

when I found myself entangled in a quantity of brush wood.

“ With as little noise as possible, I carried the bundles, as many at a time as I could, and planted them to the nearest part of the wall, so high as to enable me to reach the top ; then hanging by my hands I dropped down, not on the ground, but into a large pond, which I thought had been on the opposite side of the garden.

“ With swimming and wading, after much danger, I landed on the other side, drenched with sinking water, and covered with mud, which you will think was no agreeable circumstance, after being in company with so fine a lady.

“ In this condition, I had to walk about all night, which threw me into a fever, that was not a little increased, on finding that, in my absence, my servant, who perhaps thought I should never return, carried off nearly all my clothes, and the small remains of my money. Not daring to send for advice, I lingered for some time, until my last *sous* was expended.—Every moveable, even the clothes on my back, were taken to defray the rent ; and I was compassionately carried to this litter of straw, to finish the career I had so quickly run.

“ The reason of my fainting, from which your goodness relieved me, was learning the departure of Arina into the South, when I had intended to make use of the seal ; and thus you see me stripped of honour and of riches—the slave of passion—the—Oh ! miserable wretch that I am !”

After his conclusion, Diemburk was for some moments silent, through astonishment.—So many reflections engaged his attention, that he was unable to answer ; but recollecting, as Draper had never once mentioned Matilda, he would have put
some

some questions to him relative to her, had not his exhausted strength made it a mercy to permit his repose.

Diemburk took care to secure the seal ; and descending to Matilda, related to her so much of the story as concerned Alfred, concealing at the same time the person of Draper.

She intreated him not to suffer his friend to be imposed upon by so undeserving a woman ; and representing that much might be owing to his youth, which might perhaps, through good nature, be led into errors, she prevailed upon Diemburk to promise to interfere, which he was inclined to, as much from a knowledge of Arina's character, as a private whisper, of pride, that something was due to the honour of his family.

The same evening he hastened to an acquaintance, who associating with Lord Tynian, informed him of every circumstance any way material ; from him he learnt the final agreement between Alfred and Mr. Gracour.

Some days were yet to intervene, which he proposed suffering to pass, that the sudden discovery of his danger might impress Alfred with caution, and perhaps wean him from those practices which had reduced him to so dangerous a situation, being in the dark as to his sentiments.

On his return home, he again repaired to the chamber of Draper.—He sat down on the floor beside him, and finding him composed, took the opportunity of inquiring if he had truly related the incidents he had mentioned in the morning.

Draper, thinking he adverted to what regarded Arina, answered in the affirmative, not having thought it necessary to begin his narrative earlier than his departure from London.

“ You have no knowledge, then,” said Draper,

per, "of a young lady named Matilda Knightly?"

"Matilda Knightly!" repeated he, looking round with a stare of surprise.

"Where—what of her," said Draper.—"Is she also come to judge me in misery?"

"You know her then," replied Diemburk.—"You know the crimes you have to answer for on her account. Can you tell me where she is now?"

"No," cried Draper, emphatically.—"Good Heavens!—Will all my crimes rise up against me in judgment—Am I condemned even in this world to suffer the torments of hell?"

"You can only expect to avoid them in the next," said Diemburk, with quickness, "by atoning for them as much as you can in this. As then you expect any kind of mercy, I conjure you, as you would answer at the bar of Heaven, tell me every circumstance of your acquaintance with Matilda."

"I feel myself almost choaked," said Draper, shedding two or three tears on his hand, "by a review of the actions that have marked my life from the earliest recollection; and every one of them has, in some degree, inflicted a punishment upon me, either by their miscarriage, or their productive consequences.

"By what chance Matilda Knightly is known to you, I cannot say; but I think you were born to be my confessor. There I have destroyed the felicity of a worthy man, whom I was scarcely acquainted with, yet whose prospects I envied; but he may be happy—nay, perhaps is, in the arms of his virtuous mistress.

He saw impatience impressed on the countenance of Diemburk, and beginning at his landing
in

in England, he related what is already known, to the time of his being with Matilda at the inn.

"Every device, every persuasion," said he, "that I could make use of, I found ineffectual to warm her to my wishes.—I endeavoured to ridicule the soft imbecility of the sentimental Lently, but she answered me not. I will own my pride was piqued; and having an insatiable desire to the fortune of her uncle, I determined, by humbling the pride of her virtue, to gratify my passion, in triumphing in her ruin, and rendering my acceptance of her a favour, which she should sue for on her knees.

"I had endeavoured to inflame her passions by discourse and wine, which she would not taste, during the evening, when I had nearly been wholly frustrated in my design, by the unexpected entrance of Lently. She caught hold of my arm in her fright. He behaved like a madman, and flew out of the house in a fury, which no one attempted to oppose.

"The poor girl fell into a swoon, and — ; but familiar as I have been in wickedness, I am almost ashamed to say, that in that state of insensibility, I infused those drugs into her medicine, which she would not take in the wine. In a little time she came, in some measure, to herself; but again going off, I had her conveyed to bed, and attempted to persuade the people of the house to leave her.

"The landlady, who perhaps had suspicions that all was not right, persisted in sitting by her the forepart of the night; but being fatigued by the business of the day, and observing that the fits had subsided into sleep, which she knew not to be the product of my art, she was prevailed upon to retire.

"I waited

"I waited with the door half open, 'till I heard her safe at a distance; I put out the light, and was hastening to undress, when, to my astonishment, Matilda recovered from her swoon and stupor together. She was going to utter a cry of surprise, when I threw myself upon the bed, endeavouring to stifle her voice. After some little struggle, I found myself thrown upon the floor, and her cries having raised the people of the inn, I retreated as quickly as possible.

"I was then a stranger to the customs of England; and dreading the unknown consequences, I waited not for inquiry, hastening the same night to London, and in less than a month after to Tynian Castle.

"Have you never seen Matilda since that night," demanded Diemburk.

"Never," said Draper.—"I swear by Heaven, never; though I once had the curiosity to visit the hamlet in disguise, and learnt, that her poor mother was as ignorant as myself, of what had become of her."

A gleam of sunshine irradiated the mind of Diemburk.—He almost thought Providence interested itself in the trivialities of men; but he recollected, that the prevention of evil would have taken less trouble than its cure, and he continued to doubt.

The prospects of Matilda, whom he loved as his daughter, he now saw opening to un hoped for enjoyments. He saw how easy it would be to restore her to the love of Lently, whose character, he was too well assured of, to suppose it would change the object of its affections on a sudden, or indeed ever eradicate a love so fixed, so confirmed by mutual affection. He saw no necessity to mention Matilda's situation to Draper; he felt that

that it must be unwelcome to a man already sinking from observation, and he hastened down with the tidings of gladness.

Such had been the delicacy of Matilda, that though her fears arose only from a concatenation of circumstances, she could not, whilst any suspicion had power to affect her, think of ever being the wife of Lently, but the joy of certainty in the place of doubt, the returning presentations of his kindness, the whole force of combination which fancy could form, rushed upon her mind, and unable to sustain the temporary shock, she sunk into inanimation; from which, however, she was shortly recovered, and endeavoured to restrain the tumult of her spirits; though those, indeed, were in some degree checked by her ignorance of what might have happened since her departure from England.

Rejoicing in an event so unexpected and so pleasing, Diemburk could no longer delay his visit to Alfred. He assumed his usual dress, and in the afternoon, took a walk towards his friend's apartments.

The careless Brudenel, little affected by his fracas with his friend, was strolling down the street, hanging in the arm of another careless son of mortality, and making observations on the females, with the true vacuity of an English-horse-laugh.

He instantly recollecting Diemburk, ran up to him with his hand held out.—“You are the man wanted most in all Paris,” cried he.—“I have saved your charge, my Lord Tynian, from shooting himself several times, through the head; but fearing his next fancy would be to shoot me, I left him raving mad in his lodgings.”

“This is excellent intelligence,” said Diemburk,

burk, "to treat me with at our first meeting.—Have you any thing more to tell me."

"Nay, the devil then," said Brudenel, "you think I jest.—But to whisper a secret, he is going to shoot himself for having made a bad bargain.—Do you understand now?"

"Not perfectly" replied Diemburk.

"Well," answered Brudenel, "he is tired of Madam Arina, as he was tired with Miss Trenton, and he has dismissed them both. He was a little time since tired of me, and by this I suppose he is tired of himself."

Diemburk complimented his wit, and bowing, they parted. He had gathered the irresolution of Alfred, which gave him no surprise; and changing his intentions, he contrived the little stratagem of surprise, that he might observe the progress of his friend in vice, and its result declared, that the foundations of his virtue yet remained; that he repented, and wished to return from whence he had strayed.

CHAP. XL.

Consequences which might have been foreseen.

THE circumstances related in the two last chapters were unknown to Alfred, until the day after his so unlooked for meeting with his friend.—After supper, he had drawn Diemburk aside, and opened to him the situation of his affairs. He painted to him the distraction he suffered

ed at the apprehension of marrying another, since Sabina was virtuous and single.

So deep appeared his distress, that his friend rejoiced at his power of relieving it; but lest the sudden surprise should have ill effects, he put him off that night with hopes that much might be done, and that Diemburk himself would wait on Mr. Gracour, if, on second consideration, it should be deemed necessary.

More at ease in his own mind than he had been for months, Alfred returned to his lodging; his resentment against Draper, to whom he owed his present distress, in some degree subsided; his disagreeable entanglement with Arina lost much of its terrors; and wholly giving up his thoughts to Sabina, he, at a late, or rather an early hour, closed his eyes in tranquillity.

As soon as he had breakfasted in the morning, he hastened to Diemburk, who disclosed to him the whole that he had learnt from Draper, which added to the character of Sabina, and drew tears from his eyes at his own unkindness; so dreadfully cruel, that he could not calmly think on the subject.—But when he learnt the discovery of Arina's incontinency, his satisfaction could scarcely be restrained within bounds of moderation. He caught his friend in his arms; he danced about the room, and committed other extravagancies, which Diemburk attempted not to restrain.

“I will never see the face of Arina again,” said he.—“Knowing now the duplicity of her character, it would be only an insult. I am now justified in setting out for England this very afternoon.”

“Alfred, Alfred,” said Diemburk, shaking his head, with a serious air, “have you not already suffered enough from precipitancy? When will you

you learn to act with coolness? Something is due to the honour of Arina's parents, and under the hopes of her amendment, we must not reveal this transaction. I will write a billet to the young lady herself, which will most probably put her on some measure of breaking off the match; at least we will try it first."

Alfred besought him to take on himself the trouble of his extrication, abiding wholly by his discretion.

When Arina received the letter, it confirmed her fears of the unfortunate mistake she had committed, which, from the behaviour of Brissé, whom she had distantly questioned on the circumstances, without laying herself open to him, she had too surely guessed at. The loss of her seal she had imputed to some other cause, and had flattered herself, whoever had been the impostor, the darkness would prevent her being known, or at least she might deny it;—but the proof which the seal would produce, the horror of her frailty being known to Lord Tynian, and her ignorance of whom she had admitted, together with the loss of her character, so overcame her, that she fainted away, and fell upon the floor.

Her mother, being in the next room, was alarmed at the noise, and hastened in, to see what could have happened. The letter she saw grasped in her hand; and judging wisely that this might unravel the mystery, she first prudently put it into her bosom, and then screamed aloud for assistance.

The young lady having been sufficiently drenched with water and vinegar, opened her eyes; but when she found the letter gone, she was nearly closing them again with greater obstinacy. Her mother retiring to read the letter, left her, for some

some moments, to compose the agitation of her spirits.

A passion of fury was almost too much for prudence in the bosom of Arina's mother. However, after some little contest, the latter became conqueror; and considering, that what is not known cannot be an evil, she resolved to hush up the matter, and, by hurrying Arina to Italy, or some distant place, for a year or so, Lord Tynian's abrupt refusal would be forgot, and he being in England, they might impute it to his want of steadiness.

She took on herself the part of managing the good man; and after upbraiding her daughter with the hazard to which she had exposed herself, and dwelling on the consequences which might attend her licentiousness, whilst she was single, begged her at least to wait 'till she was married.

The daughter heard her with some little astonishment. She had yielded not so much from a vicious inclination, as the devices of the priest, and was surprised at advice so extraordinary.—The same afternoon, Alfred received the following note, written by Arina :

“ MY LORD,

“ Not knowing at what your insinuations point,
 “ and not yet reduced to the meanness of seeking
 “ a man who wishes to break engagements he
 “ once pretended anxiety to form, I readily ac-
 “ quit you of your promises, and wish that no
 “ self-reproach may sting you when you remem-
 “ ber

“ the injured ARINA.”

Alfred admired the terms in which the note was expressed; and wishing as much as they could do, that the whole transaction might for ever be secret;

cret, was contented without further explanation ; and the more so, as he learnt the following day, that the family had departed for Rome, to see after the estate of *A Relation, lately deceased.*

Released from so disagreeable an engagement, Alfred felt the joy which most people have experienced at one time or other, in escaping from misfortunes.

He saw little now to prevent his success with Sabina, and flattered himself, that a true representation of the circumstances he had suffered to mislead him, would so far influence her in his favour, that she would wave the causes she had of complaint, and be his.

He knew not that her heart had lost the little influence in his favour it had ever possessed ; that it now loved another ; and with very little doubt of success, he hastened to quit Paris, where he could not appear with any pleasure, Brudenel having taken care to spread abroad the story of his frenzy, which some actually believed ; and from thence, with all the pride of assumed sagacity, pretended to account for the sudden departure of the Farmer General and his family.

During this period, Sabina enjoyed the repose of a country life, and found that repose the nurse of love. The tenderness with which Lently mentioned her in his letters, filled her with a pleasing satisfaction, which she could scarcely conceal ; and once or twice, in the fondness of discourse, had nearly betrayed her secret ; and she once quitted the room abruptly, with cheeks blushing with confusion, at an observation of Mrs. Knightly's, that since she had for ever lost Matilda, the first wish of her heart was to see Lently united to her dear Sabina.

Ah ! thought Sabina, though she is lost, yet
her

her image remains ; and if so qualified as he describes her, poor indeed would be the substitute. Yet my foolish heart vainly beats with pleasure at his name. Ah ! Lently, thou mayest be happy ; but I fear I am always to be miserable.

In the indulgence of apostrophes like this, she could not hope to strengthen her fortitude, nor did she wish it.—Intoxicated by the pleasing passion, she attempted no longer to resist ; and by degrees took pleasure in thinking she was doomed to sigh unpitied.

Lently, listless and uneasy, now he was deprived of her company, often meditated a visit to Mrs. Knightly, and as often the figure of Matilda checked him. He was conscious of the folly of still dwelling upon a loss so irretrievable. Yet perpetually some smile—some gentle speech she had uttered, brought back the feelings of the moment they had passed in, which, added to his natural temper, deprived him of resolution, and Matilda and Sabina, by turns and together, dissolved him in tenderness.

The daily declining health of Sabina, that unperceived by herself, stole away the half-faded roses from her cheeks, and deprived her of appetite, began to be noticed with no little concern, by Mrs. Knightly. She loved her with the affection of a mother ; and as Sabina could not be prevailed on to own herself unwell, she rightly judged some secret grief preyed upon her spirits. Women of every age easily guess at the tender secrets of youth ; and while Mrs. Knightly watched, with prying attention, through her spectacles, to observe the emotion of her fair guest, she artfully introduced a discourse on her friends, which ended with mentioning Lently ; and then it was she perceived

ceived the eyes of Sabina to glisten, and a deeper tinge to suffuse her cheeks.

Mrs. Knightly knew perfectly the delicacy of her friend. She forbore to hint her observations; but unknown to Sabina she contrived to scrawl over a short letter to Lently, inviting him to visit them; at the same time hinting at Miss Trenton's ill health, and want of spirits, which I hope you will be able to remove, by finding her amusement, which my increasing years deny me a share in.

Lently was in one of his fits of sadness when he received this letter.—He had been gazing on the picture of Matilda 'till his heart was full; and fearing that he should perhaps lose even the portion of happiness yet within his reach, he gave orders for his horse, and putting a book of poems in his pocket, was the same night upon the road.

On the fifth morning after Mrs. Knightly's letter had been dispatched, Sabina, having little inclination to eat, delayed coming down before the breakfast was upon the table, when, on opening the door, she nearly sickened with surprise at sight of Lently, on the opposite side of the table to Mrs. Knightly, leaning his head upon his hand whilst he was making inquiries.

His face being from the door, the first confusion of Sabina was unperceived; and though she trembled exceedingly, she so far governed herself, as to sit down, and make inquiries on his unexpected arrival.

The faltering of her voice was to him sufficient indication that his presence was not a matter of indifference; and feeling the transport inseparable from any degree of mutual attachment, he fixed his eyes upon her for a moment; then conscious of the embarrassment he occasioned, he returned

turned to his first position.—They were some time silent, 'till Mrs. Knightly took up the discourse.

The paleness which had fixed itself for some time in the cheeks of Sabina, was far from deducting any thing from her beauty in the eyes of Lently ; and the languishing, yet unaffected expression in her words and actions, gave all she looked and said such irresistible softness, that it was not in the nature of Lently to withstand it.

Insensibly he gave himself up to the insinuating pleasure of her company ; they read, they played, they sung, they walked together ; whilst the delighted Mrs. Knightly sat winking with pleasure in a corner at the prospect of Lently's happiness, whilst now and then a silent tear glided unperceived down her cheek, at the remembrance of her lost Matilda.

In all the soft intercourses which looks can convey to minds susceptible of impression, of mutual sensibility, the time wore away.

The morning was wished for to bring them together ; the night, that sleep might renew the impression. Yet conscious as was Lently that the heart of Sabina was his, he hesitated to claim it.—He lingered in suspense—he trembled with diffidence, when his tongue should have spoken ; and happy in their present friendship, he scarcely wished—he scarcely desired a nearer union.

He was walking one day over the green, when he was accosted by a young maid of the hamlet, who made her courtesy, and stopped, as though she had something to ask.

Lently ever listened to the complaints of the cottagers, which gained him their love ; and sometimes he presided as umpire in their disputes.

“ Well, my pretty maid,” said he, holding out his hand, “ what do you wish for ?”

The

The damsel blushed, and looking up in his face, with that artless and insinuating countenance, which is peculiar to the country and to youth, desired he would entreat Miss Trenton that she might be bride-maid.

Lently blushed deeper than his petitioner.—He averted his face, to conceal it.—“And who,” said he, “has told you Miss Trenton is going to be married?”

“O, we are all certain of it,” replied she, simply; “and we are to have a dance on the green; but that is a secret.”

“Well,” returned Lently, “if you are certain of it, I believe I may venture to grant your request.”

He kissed her hand, and she sprang away, exulting, to relate to her companions the promised honour, while Lently pensively stepped aside into the fields, to ruminate and resolve.

He saw that his present connexion with Sabina must end, either in marriage or final separation, since the observations the cottagers have already made could only be silenced by one of those events.

He flattered himself with the certainty of possessing her affections. He felt that he loved her nearly equal to Matilda, but not quite. Even a secondary passion of a man, who felt like Lently, was more than equal to common impressions.

Her want of fortune was to him no consideration; and recollecting how ill he could return to the dulness of his home, to the insipid pleasure of wandering about the country without purpose and without design.—He saw the paucity of his heretofore pursuits, and persuaded himself to act with the energy of a man.

These once had their charms; but then his mind

VOL. II.

M

suffered

suffered under severe agitation ; that agitation had been silenced by the sweet conversation of Sabina, whose company he now found it next to impossible to give up ; and acknowledging to himself the folly of thinking of a woman, who was irretrievably lost to him, whom he judged even abandoned to infamy, the absurdity of rejecting one so unobjectionable as Sabina was striking ; and the more so, as he was conscious of her partiality towards him, and his was certainly very great, though it might not be so violent as what he felt for Matilda.

In this state of mind he returned to Mrs. Knightly's. He inquired for Sabina, and hastened to the little dining-room, where she sat alone. It was a fine afternoon in autumn ; and the warmth gave a glow to the country, and cast that bloom on the countenance which is strikingly lovely. Lently observed its effects upon Sabina ; he thought her, at that moment, even more beautiful than Matilda, and in gazing upon her, he forgot the errand he had hastened to execute.

From the window they had a distant view of the country, which was a subject for Lently to be loquacious ; but Sabina answered his remarks with a vagueness, which shewed that attention was painful, or that she reflected on things of more import.

" I hope," said he, seeing a book laying turned down on the window seat, " I have not intruded on your studies. Sabina checked a sigh.—May I look—taking up the book, which was Akenfide's poems.—This gentleman is a favourite with you ?"

" Yes," said she.—" He felt what he wrote."

So soon again to meet the fair ?

So pensive all this absent hour ?

—O yet—unlucky youth, beware ;

While yet to think is in thy power.

In vain with friendship's flattering name,

Thy passion veils its inward shame ;

Friendship, the treacherous fuel of thy flame.

The

The colour came and returned whilst Lently read over the verse.—“ So it is,” said he, “ we deceive ourselves. Ah! Sabina—is not life a dream, a swift delusion, and our wishes vanity. Is it not wise then to have done with disguise—to enjoy the present moments before they escape us for ever.”

Sabina could only assent—there was something peculiar in his accent. She supposed he had more than common meaning; she feared—whilst she wished to know what.—He proceeded.

“ Love is the charm which embellishes the years of youth.—He hesitated—Ah! Sabina, you know how much I once was enraptured by the goodness of Matilda. You know, that in her concentrated all my views and my desires; but she is gone, and another equally worthy has—Pardon my confusion—I find that I am in love with _____”

He paused—but Sabina was too much affected to speak.—She looked, however, with equal intelligence—he bent forward on his seat, and continued.

“ Charming friend,” said he, “ after your knowledge of the passion I had for another, perhaps it may be unworthy your acceptance, the offer I would make you of myself.—But, am I deceived when I interpret your looks—your blushes—Ah! what would I say.—Do you not—are you insensible to love?”

Sabina would have replied by a rejection, which her heart opposed; but she knew the temper of Lently; she knew that a sincere confession would be far from lessening her in his esteem. The diffidence of her sex dyed her cheeks with blushes of timidity.—They both gazed in silence on each

other for a moment.—She held out her hand—he caught it, and pressed it to his lips with rapture.

Whilst he yet held her hand, and gazed without speaking, for the pleasure they reciprocally felt, admitted not of definition, a noise was heard upon the stairs, as if several persons were coming up—the door opened, and Matilda, her mother, and Mr. Diemburk entered.

Lently caught the features of Matilda.—He glanced his eyes from her to Sabina—the sensation was too great for endurance.—A deep groan escaped from his bosom, as he fell against the side of the window.

The blush that but so lately tinged the cheeks of Sabina, changed to a deadly pale. She was too well acquainted with the features of Matilda to mistake. She had seen the emotion of Lently, and fainted under so sudden a revolution of passion.

Matilda herself, who had been prepared by her mother, with an account of Lently's being up stairs with Sabina, was shocked, and trembled almost to falling. She had been made acquainted with Sabina as the intended wife of Lord Tynian. She knew not the particulars of their situation;—so that, when the door opened, and she saw Lently pressing her hand to his bosom, a damp checked the elevation of her spirits, and seemed to overcloud every fond expectation.

On the part of Diemburk, he was chagrined at having formed a plan, pregnant with consequences so fatal.—He had intended to surprise the heart of Lently into returning tenderness for Matilda; he had impatiently torn her from the embraces of her mother, whose passions being less acute, from the blunting power of years, she was not easily moved

to

to extremes, either of joy or sorrow, that could be fatal.

In the midst of distress so complicated, Diemburk still retained the calmness of his nature.—He desired Sabina might be taken to her chamber; he led Matilda into the parlour, where he besought her to be calm, to hope for the best, and returned to Lently, whom he found on the verge of existence.

Diemburk's life being mostly active, he had found it necessary to be acquainted with the rudiments of surgery; and finding Lently to be too far gone to be recalled by the application of salts or spirits, he had recourse to bleeding, when the animal faculties, by degrees, began slowly to recover.—His indisposition was, however, of no fatal consequence; and when recovered perfectly to life, he withdrew to his chamber, unable to see either Matilda or Sabina.—Diemburk attended him, and related all the circumstances of Matilda's absence, which filled Lently with grief. He found himself in a situation so delicate, that it was impossible to determine how to act.—He saw the equal claim of both—he scarce felt a pre-election for one above the other; they were equally dear; and with either he could have been contented, had not the necessary disappointment of the other sapped the basis of enjoyment.

In those moments of irresolution, he almost wished that the surprise had finally closed his existence; and then each might have been happy in a separate choice; but when coolness allowed him to determine with more precision, it was, not to marry—to return to his house, to declare his determination; and when he found that they were reconciled to his company, come and spend his days in their society.

C H A P. XLI.

A DETERMINATION INTENDED TO BE KEPT.

DARKER, and more sad, appeared the views of Sabina, when she again opened her eyes to the things of this world. She retired to bed, unable to discourse, and almost unable to inquire by what accident all these circumstances had happened. The reality was, however, too certain. Her chief desire was to be alone, that she might brood over her misfortunes, and weep in secret at so fatal an event. She was too well acquainted with the delicacy of Lently, to suppose he would willingly wound either; nor would that be happiness to her which would cause misery to another.

Her soul seemed absorbed in the immensity of its sufferings.—She seemed, never before, to have known any thing like grief: The loss of friends and of fortune she had supported with fortitude—but for the loss of Lently, what could repair?

She tried to act with heroism—to sacrifice her own hopes to that of her rival; but could human nature support it? and sickening at the review of all she had endured since the death of her mother—all which yet lay confusedly before her, the night was passed in a state unenviable, as to the wretch who counts the hours in a dungeon.

Alas! who but must pity her—who but will sigh at the recollection—that in a moment, when only happiness appeared in view; and that happiness built upon the tenderest feelings of nature—
in

in the moment the passion which had preyed upon her in secret was allowed to shine forth, to avow its existence—to look for a reciprocation of delight—all—all was blasted, and chilled into annihilation.

In the morning, Diemburk and Mrs. Knightly breakfasted by themselves, as Sabina, Matilda, and Lently, found their situation too delicate to appear; yet to each other, preferring apart the indulgence of disappointment.

The plan which Lently had formed was not without something pleasing to a man so romantic as himself; but when calmer reflection represented to him the situation he was in, with regard to Sabina, he saw, that to act with honour, he must depend on her will, to reject or receive him; and that, in fact, she alone ought to decide on the fate of him and Matilda, for whom, since he knew of her innocence, he felt returning the passion which had only been transferred to Sabina, who yet had deduced much from its ardour.

Wavering on what to conclude, he desired Mr. Diemburk to give him his company; and trusting to the honour of that gentleman, he opened to him his situation, and repugnance to accept the hand of Sabina, when he knew that by so doing, the life of Matilda would be rendered unhappy, and he feared his failing in his promise would equally affect the peace of Sabina.

Diemburk saw, with sorrow, the entanglement of the whole party.—He saw too, that his friend Alfred would have no chance of success, when the heart of Sabina was absolutely engaged to another. That he might remedy as much as possible what could not be avoided, he undertook to sound Sabina on the subject; and knowing that Alfred had so much at heart his success, that on a person so easily

easily moved by disappointment, the consequence must be fatal.

He concluded in his own mind, that for all parties, it would be preferable, could he prevail on Sabina to relinquish Lently, and accept Lord Tynian. His hopes of succeeding were, however, so small, that he confined them to himself, and quitting Lently, postponed 'till the afternoon his intended visit.

He employed himself in the mean time, endeavouring to cheer the drooping spirits of Matilda. —He represented that, at the worst, she had more reason to rejoice than when at Paris, since now she could enjoy the company of her friends with the consciousness of innocence, and receive the caresses of the country people, who had already been to welcome her arrival, though the joy they expressed was considerably damped at sight of the tears, which she could not repress; and they were divided in their wishes between her and Sabina, both, in their opinion, being equally amiable.

Our Heroine arranged, in her own mind, the propriety of action. She perceived that Lently was engaged to her; but, from her knowledge of his sentiments, could she have brought herself to think of doing violence to his inclination, by accepting his offer (to which, in fact, she had yet returned no answer,) she could not expect that undivided affection, which alone would gratify her; and considering the priority of right as belonging to Matilda, who had suffered by the machinations of a villain, and now returned to claim what in justice was her's. Thus situated, she pondered in her mind whom to choose for a counsellor.

The age of Mrs. Knightly, and her affiance to Matilda, was in her objectionable. She had not yet

yet heard of Alfred's being unengaged—nor had she ever once thought to make any inquiry concerning him; not doubting, however, that he was married; and knowing the kindness of Diemburk, she saw no objection to prevent her disclosing to him her situation, and desiring his advice.

Thus, by accident, mutually chosen umpire, Diemburk hesitated no longer to wait, on Sabina, whom he found pale, and leaning upon the table; her eyes were discoloured, and it was evident that it cost her something, to smile at his entrance, excusing her freedom, on account of the friendship she once flattered herself he had for her at Tynian Castle.

She repeated to him her intentions of again removing from a place where she had considered herself as settled for life, that she might be no check to the felicity of her friends; for such, said she, I hope one day to call the injured Matilda.

“I am charmed, Madam,” he replied, “at those resolutions, which pronounce the goodness of your heart; and I am sensible of the struggle they must have cost you; but can you think, that those you would thus oblige, are not equally delicate? Do you think, that, if with a fortitude I admire, you consent to part from Lently, that he, or that Matilda, can be happy in each other, whilst you are sighing in secret. You see, then, that whether you remain here or not, it is equal.”

He then mentioned the plan of Lently (for their living in habits of friendship), which he observed was not a little attractive; for though she might wish to conceal it from herself, she felt a chillness, when she fancied Lently married to Matilda, and enjoying those comforts which she, with so much probability, had expected to attain.

Diemburk, who watched her countenance, saw

that this plan was far from being disagreeable ; and fearing, that, should it be adopted, Alfred would in vain attempt to break in upon it, represented, that though such an intercourse might be flattering in speculation, yet it was extremely dangerous, and only adding fuel to a fire, that could not too speedily be smothered.

“ What, Miss Trenton,” said he, “ have you no friend at Tynian Castle whom you wish to see. — Cannot you there find a retreat suitable to your birth and your desires ? ”

“ Surely, when you propose it,” returned she, with a slight emotion of resentment at the recollection arising—“ You must be ignorant of the slight I have received from Lady Augusta. I do not say but I yet esteem her ; though I think, were she to ask me herself, I could not again voluntarily live with her. Besides, how could I intrude on Lord Tynian and his wife ? ”

“ You mistake, my love,” said Diemburk smiling.—“ Lord Tynian will deem it the greatest favour he can receive : and unless you become his wife, no person, I am persuaded, will ever intrude upon a Lady Tynian.”

“ Why should you hurt me by so forced a compliment, said she, surprised at Alfred’s remaining unmarried.—“ How is it that I have been so misinformed—or is Lady Tynian dead ? ”

Diemburk, in answer, would have related Alfred’s adventures at Paris ; but the story was long : He therefore contented himself with some of the heads ; concluding with declaring, that his love for her had been increased by a conviction of his own folly. That he had set out to Tynian Castle, to beg his mother’s intercession in his favour, being too conscious of the injury he had done her, under so cruel a deception, to appear before her.

Sabina

Sabina foresaw that she should have much trouble to resist his addresses; that it was now impossible to receive them; and, rightly supposing Diemburk to be in the interest of his friend, she said, in a voice as firm as she could assume,

“ Sir, after your knowledge of my engagements and situation, I own it a little surprises me, you should speak in favour of another; but that I impute to your friendship for him. I will waive the treatment I have received, though certainly in that he was highly reprehensible. Situated as I am, can you suppose my affections are at my will, that I can turn them from one object to another.—No, Sir, I am now satisfied my cousin never yet had so much of my esteem, as ought to entitle me to be his wife. Never, therefore, can I think of that honour; and though I may pity, if as you say he still has expectations, believe me that is all in my power; and I may say, I never can be his wife.”

After a refusal so positive, and with an air so determinate, Diemburk could enforce nothing further. He could not condemn her motives; and had they never existed, the behaviour of Alfred had been sufficient to warrant a similar dismissal.

He was going to rise, when Sabina stopped him, to desire he would inform Mr. Lently of her sentiments, and begged he would look for some situation where she might hope to be received for a continuance, since it was now improper she should remain longer with Mrs. Knightly.

The same afternoon, at tea, the whole company met for the first time in the little parlour: They endeavoured to assume the familiarity of friendship; but the effort was not yet practicable, and silence seemed to have closed their lips.—Yet did
the

the keen eye of jealousy, which it was in vain attempting to close, convey to Sabina the sentiments of Lently and Matilda.—She saw, with the most exquisite pain, his decided preference, and his endeavours to conceal that preference.

Thus she saw every day bring with it an increase of sorrow; and she became more anxious to quit a place where she had once fondly expected the completion of love-sick dreams, but which had unfolded to her a new source of suffering, less easy to be borne than any preceding.

Diemburk revealed to Lently the intention of Sabina. He saw, he grieved at the disappointment of her hopes. He was often on the point of going to her, and pressing the acceptance of his hand, to which she had a right—but Matilda—Ah! could he live under the knowledge of her suffering?

Thus chance had concentrated affections which could not be gratified, and rendered the whole party unhappy; for each was too delicate, and too conscious of inferiority, when they ventured at comparison—to expect the preference would be given to them; and they remained in a situation which they feared to interrupt.

Whilst Sabina confined herself to the house, and hesitated what to resolve, she was agreeably surprised by the arrival of Lucy Bothel, who had recovered in the bracing air of the North, that tone which too soft a nature had destroyed. She had prevailed on her mother to suffer her to visit Sabina, and, in return to desire she would once more spend a few days in Cannon-street.

Few things could have happened more opportunely to Sabina; and knowing that she might use the privilege of freedom, without explaining her reasons, she gladly accepted the invitation; hinting

hinting to her old friend, that matters of a particular nature required, for the present, her absence from Mrs. Knightly's.

Lucy was too much delighted at meeting one who had partaken the secrets of her heart, to be very inquisitive into her motives for wishing a removal, and Sabina had too much discretion, and was too much filled with her sufferings at present, to make them the subjects of conversation.

She signified to Diemburk and to Lently her resolution to depart early the next morning; and though the latter ventured gently to entreat her stay, she had courage sufficient to restrain the inclination. She could wish him happiness with Matilda, but she could not support the dreadful idea of a formal adieu, which was to tear asunder the very principles of her existence—to see, for the last time, the man who was to have been the husband of her choice, but who was now to be another's.

By Mr. Diemburk's advice, she had the chaise waiting in an angle of the lane, to which the next morning he attended her and Lucy; and casting a glance of tremulous emotion to the house, she leaned back in the chaise, and they drove towards London.

The spirits of Sabina had been restrained by violence. The self-praise of acting well had hitherto supported her; but the moment the chaise drove away, she thought that the next time she saw Lently, it would be as the husband of Matilda, and her gentle spirit seemed to die away within her.—She leant her head upon the bosom of her friend, and indulged, for a moment, the silent ecstasy of grief.

The tears starting from her eye, gave her some relief;

relief; and the gentle inquiries of Lucy awakened her attention, but the sad story was reserved,

— — — — — to lengthen out the hour,
When wakeful fancy broods, when tales of woe,
Spend the pale glimmering lamp of midnight :
And whispering spirits sigh upon the wind:

In this moment of distressful importance, Sabina found the pleasure of a friend who could answer sigh for sigh, and in the midst of sadness, tasted the consolations of sympathy. She saw too, that her sorrows affected her friend; she was conscious of the futility of the indulgence, and strove to overcome it, for the sake of her friend and herself. Thus she had brought herself to some composure by the time they arrived at Mr. Bothel's.

Mrs. Bothel received her with pleasure; but the satisfaction she would have expressed was considerably checked, by the despondency and alteration so very visible on the once gay and smiling Sabina.—She could only distantly guess its cause from some sentences that escaped her husband, relating to the return of Lord Tynian, and was only prevented by her daughter, from giving Sabina the unnecessary pain of rectifying her mistake.

She was permitted to remain wholly mistress of her time; except to divert her, little parties of pleasure were proposed, as a day's jaunt into the country, where they could be unobserved; or a family party, which was no small relief to Sabina, who saw and seconded their kind endeavours to amuse her.

C H A P. XLII.

CONSOLATIONS IN DARKNESS.

IT had been agreed by Alfred, that Diemburk and Matilda should yet remain at Paris, humanity not permitting the total desertion of Draper in the approaching hour of dissolution ;--and his entreaties were so piteous, for none of them to leave him, that Alfred overcame his impatience, and sat down on the side of his bed.

The woman of the house was advanced in years, consequently, in devotion, endeavoured to give him spiritual comfort ; but darkness had too long possessed his mind to be suddenly eradicated, and it required the ardent exertions of an *English Bishop*, to convince him there was no danger.

Whilst, in the flush of health, he had laughed at futurity, and with sparkling glass, drowned the cares of time, but now crest-fallen, expecting he knew not what, suffering torments equal to any that was to come, he turned round to look after hope ; but hope fled away, and his prayer was to sink into nothing.

He could scarcely adhere to the old woman's expressions, who promised him eternal joys, if he would but believe the infallibility of the church, and confess and receive the divine unction, which was never known to fail. Besides, if those gentlemen, his friends, would bestow a trifle upon the guardians

guardians of holiness, his soul should even be excused the pangs of purgatory.

Flattering indeed was the offer, but yet Draper doubted its efficacy to extenuate crimes such as he had been guilty of. His whole life, from the first dawn of his remembrance, had been a continuance of crimes, of which the least was hypocrisy; and not a single good act appeared in the catalogue. His only hope, therefore, was, that he should cease to exist, since, if there was such a place as hell, he considered it as his certain portion.

His voice was almost sunk in his throat, and frequent faintings reduced him to the last stage of feebleness. In this state he remembered his mother, and would have recommended her to their care; but his voice could scarcely articulate, and a sudden pain across his head, converted it into broken curses, and impatient exclamation.

"End," cried he—"End at once this miserable being.—Oh! my head—torments already tear me.—Oh! good Diemburk, do save me—do relieve me—cool my head—Oh! death! kill me—annihilate me at once."

He fainted away; and the old woman, trembled at having an heretic die in her house, hastened away for a priest, to exorcise and convert.

By the time she returned with one, Draper had once again opened his eyes—and turning them to the father, who was advancing to the side of his bed with the crucifix.—He gasped two or three times for breath—then cried out,

"Monster—minister of darkness—what would you have—a little more ease—Oh! my head—my heart—here—Death!—death!"

Alfred took his hand, and begged him to be composed

composed—that the good father was only come to offer his service, and pray for him.

“Take him away,” cried he.—“Let me die.—Oh! I am going—those black demons will overpower me.”

The reverend father saw it was in vain to urge his subject to penitence; and observing that his standing by the bed increased the agonies of the dying man; he turned away to the window where Diemburk sat—now looking through its broken crevices, and now casting a glance of pity on the miserable object.

“Sir,” said the reverend father, in a whisper, “that gentleman, I think, (pointing at Alfred), was the intended husband of Mademoiselle Arina.”

“Yes, Sir,” answered Diemburk, astonished at such a question at so extraordinary a time.

“I thought so,” said he, with a nod of expression.—Father Brissé, of the order of —, was her confessor. Have you heard of his misfortune?”

“No,” said Diemburk, coolly.—“What has happened to him?”

Now this charitable father, who was of a different order, hated that of Brissé, with Christian cordiality, and exulted in relating the matter.

“Not heard it,” said he, with a stare of astonishment, and putting the crucifix into his bosom, whilst the idea of the subject raised his voice.—

“You must know, then, this Brissé (though his brethren deny it) had been found with a diamond cross, belonging to the family of —, and being challenged with having taken it at confession, he took a dislike to life, and this morning drowned himself in the Seine.”

“Is Father Brissé drowned?” cried Draper, with

with a voice stronger than he could have been supposed to exert.

“ He drowned himself this morning,” repeated the priest, turning round, “ at the corner of the garden wall belonging to Mr. Printo.—I went to look at the place myself.”

“ O revenge—comfort—satisfaction.—I die in peace,” ejaculated Draper, and sunk back on his pillow. His eyes closed—his breath sunk away—his pulse reverberated no more; and those who wish not to die like him, must avoid his example whilst living.

Mr. Diemburk gave the priest a trifle, as a reward for the spiritual advice he had *intended* to have given, and the *unintended* consolation he had bestowed; settling, in the course of the day, the expences of the funeral, which was performed in the night, that their journey might suffer no longer delay.

No widow, with weeping eye, attended his grave—no sorrowing orphan for the loss of a father or protector.—No friend who regretted his departure, lingered to read the letters on his coffin; and whilst the earth fell down upon it with hollow sound, if a sigh escaped from Diemburk or Alfred, it was not of grief for the loss of a virtuous character, but that human nature was capable of such wickedness.

We have already witnessed the arrival of Diemburk, which, for the sake of a little dramatic propriety, was introduced somewhat abruptly.

Lord Tynian, on his return to England, not daring to appear without previous notice to our Heroine, took London in his way to the Castle; and supposing that Mr. Bothel might have some interest, or at least could describe to him her situation,

ation, he called upon him, and related the intent of his sudden return.

The worthy factor was bound to him by gratitude, for having rescued his daughter.—He rejoiced, for the sake of Sabina, that she would, notwithstanding the loss of her fortune, be so well settled; and not knowing of her engagement to Lently, he added some comfort to the heart of Alfred, by promising to second his wishes, and his supposition that she would not, in the end, refuse so eligible an offer, though some check he must expect in her just resentment of his former slights.

More happy in his mind than he had been in the midst of mirth, when invention was racked to give a gust to gratification, and furnish new modes of enjoyment, he hastened to Tynian Castle, to interest his mother in his cause, and, if possible, prevail on her to join with him, in soliciting the hand of Sabina.

His mother rejoiced at his return. She rejoiced more at his escape from Arina, which Diemburk had painted to her in a letter, without palliation; and having had leisure to reflect on the folly of opposing the inclinations of her son, and trembling with apprehension, lest some new object more unworthy even than any of the former, should again enslave him, it was no small satisfaction to learn, that his love for Sabina was yet unabated; that it was the first wish of his heart even now to gain her; Lady Augusta repenting that she had ever encouraged Capt. Draper, gladly wrote a letter to Sabina, full of expressions of affection, and entreaties that she would accept the honour of their alliance, and be a means of continuing, to future ages, the name and virtues of the Tynians.

Thus

Thus she, who had spurned at the alliance of Sabina, when ideally possessed of immense wealth, now condescended to solicit that alliance, when poverty and virtue were her only portion.

Alfred received his mother's letter with pleasure; and not having heard from his friend, flattered himself, that he waited only for this arrival; but yet, fearing where there was room to fear, he disguised himself so as not to be known by a transient glance, and with his mother's letter, and good wishes, he hastened to Mrs. Knightly's.

As he drew near, the ardour of his expectations abated; he felt a fear of appearing before the justly offended Sabina, and by the time he arrived at the little hamlet, he was too much agitated to proceed to Mrs. Knightly's, and from a neighbouring cottage, sent to desire the attendance of his friend.

He had, by departing one hour too soon, missed the letter which would have informed him of Sabina's journey to London; his ignorance of which laid Diemburk under the necessity of restraining at once all his expectations, by relating the connexion she had formed with Lently, and that her heart now was not at her own disposal; so that, could he even by persecution, prevail on her to give him her hand, her affections could not follow, and he must be content to accept a woman, virtuous indeed, tender and amiable, but who must, in such case, perform the offices of marriage, rather as a duty, than the insinuation of love; and he must be content to lose all the raptures of mutual affection, for the cold expressions of esteem.

"I am a d——d wretch, and I see it," cried Alfred, starting up.—"Can I solicit her hand, when her hand is all I am to gain. Shall the wife
of

of Lord Tynian be the lover of another.—Whilst I press her to my bosom, shall she sigh forth the name of Lently.—No, no, it cannot—it shall not be.”

“I had rather you should say so, than I propose it,” said Diemburk, glancing a look at Alfred.—“Will you go and dine at Mrs. Knightly’s, where you will see some as disappointed as yourself.

“No,” cried he, “I have no appetite for eating. I am full already to choaking.”

“How do you intend spending your time?” replied Diemburk.—“Shall we go to some of the watering places?”

“Rather let us go to a desert,” cried Alfred.—“Mirth would drive me mad.—Indeed, I feel myself nearly so already.”

He sat down, dashing his fist against his forehead—then arose and went out, whilst a gloomy frown distorted his features. His friend followed at a distance, fearing that he might suddenly have taken some fatal resolution; but Alfred’s mind was only distracted, and divided between uncertainties. He felt that he loved Sabina—loved her to madness; and though at the first moment he had started away, at supposing her affections another’s, his love, which yet he was ashamed to own, brought him back, and the evil seemed lessened, and he wished to obviate every difficulty.—He wished to resolve with himself—even the company of Diemburk was irksome; he therefore sought to be alone, and hastened into the fields—he sat down—he looked round, and anger was kindled at seeing himself followed.

“Where is all your resolution,” asked Diemburk, not in a voice of raillery, but pity.—“You wish not to appear with those weaknesses I know you
you

you possess; and the endeavour to conceal them from me, who can guess at your inmost thoughts, is an additional folly."

Alfred remained silent and sullen; but the remembrance of the kindness and attention he had received from him, by degrees cleared away the distance he was going to observe, and he proposed his doubts, his delicacy, and his desire.

"Flexibility of disposition," said Diemburk, laying one hand upon the arm of Alfred, as they sat upon the grass, "is universally prevalent amongst the sex, which renders their affections easily gained, and hard of retention, that is only to be effected by a continuance of that behaviour by which they were originally won.

The accident which has deprived Sabina of the husband she could have loved, has also placed an insuperable bar to her ever attaining him; and in a short time, the known impossibility will wear away the impression of fancy, and her mind will naturally turn to its resemblance. If then your love is so fixed, that no other can possibly render you happy;—you will wait with patience, and not by wearisome persecution, receive an absolute refusal. She may even, in time, be brought to do some little violence to herself, and your subsequent behaviour may convert esteem into love."

Alfred started up, and taking the hand of his friend, thanked him for his advice, which was an assurance of success; and now more at ease, being reconciled to beginning the chase afresh, with less prospect of success, he consented to dine at Mrs. Knightly's, where Matilda, with pleasure, received him.

C H A P. XLIII.

Honesty, so seldom found,
Sometimes treads on humble ground.

SABINA received the letter of Lady Augusta by the post, and at the same time one from Lord Tynian. The former gave her some trouble, as relating to a subject she wished should be forgotten. But, in the respectful letter of Alfred she found some amusement, it being tenderly distant, without once mentioning his own interests. At the same time, he ventured to explain the reasons of his absurd and cruel behaviour, grounding his hopes of pardon on her generosity, and the knowledge she had of the machinations of Draper, entreating, that, as her cousin, he might be permitted to see her.

This she could not refuse ; adding, that so long as he wished not a nearer relationship as his mother's letter mentioned, she should be pleased to see him ; and that she forgave his former neglect, as it arose from circumstances she was willing to allow ;—though at the same time she could not, in her heart, acquit him of cruelty and rashness.

She endeavoured to banish Lently from her mind, since now he could be nothing more to her than a friend, and readily entered those parties provided for her amusement, which, in part, detached her thoughts to the objects they presented.

One day, attended by Mr. Bothel, the weather being fine, they took a boat to visit Greenwich, Sabina having never seen that building, which is
amongst

amongst the many that honour the country ; and whilst its inhabitants hold out the fatal effects of war, the mind is in some degree restored to its tone, by reflecting, that here a *few* of its victims are provided for.

"They were shewn into the wards by a grey-headed veteran, who wanted both an arm and a leg, and whose countenance had braved both storms and climate.

"You are well provided for here," said Mrs. Bothel—"And you seem to have a claim undeniable, which some, I see, don't appear to have."

"Why," said he, "may be there be some as have got it by friends ; but here's many an honest fellow, who has fought it yard-arm and yard-arm, without receiving a shot—but decayed in the works, and brought here into dock.—Why, now, there's a man, as brave a lad as ever walked—he's been in many a squall—yet, d'ye see, he's tight wind and limb, to look upon—but what with crazy weather, and jozzling in the shoals of life, he's brought down to a wreck, and's now dropping piecemeal."

"And pray what is his name," asked Mrs. Bothel, merely to keep up the question.

"His name," said the tar, pulling up his trousers with his remaining hand—'tis honest Tom Moxop."

"Moxop !" faintly repeated Sabina.—"Can it be the husband of Mrs. Moxop?"

"And who is she," inquired Mr. Bothel, astonished at the change in her countenance.

"I cannot now tell you," whispered she, whilst she leant upon his arm for support :—"But, if it is the same I mean, he was on board the same ship in which my father suffered."

Mr. Bothel, willing to satisfy her, though he had

had received positive intelligence of her father's death, desired their attendant to call his comrade, who had entered another ward.

"Suppose it is the same you mean," said he to Sabina—"Will not the repetition of what you already know, be a needless distress? You can have no hopes that your father has escaped by the same good fortune."

"No," answered she; "but if it is the same, his wife may be relieved from the belief of his death, and I shall be satisfied with the sight of one who was a witness of his fate."

"Indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Bothel, taking her by the hand, "the supposition of it has already so visibly affected you, that I must insist you will leave it to Mr. Bothel, to examine him apart, and give us the story at tea."

Sabina, however, anxious to know if she had guessed rightly, found, from the state of health to which she was reduced, that she could not support the inquiry herself; therefore, with Mrs. Bothel and Lucy, returned to the house of the person where they had dined.

Mr. Bothel, at liberty to ask what questions he pleased, which would not have been the case had Sabina been present, inquired at once of the sailor, if he had ever known a Mr. Trenton.

"Belike I did," said he, looking fixedly on Mr. Bothel.—"Be you a relation?"

"No," said Mr. Bothel; "but if it is the same, I am acquainted with his daughter, and wish to know if you were with her father when he was wrecked."

"Ads my life," cried he, taking a spring, and catching the hand of Mr. Bothel, "you cheer my heart as thof we had signals to chace;—many a cruize I've had to London to find out this girl

—but no, I could not—so I thought she had e'en foundered, like my poor Suke, and her little ones."

"You have then, I suppose, said Mr. Bothel, some message to deliver to Miss Trenton?"

"Two words to that," said he.—"May be I have.—I saw her father sink in the jolly boat, just as the ship and his riches went to the bottom—and so thinks I, what signifies toiling and broiling, through all weathers, when we must e'en sink at last, with all the cargo of chink—so I made the best of the way to Old England, which, after all, is the best in the world—and here you see me."

"But how came you entitled to this place?" asked Mr. Bothel, "unless you have served in a King's ship?"

"O, for matter of that," answered he, "I were seven years in one: Then lowering his voice, and whispering something about prize money, chancery, and two or three other words, which Mr. Bothel seemed to understand, by as many deep groans—he concluded—"and so, looke, here I be, whilst the deep ones loll upon down—but the worst of it is, poor Suke is either dead, or out of reckoning."

Mr. Bothel now first recollecting, that Sabina had whispered something concerning his wife, bid him trust in Providence for a better fortune than he yet had; and inquired if what he had to say to Miss Trenton was of such moment that it might not as well be delivered to him; especially if it were any advice from her father, which might shock her, in her present indisposition.

"You'll excuse me, please your honour," said Moxop; "but in this here matter, I have given my word; and as to shocking Miss, I would not
for

for the best ship that ever sailed : But, d'ye see, a man's word is his word."

"Very true," answered Bothel smiling.—
"But cannot I know it first.—You will still be at liberty to keep your word, and perhaps a little advice may not be amiss."

"You are Miss's guardian, may be," inquired he, and so have a right to know."

"No," returned Mr. Bothel; "I am only her friend—Lady Augusta Tynian is her guardian."

"Ads my life," said he, "that's right.—Now I know the soundings. That name was so confounded hard, that thof I had heard it again and again, I always forgot it, and so could never find out Madam Sabina."

Moxop being convinced that he had no reason to doubt the identity of the persons, took Mr. Bothel to his room, informing him, as they went, that Mr. Trenton, finding the ship must founder, and believing he might trust the honesty of this sailor, took himself a casket of jewels, and gave Moxop another, that in case either should escape, his daughter might not be without support.—Moxop had preserved his safe, and coming to England, made inquiries after Sabina without effect. The trifle he had received as wages was soon exhausted, and not being able to procure the payment of some prize-money, and believing his wife dead, he had applied for the hospital bounty, where he had been some months; having, amidst his distresses, inviolably preserved the trust reposed in him.

Mr. Bothel was in admiration at this discovery. He examined the jewels, which were in an old greasy bag, and leaving them with one who could so well take care of them, he returned to break the matter to Sabina.

Such an unexpected increase of fortune, in some degree, enlivened her spirits, and spread a smile upon her features; for no one could feel more acutely the evil of dependence. She now could indulge in any plan of seclusion, without the danger of a Mrs. Blandal to destroy her time, or a Lently to steal into her heart. She could divide her time between the family of the Bothels, whose kindness retained her affections, and some country retirement.—Thus again hope dawned upon the darkness that enveloped her fortune.

Alfred was not admitted to any of her new forming schemes. She pitied, indeed, the lingering passion he professed still to have for her; but had her heart been disengaged, it would have had no small reluctance to overcome, in consenting to take a man, who, when under an absolute engagement to marry, could fly off on a groundless fit of jealousy, and never even take the trouble of inquiring if she was really guilty; with such a man, could she then have expected happiness—how much less now, when she had contrasted him with Lently.

This increase of fortune would take away the danger of being again obliged to Lady Augusta; and when Alfred should be married, or cease to think of her, she might again become a visitant at the Castle.

All these thoughts and reflexions arose whilst Mr. Bothel related the history of Moxop, who came in before he had finished; and when he delivered the greasy bag into Sabina's hand, he put the other to his eye (which he said was a little misty), at the remembrance of Mr. Trenton's fate, and the dejected countenance of his daughter.

"Heaven defend us," cried the tar.—"I don't know

know what's the matter with me ; I never felt so squeamish in a voyage through Biscay."

"A glass of brandy," said Mr. Bothel, "is a very good thing."

The company being a little composed, Sabina, on a hint from Mr. Bothel, related her adventure with the beggar, and the kind action of Lently.

"May he never put out to sea in foul weather, for towing Suke into mooring:—Splice my clew-lines, but this be the first *flatch** I had this many a day."

"I suppose you intend going down and settling with your wife, since you have so much affection for her," said Mr. Bothel.

"Howsoever, when the money's wanting," answered Moxop, "one might as well think of sailing without ballast: I should have been the happiest man in England, if ———; but what argues fretting.—we must haul up to the wind, and stand away before it, through the straits of life—as Dick Blunt used to say. But for all that, when one thinks, why it is not so well to be robbed by our *friends*, after fighting to take it from the enemy."

The glass of brandy, and the joy at finding Suke alive, had rendered him talkative; and being asked how much the prize-money was he had lost, he informed them it was 300l.

"If three hundred pounds," said Sabina, brightening, "will make you the happiest man in England, you shall be so in a very short time."

The honest tar was too much affected to thank her.—He started up, then sat down; but finding his seat uneasy, he hastened out of the room, to enjoy himself unrestrained.

In

* An interval of fair weather, after a run of foul.

In the evening, having given Moxop a direction and invitation to town, they returned full of the unexpected good fortune of Sabina, and the honesty of a man, whose situation might have tempted him to betray a trust, where fear of detection could have had no influence.

On the morrow, Mr. Bothel took the jewels to a famous descendant of Abraham, who, after some examination, agreed to pay six thousand pounds; but, on Mr. Bothel's hinting that he should take them to some other, as he was certain they were far more valuable, the disciple of Moses, swore by his gods they were not worth so much as he had already offered; but having a call for such at Amsterdam, he would advance five hundred pounds more.

With this Mr. Bothel agreed, and the same afternoon, the six thousand pounds was vested in the consols, in Sabina's name—the other being reserved, part for Mr. Moxop, and the rest to defray the expences she should be at, 'till she could finally settle.

To Mrs. Knightly and Lady Augusta she wrote an account of this unexpected addition to her fortune; at the same time softening to the latter the refusal of her son, which she yet did in terms unequivocal; a matter of no little surprise to that lady, who could not conceive it possible Alfred should be earnestly refused, even though she knew of Sabina's attachment to Lently; for in her fancy, no Lently could possibly be equal to her son.

That gentleman departed early from Mrs. Knightly's; and not daring to appear 'till he should have softened her resentment, and inspired her with pity in his favour, by his respectful distance, he returned with Diemburk to the Castle, from whence

whence he prevailed on his mother to send a pressing invitation to Sabina, which he dictated.

This he did by the advice of Diemburk; who readily perceived, that could she be prevailed on to come down to the Castle, very little would be to be feared: But Sabina, aware of the presumption such a step would afford, excused herself under pretence of being engaged to the Bothels, where the pleasure of Lucy's friendship indeed held her.

Often, however, did her thoughts wander to Mrs. Knightly's; not in surmises of what was now passing there, but in recollecting what had been.—She tried to consider Lently no more to her now than another, and to lay down, with fortitude, that right she had only assumed in the absence of its proper object. Yet, which ever way she endeavoured to reason herself from this bias of thinking, whole hours were spent in its indulgence, and much time in regretting the weakness.

To a man of Lently's delicacy, his situation was very painful. He was unable to continue his professions to Sabina, neither could he make proposals to Matilda. The sight, the company of this charming maid, renewed every former impression, and shewed him how much he had to regret; for he shuddered at the thought of wounding so undeservedly the gentle and equally deserving Sabina.

He found, that to remain in the simple character of a friend, when every instant sentiments of love were starting from him—when every look and action betrayed the inefficacy of disguise, was a task too great, and a cruel tantalizing of feelings; he withdrew to his estate: And so evenly did he preserve the balance between them, that the

the letters he wrote, and which were but accounts of health, and general inquiries, were exact copies of each other, with the single distinction of name.

Thus he preserved the line which honour had drawn, though the first object of his love was undoubtedly preferred.

CHAP. XLIV.

The unusual effects of a journey to France.

THUS rested affairs for some weeks, without any variation, except that our Heroine began to recover her health, to think less of Lently, and to reconcile herself to the habits of a single state.

Sophia Bothel, tired already of the dullness of a convent, and hoping that her indiscretion might now be overlooked, was, upon her return to England, with much less self-confidence than she had taken with her; so contrary to the common effects had been the air of France.

The distance which Lord Tynian was necessitated to assume, was contrary to the ardour of his wishes; and it was with the utmost difficulty Diemburk hitherto had restrained him from driving up to town, to press Sabina to receive him once more: Yet, when those fits of impatience subsided,

sided, he saw clearly that was the certain way to be peremptorily refused.

He expected that Lently would immediately have been married to Matilda, and thus even the possibility of Sabina's hopes would be checked;—but so *foolish* was Lently in his eyes, that he threw away the advantages he had; and because two were ready at his choice, he would accept of neither.

Alfred, seeing no probability of the end of this delicate embarrassment, conceived it wisest to accept the privilege Sabina had allowed him, and, if possible, in some soft moment, when he might gain something in his favour; for that delicacy which had determined him before not to accept her, could she even, in thought, prefer another, now, from a more extensive knowledge of the world, condemned as a chimera; believing, that could he once call Sabina his wife, her affections would soon follow, as he knew the goodness of her heart. Thus weakly he argued; and from thence concluded, which with him was instantly to execute; and the following day he was on the road to London.

He had not courage to call at Mr. Bothel's the first day of his arrival; and not being in a humour to be pleased with the company of his own thoughts, he went in the evening to the play.

It happened this was one of Mrs. Bothel's holidays, and being neither a benefit night, nor that of a new play (for both Sabina and Lucy remembered the fright they formerly had), they consented to go, and were soon enough to take nearly a front seat.

The filling of the house was some amusement; and being attracted by a variety of characters, Sabina did not notice the entrance of Alfred into one

of the boxes ; nor could he see her at first, she being in the gallery.

It was in the middle of the first act that she perceived him ; but he was so altered, by the chagrin he had suffered from his own indiscretions, that for some time she remained in doubt ; but a whisper from Lucy, who was entirely his friend, assured her it was him.

“ See,” said she, “ the paleness of his countenance ; he sits there without attention ; and whilst his eyes are turned upon the performers, it is plain his thoughts are on somebody else.”

“ Peace, my dear,” said Sabina, with a heavy sigh.—“ You must not speak thus ; and if he really is so attached to me, I am sorry for his sake.”

“ And so am I,” said the tender Lucy.—“ I pity him. It would grieve me to the heart, to give him any uneasiness.”

Sabina could not bear this, which she knew was natural from her friend, who was softness itself, and was glad a brisk air released her from pursuing the conversation. She strove to turn her eyes to the other side of the house—but the pale looks of Alfred (who sat leaning his head upon his hand, seemingly abstracted in thought), drew them back, and impressed with the certainty of his being in town, of his hovering round her unseen without daring to appear, spoke more forcibly in his favour than all the eloquence he could have used.

The same observation did not escape Lucy.—“ Can you doubt,” said she, “ his regard for you, when you see how he punishes himself by a voluntary absence, that he may take a peep in secret, at the divinity of his adoration. Ah ! my dear friend—is he not noble—is he not handsome

—is

—is he not rich—and above all, see how he loves you. What can be your objection?”

“Lucy, my love,” said Sabina.—“Can you, Lucy, ask the question.—“Have you to learn, that love is always attached to a nameless charm—a something invisible, but to the lover; and this charm Alfred wants, in my opinion.”

“I own it,” replied Lucy; “but still, my dear, to be loved is soothing to the soul of a woman.”

“Hush, hush, I beg of you,” said Sabina.—“Had Alfred seen you lately, or were you less my friend, I should suspect —.”

“Suspect what?” said Lucy.—“That I am in his Lordship’s interests. I am indeed so warmly his friend, that I wish his happiness to be drawn from the woman I love best in the world, next to my mother.”

Little did Alfred think he had so powerful a friend in Lucy; but that young lady, already disappointed, felt, with acuteness, the sufferings of others.—She saw, that whilst Sabina delayed to marry, Lently would make no advancements to Matilda. She saw that Alfred was a man whom few could equal, notwithstanding the many faults in his character, and she fancied it would promote the happiness of her friend; could she break off a passion, which had reduced her to the first symptoms of a decline; and in its place, substitute a husband, who would use her with honour and tenderness.

Yet she perceived, that should she finally accomplish her scheme; it would be no easy task; and alone the work of time, and a conviction of the reform of Alfred, as in clearing up his intended marriage, he had been obliged to touch upon his follies at Paris, though they were (as he dis-

tandy

tantly hinted) only to be attributed to his distraction at her supposed inconstancy.

Alfred found not the amusement he sought; he would have left the house; but every place being alike unentertaining, he sat still, leaning against the pillar, seemingly so lost in himself, that the rest of the company, to whom he was a stranger, could not but observe his behaviour; and a young lady, who sat next him, softly inquired if he was ill?

This question called him a little to himself; and thanking his kind inquirer, accepted some fruit, which the company were partaking, it being between the acts.

"They are both handsome enough," said one of the gentlemen; "but in my opinion, she in the blue bonnet is the fairest."

"That I grant," answered the other: "But that's a false colour, and merely the effect of sickness."

This was part of the dialogue of two gentlemen, who sat with their opera glasses in the front of the box, to criticise female beauty. Alfred heard their discourse, and turning his eye towards the gallery, for the first time observed Sabina.

He started up, and bowing, left the box with intention to go instantly to her; but then again he feared to flurry her, by so abrupt an appearance, and contented himself with the pleasure of being near her, and observing her unseen.

Sabina had seen his departure, and began to fear his intention of joining them, which she was pleased he did not, and being tired and a little flurried, with having seen him for the first time since their unaccountable separation, she desired to return when the play was over.

Lord Tynian wished to attend them to the coach.

coach.—He advanced to do so; but his resolution failed; and he endeavoured to escape without being seen, but Lucy had observed him, and was hastening to call him, when Sabina checked her, begging she would not for the world.

Lucy, who saw it would really distress her, took no further notice, though she wondered at the apparent timidity of Alfred, so contrary to his natural temper, and (for females know the motives of a man's actions, by the time he has himself arranged them) she began to suspect, that he had some design in this distance, which, with Sabina, might have more effect than words.

They were not long before they retired to bed, and for hours after Lucy ceased not discoursing on their unexpected meeting.—The thoughts of Sabina involuntarily turned from Lently to Alfred, from Alfred to Lently, and prevented her sleeping. She was convinced that Lord Tynian sincerely loved her, and that his mother now wished her for a daughter; but her heart was torn by a pang of agony at the thought of Lently, and she felt too forcibly the violence she must put upon herself, if she accepted him.

Nor did she think it consistent even with her duty to Alfred, as a relation—as a person who had her happiness at heart, to injure him, by giving her hand, and not her affections.

The next day Alfred, after many arguments, and an enumeration in his own mind of his good and irresistible qualities, ventured to Mr. Bothel's, and found Sabina and Lucy alone in the sitting room; the latter arose at his entrance, to depart, but was checked by her friend; nor was Alfred himself sorry at her remaining; for he found how impossible it was, that he should say all he had intended, though that related not to his sufferings,
but

but to his repentance, and grief at his hasty behaviour.

The discourse turned chiefly on Lady Augusta, and Sabina's ill health, which he artfully endeavoured to take notice of as a reason, why she should go down to the Castle, where she would be much more likely to recover her spirits, than in the fogs and darkness of London.

"I am in the same mind," said Lucy.—"I am convinced, to breathe the clear air of the mountains, would much relieve her; but you yourself, my Lord, I think are not quite well?"

Alfred looked at Sabina.—He was going to say, that her company alone could restore him, but something he saw in her face checked him, and he remained silent.

He wished to have inquired after Mrs. Knightly, but the fear of seeing her smile at the name of Lently, banished the thought; and after remaining near an hour, he took leave, gladly catching at the invitation Sabina could not but give him, to call whilst she remained in town.

The whole family of the Bothels were in his interests, as well from the kindness he had shewn their daughter Sophia, as pity for his visible dejection, and a conviction that no offer, every way so eligible, could be made to Miss Trenton, to whom, that they might not offend, little more was said, than praise of his person and talents, and warm entreaties to him, that he would often honour them with his company.

Thus once more Alfred became the attendant of Sabina—the companion of her hours, but slowly, even in his opinion, did his hopes advance, if indeed there was any progress; as the most distant hint of what was visible to every one, and to none

none more than Sabina, called a cloud over her brow, and his sentiments died away into silence.

The return of Sophia, who was much altered for the better, having bartered much pride for humility, added some liveliness to their society, which it otherwise wanted; for though Alfred was naturally gay, the constant coldness of her, he more than ever admired, wholly dispirited him, and a smile was seldom discernible. Indeed, he was more fit to receive amusement than give it.

The notice he took of Sophia at her second entrance into the world, silenced the whispers, which began to flutter at her expence; and when it was known that Lord Tynian was her partner, her *friends* hastened to inquire if France was an agreeable country, and to rejoice that she once more favoured London with her presence.

Sophia could easily penetrate to the motives of their *goodness*, and smiled to herself, though conscious that her imprudence merited reprehension, she was not perfectly at ease.

She saw the quietness and plenty which dwelt in the house of Mr. Turner—the amity between him and his wife; and a tear of regret was on the point of starting, but checked by the futility of grieving—she determined, should any offer nearly equal be made, not to sacrifice to pride to which she had no pretensions.

It was known that her independent fortune had been the incentive of the fictitious Colonel; and as she was really a handsome girl, she was not long without admirers; out of which number she selected one, as nearly resembling Mr. Turner as she could, and in about two months after her return to England, she again left the house of her father, not to be a Colonel's lady, but Mr. Bayton's wife; and in place of driving a chariot, re-tailed

tailed gloves in Cheapside ; and I doubt not, with more satisfaction than would have attended her, could she have shone in the sphere to which her ambition once aspired.

The familiarity which Alfred, by degrees, assumed, again revived his hopes.—He was permitted to recount their discourses at the Castle ; he even sighed in her ear the expectations he had once formed, but this was under pain of a gentle remonstrance, which pleased whilst it grieved him.

“ Cousin,” said Sabina, “ I am willing to allow you love me. I forgive you every thing you have done ; but you know my situation ; and however I may commiserate, I can only esteem you.”

Alfred dared not to urge her further, lest he should incur her displeasure ; his friend Diemburk had been obliged to depart, on a few days notice, to the Continent ; but content to see, to hear her, and to be in her company, he might be said to live wholly at the Bothels.

Sabina, grieved at his persisting to hope, judging from herself what he suffered : but Lently—there was the wound ; and whilst his name caused a flutter in her bosom, she could not give her hand to another.

She knew that he continued single ; and whilst it pleased her, she was, for his sake, sorry, and with as much courage as she could assume, wrote to him that he would not affect ceremony with her ; that knowing, as she did, the pre-engagement of his heart, his attachment to her must be superseded, and that, instead of giving her pleasure, by thus, for her sake, remaining single, it severely hurt her, to know that now only herself was the bar to many flattering expectations, she knew he had formed to realize with Matilda ; and that,

that, if he still was willing to call her friend, he would hasten to fulfil engagements so every way proper, and which it was only justice to perform.

Some little heroism was necessary to the completion of a letter, which could ill be said to speak the language of her heart, since almost every line drew from her a tear, and twice she laid it by unfinished.

Lently considered this letter as a further testimony of her worth.—He knew that Alfred was constantly at Mr. Bothel's; he knew likewise that he was unsuccessful, and to him he attributed it.—It was his place, as a man, to make advancements to one or the other, but he could do so to neither with justice; and could he have restored peace to both by marrying a third, he would willingly have sacrificed himself. He therefore thanked Sabina for her goodness, concluding—"Knowing, my charming friend, your kind disposition, can I think of wounding you by preferring another. I remember well the confidence you reposed in me; I grieve that it should have been so fatal; and can I, who have treacherously betrayed you to my own feelings, add any thing to what must be already too great. I will follow your example—a little time will perhaps restore us to friendship."

Sabina saw, from this letter, that it depended on her to give Lently again to the woman he loved; but how hard were the terms.—So hard indeed, that yet she could not perform more than she had done.

Great indeed was her repugnance—or the imploring eye of Alfred, the solicitation of Lucy, who daily spoke in his favour, and above all, the situation of Lently and Matilda, would have fixed her decision; but it was a task of no easy performance;

formance, to transfer affections so worthily placed, to one, who, having once possessed them, cruelly slighted them with a behaviour bordering on contempt.

She received letters from Lady Augusta, who, having learnt from her son the little progress he had made, failed not to second his wishes, it being now the first desire of her heart to see him married to Sabina, whom, in the stile of her letters, she affectionately called her daughter; and to declare, that she saw no person in England so fit to transmit the honours of a house to which she was already allied, and whom she so much resembled, in her virtuous behaviour. The letters always concluded with an invitation to Tynian Castle; and an account of the declining health of her ladyship.

Lucy, who was her confident and friend, constantly seconded this invitation, and Alfred was at length transported, by her consent to go down in the spring.

"My charming cousin," cried he, "shall we again visit the enchanted grove—shall we again enter the temple—will you again bless the Castle with your presence? Ah! why will you not make it your own—why not, with the generosity I know is your nature, be mine?"

The ardour of his expression gave her some confusion.—Her friend whispered in her ear—
"Can you refuse him? cruel girl."

"Alfred," replied Sabina, without noticing Lucy, "are you not yourself cruel, in asking what is not at present in my power to give."

"It will then sometime hence," cried he, catching at the word *present*.—"You allow me to hope; you inspire me with life.—I will wait then
 —I will

—I will convince you of my sincerity, by attending your will.”

Our Heroine attempted not to check hopes so strongly received. She endeavoured to change the discourse; and beginning to think that Alfred must, after all, be her husband, she tried wholly to banish the remembrance of Lently; as a first step to which, she wrote, desiring, that for a time their correspondence might end; and packing up all the little things he had given her, sent them to Matilda, retaining only a small locket, which was placed at the bottom of her trunk, that it might seldom be seen.

C H A P. XLV.

’Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the soul to love.

DAYDEN.

AT the end of six weeks, their departure for Tynian Castle was to take place, in which party Lucy was included, Sabina being unwilling to go alone; but before the lapse of a fortnight, a letter from Mr. Munday, with advice that Lady Augusta was alarmingly indisposed, required the immediate attendance of Alfred.

So often had accident intervened to deprive him of Sabina, that to depart without her, seemed to be taking a final farewell; and fearing to be denied himself, he entreated Lucy to prevail on her to set out the next day, as perhaps his mother might not live

live to see her, if she waited 'till the time appointed.

Once resolved on a subject, the difference of time made little alteration with Sabina; and whilst she saw who made the proposal, she had few objections; and the next day was fixed to return to a place where had originated many of the accidents she had suffered, and to which she could not but look with satisfaction.

Her ready acquiescence Alfred considered as a surety of success; and though he was grieved at the illness of his mother, he could not conceal the pleasure which enlivened him, and was scarcely an hour absent, but at night, 'till they were upon the road.

How different were the reflections of Sabina, whilst every mile brought her nearer the Castle, from those with which she had set out. She had now tasted of life; but bitter had been the cup; and she sighed at the reflection that no permanent happiness could exist.—At times, her heart misgave her, and she almost feared to meet Lady Augusta; but the expressions of friendship in her letters, the tender terms in which she wrote, spoke a renewal of the same kindness she had so much delighted in, and again her own dignity, or rather pride, composed her.

Alfred had dispatched his servant Thomas from the town where they slept, with orders that his cousin's rooms should be aired, no one having occupied them since her departure.

Mr. Munday was present when he arrived, Lady Augusta being too ill to be left alone; but being cheered by the account of her son's being on the road, and the pleasure she expected in the company and attendance of Sabina, she desired he would,

would, in her place, hasten to meet them, and bring them forward to the Castle.

This commission Mr. Munday readily undertook ; the sufferings of Sabina having interested him in her favour ; and when the whole country rung with accounts of her deviation from rectitude, he alone opposed it, from disbelief, and Lady Augusta from pride.

His presence gave pleasure to our Heroine, perhaps because there was some similarity between him and Lently, which yet she did not own to herself. She readily made the same observation, giving, on comparison, the preference to Mr. Munday, who was a man of few exceptions, such as is seldom found.—No prospects of ambition destroyed his repose ; he slumbered on the quiet of a mind unruffled by vice, and ever open to the calls of sorrow ; but we have before given his character, which shall not again be drawn, though its excellence might warrant the tautology.

His kind enquiries shortened the distance ; and Sabina found herself opposite the gates of the Castle, before she expected. She cast her eye towards the mouldering battlements, and the arms, which were placed over the gate, for which time paid not the deserved respect, having eaten away great part of the crest, and the half of a dagger.—The observation brought her ladyship to her remembrance with a smile, and giving her hand to Mr. Munday, was led into the sick room.

She was received with a languid smile by Lady Augusta, who faintly thanked her for this mark of attention ; “ but for any thing more, my love,” said she, “ I must refer you to Alfred.”

Sabina did *not* blush, but she looked a little foolish, whilst satisfaction beamed in the eyes of Alfred, as he turned them upon her.

“ This

"This is well," said Mr. Munday, in a whisper to him loud enough to be heard.—"Your noble family will yet descend uncontaminated."

"I beg," said Sabina, laying her hand upon his arm.

"And I grant," he replied, "what is your request, fair maid, even to the half of Lord Tynian's estate, and it shall be thine."

In spite of Sabina's attempt to look serious, an inclination to smile was observable on her upper lip; but Lucy, fearing she might be displeased, turned the conversation; and as soon as she found opportunity, led her away to visit the tower, of which she had heard so much.

Something like pleasure again agitated the bosom of Sabina.—When she entered her apartments, she sat down on a chair; she gazed in silence upon the garden from the window; she remembered her father; she remembered past scenes, and sighed. Lucy failed not to praise the delightful situation, the beauty of the country, and the happiness she might enjoy with her cousin, whom disappointment had rendered less arrogant, and repeated checks less impetuous.

Sabina allowed her liberty to say any thing in his favour, without reply; and in truth the absence of one lover, and the presence of the other, had nearly shaken her yet wavering resolution, and she feared to resolve where retraction was irretrievable.

With Lucy she visited her acquaintance in the village, and renewed the bounty her absence had so long withheld. The peasants had learnt from the servants the expectations of Alfred, and already looked upon her as their future lady. To a heart so benevolent, their prayers and good wishes could not but be grateful, and reconciled Sabina

to the thoughts of living where her existence would be valued.

This excursion was the afternoon's employ, and in the evening she returned to the bed-side of her friend, who nearly exhausted herself by questions on the various accidents she had met with; and, at a late hour, suffered her to depart, where she might, in mind, act over again the occurrences of the day.

Difficult and impossible as she had so lately thought it, to feel any degree of tenderness for Alfred, his respectful and altered behaviour made a deep impression in his favour, to which were added, the praises of Lucy, and the wishes of his mother. She saw herself called upon to act, she would fain have believed against her inclination, and giving way to many advantages she could no otherwise hope for, she settled in her mind no longer to oppose what seemed to be fixed by fate.

If she did not feel for Alfred all the ardour of the passion Lently had inspired her with, she yet felt what was sufficient to render the marriage state agreeable.—She was sure of his affections, which was an advantage that compensated for many wants, and perhaps the calm pleasure she expected was a more desirable sentiment for true content, than that enthusiasm of love, which seldom meets its desires, and which, by expecting too much, destroys its own existence.

Having thus settled how she should act, she closed her eyes in peace, looking forward through life on a prospect, where she should find no turbulence of passion, but an even progress of duty and esteem.

She arose in the morning refreshed, and awaking Lucy, they rambled out, before the sun had exhaled

exhaled the dew, which glittered on the herbs and flowers, in all the colours of the rainbow.

"Let us go," said Lucy, "to the lane where you were first surprised by Lord Tynian, perhaps we shall surprise him there in our turn, and so end as we began."

Sabina smiled; and her heart being now more at ease, whilst she drew on her glove, as they stopped at the garden gate.—"Why," said she, "should you wish me to remind him of his follies; rather let us go the temple, where he first dared to breathe his vows; and who knows but Lucy may also receive her adoration."

Lucy was surprised at this folly, so different from the common expressions of her friend.—She had no longer a doubt of her intention to accept Alfred; and any place being alike to her, they passed along to the temple.—Every turning of the walks brought afresh some former thought to Sabina; as arm in arm they approached the enchanted grove, and not expecting any one to be there so early, opened the door, and went into the temple without ceremony.

Mr. Munday was engaged with a book, which he laid down at their entrance, advancing to pay them the compliments of the morning—and reminding Sabina that he saw she had not yet repented the consequences of early walking, though she had so severely felt its effects.

"We came not, my good Sir," returned Sabina, "for advice; we came to exact the dues of the place; and this is the divinity to whom you must pay them."

Lucy deeply blushed at the pleasantry of her friend. Mr. Munday was advancing with a smile to make some compliment to her beauty; but their eyes met, and in some unintelligible language,

guage, he read enough to with-hold him. He stopped short, and gazing a moment, could only pronounce his sorrow at being ignorant of the rules of admiffion, by which he feared he had offended.

The language of repartee was not the fort of any of them, and somehow Lucy found all her high fpirits gone in an instant; and during a walk, which they took round the garden, her fhare of the converfation was confined to replies.

Sabina eafily perceived the alteration, and as eafily penetrated to its caufe, which gave her no little pleafure; well knowing that the character of Mr. Munday was fo exactly confonant to the difpofitions of Lucy, that with him, if that was poffible, fhe might expect to be happy, and the marriage of her friend would countenance her own.

She obferved, with pleafure, during their walk, that Mr. Munday paid particular attention to Lucy, whilft his opinions were advanced with that diffidence, which is infpired by fear of offence.—She faw too that Lucy was not perfectly free; and that fhe might not deftroy this firft impreffion, contrived to lengthen their walk, 'till Alfred, impatient at their abfence, came out to meet them.

After breakfast, Lady Augufta defired Sabina would ftay with her, as fhe wifhed to mention to her an affair of importance.—What that was, Sabina could eafily guefs; but having brought her mind to a determination of overcoming any little difinclination fhe might have, fhe was above the trifling airs of coquetry, or the formality of prudery.

Alfred heard his mother's request.—He leant forward to Sabina, and, with a look, where hope and doubt was mingled, he faid, in a low voice

VOL. II.

O

—“ Deareft

—“ Dearest Miss Trenton, on you depends all my future bliss.—It is you who can make this Castle a palace—it is you who alone can make life worthy the possession. If I have any merit in your eyes—if I am not altogether worthless, I entreat—I conjure you, surmount—I would say, overlook some follies which you can reform—and let this day be the happiest of my life.”

He would have said more, but he saw her confusion, and the smiles of Mr. Munday, who was whispering to Lucy. He hurried out of the room, and much to the satisfaction of Mr. Munday, preferred a solitary walk, where he might enjoy the sensations felt by a criminal, whilst the jury are retired to resolve on his sentence.

“ I think,” said Lady Augusta, in a voice softened by sickness, “ I may use freedom with my young friend.—You know, my love—how our family has been, for generations, the envy and admiration of mankind ; and I am proud to think, more from the high line of virtue they have pursued, than even the honorary distinctions they may justly boast.

“ It must be my apology to you then, that it was no light matter the choice of one fitted to convey to ages unborn this name undivided, undiminished ; and it must also be an additional proof that it was not yourself which I rejected, when that rejection was made under the supposition of your extensive fortune.

“ I wished to find a woman deserving of my son.—The event has proved, that you are worthy of that high distinction, though not descended nobly on the father’s side. I believe I am not long for this world, and I earnestly wish to see my son settled before I depart. It rests, then, with you, Sabina, to gratify that wish, and to close my eyes with

with the peaceful reflection, that the name of Tynian has suffered no degradation."

"I hope, I earnestly wish," said Sabina, affected by the mournful voice of Lady Augusta, "that you will yet enjoy many years the presence of your son.—The undeservedly good opinion you have of me, dear Madam, requires my acknowledgment.—But how can I, with readiness, undertake to perform the duties attached to so weighty a concern, as supporting the dignity of the House of Tynian.—Unaccustomed as I have been to the parade of grandeur, I should sink under its incumbrance—I should wish to become again the poor and humble Sabina."

"Give me your hand," said Lady Augusta—"just so would I have my daughter think. I would not have her mingle with the new creation, whose ancestors were some of them tradesmen, and some of them nobody knows what. Live as I have done, in the dignification of retirement.—Here you will be attended as a princess—you will have vassals in dependence; but if you enter the circle of the present day, you will be lost, in the blazing of a tallow chandler's daughter, or a Lord from the Ganges or the Shannon."

Sabina admired the emphasis with which Lady Augusta aspersed all whose forefathers could not be traced, from generation to generation.

"For upwards of two hundred years," said Lady Augusta, "it has been a custom, which I hope will descend unchanged to the end of ages, that the lady who married the heir of Tynian should be wedded in those jewels which you will find in my cabinet in the first drawer—they are your's now by right; and should I die before the nuptials are performed, all my other jewels will devolve to you. That part of the estate, which is

mine, I shall this day bequeath to you.—There is the key of my cabinet. I shall leave it to you to fix the day of your marriage; and now, my daughter, let me salute her who is to fill my place in the House of Tynian.”

It was observable that Lady Augusta had never once supposed any objection could be made to the vast honour her alliance would bestow. She had not so much as used the formality of asking Sabina's consent, who, as she intended to give it, could not of herself raise any difficulties, where there were no objections, and with a smile bent forward to kiss the cheek of her friend.

Thus quickly was concluded what had given much distress and much trouble in its progress;—and after many variations of expectation, Alfred at last was to be the man—not indeed after Sabina's own heart, but such as might take off some of the evils of life, and banish the remembrance of a more tender passion.

She retired, after some little discourse, to her chamber, where she found Lucy, who had disengaged herself from Mr. Munday, and waited her arrival. Sabina had exerted herself; and now considering she had proceeded beyond the possibility of retraction, she threw herself upon the neck of her friend, whilst a silent tear stole down her cheek.

“Why should you grieve, my love,” said Lucy, “at becoming mistress of so many possessions.—I know well what you must have endured; but like me, I hope, you will soon acknowledge it is—is for the best.”

Whilst the two friends discoursed, Alfred, who had watched the opening of his mother's room door, no sooner saw Sabina withdraw, than he hastened

hastened, with almost breathless expectation, to enquire what he had to expect.

“ Well, my dear mother,” said he, sitting down on the side of the bed, “ have you opened to Sabina the wishes of my heart—have you told her that I shall die, if she does not accept me—have you represented, that nothing in life is dearer to me than her love—and that, were she the poorest wanderer on the surface of the earth, I would take her with more pleasure than from the foot of a throne.”

“ Alfred,” replied his mother, “ this vehemence is exceedingly distressing.—Where was the occasion of running into flights like these ?”

“ Then you did not represent to her the ardour of my love ?” said Alfred.

“ It would ill have become me so to do,” answered Lady Augusta.—“ That is your place to perform ; but when you speak in a rhapsody, like what you have now, can you think she will attend, or give credit to it ?”

“ I am to blame,” said Alfred, straggling to keep down his impatience.—“ But may I enquire—has Sabina agreed to be mine.—Did she tell you she would accept me—did she give her consent ?”

“ Could I ask it ?” replied his mother.—“ I would not have put her modesty to such a trial.”

“ Merciful Heaven !” cried Alfred, starting up. Did she not stay with you for the purpose. Am I still to suffer the torture of doubt.”

“ My son,” said Lady Augusta, “ how comes it, that so unlike the mild steady manners of your father, whose every action was noble, you suffer yourself to be led away by every impulse of passion ; and whilst you are exclaiming against your fortune, ’tis yourself alone you have to blame.”

“As your mother, hear me in silence. I own I did wonder, considering the illustrious eminence of our house, that Miss Trenton should hesitate a moment on our offers; but as she has witnessed your violence, her good sense must give her reason to apprehend the time might arrive, when she should be the subject of it.

“My son, women are of the nature of angels: Force cannot bend us; we cannot be tempted to concession, but by gentleness; and though you are my son, I would discard you, and banish you my remembrance, if I believed you would at any period to come, distress, by your violence, the gentle bosom of Sabina.

“See, at this moment, the folly of your behaviour.—What all your impetuosity could not execute, two or three words of kindness has done.—Sabina will be your wife. She has not indeed by words consented; it were a needless degradation; but she will be your’s.

Lady Augusta ceased to speak, whilst Alfred, execrating in his own mind his impatience, felt himself so affected by joy, that it was some time before he could articulate a syllable. He then made his mother repeat over their dialogue; and that he might not again incur the epithet of rash, he hastened to his room, to delight his fancy with certainty, and lay down a plan for his conduct.

C H A P. XLVI.

Happy the man, whom fancy hath impress,
 Through life's sad paths, with hope's inspiring ray:
 That ere he sinks into eternal rest,
 Some calm retreat shall all his toils repay.
 There unregretting at a life mis-spent,
 His heart expands at friendship's pleasing wiles:
 He knows no vices, that he should repent,
 But loosed from earth, he soars to heaven with smiles.

THE health of Lady Augusta began visibly to amend already: For much being the effects of constant anxiety, the removal of the cause quieted her mind, and allowed room for recovery.

Alfred, the same afternoon, when with Sabina and Lucy, in the sitting room, ventured to mention the hopes his mother had given him, and to entreat that she would fix on an early day, for the commencement of his happiness.—"Tomorrow fortnight," said he, "is my birth-day; you will, a second time in my life, make it a day to be remembered with pleasure."

"I would willingly," replied Sabina, "wait till your mother shall be sufficiently recovered, to witness our marriage."

"That," said Alfred, "she may in a day or two. The ceremony may be performed in her chamber; but if my lovely girl wishes to see my mother quickly recover, she will bestow on me her hand, which I am satisfied will be more efficacious than all Mr. Munday's prescriptions. Come, my charming friend, entreat my lovely girl for me."

"If I thought," replied Lucy, "that my intercession

tercession would avail, it should not be wanting ; and I think, if no just reason can be given, your birth-day should be fixed on in preference to any other."

" I have a just reason," said Sabina ; " and if you, Alfred, will allow Lucy to be umpire, I will whisper it to her."

" I agree," replied Alfred, charmed with the sweet confusion of her expressive countenance.

Sabina leant upon the shoulder of Lucy.—

" When," said she, whispering, " my friend will accompany Mr. Munday to the altar, that day I agree to marry Alfred."

A deep blush overspread the face of Lucy, and her embarrassment was too great for reply.

" Well," said Alfred, " what am I to expect ? —Am not I also to know the reason ?"

" Shall I tell him," said Sabina, looking expressively on the blushing Lucy, or will you, my friend ?"

" Not for the world," cried Lucy.—" Pray—dear Sabina."

" To which am I to look," said Alfred.—

" Does it rest with Sabina, or Lucy ?"

At this moment the door was opened by Mr. Munday.—" You are come in the moment you were most wanted," said Alfred.—" We have a little difficulty in a point of ceremony to adjust, and you, Sir, shall be my second. Now, Madam, (turning to Lucy,) it is but fair that my counsel also should have an opportunity of arguing the case."

" Shall I leave you together ?" said Sabina ;—

" and I doubt not but my reasons will prevail."

" Cruel," whispered Lucy, concealing the blushes of her cheeks in the bosom of her friend.

—" Spare me, I entreat you."

" In

"In a case like this," said Mr. Munday, "I think we should allow the ladies time to deliberate; and I propose that the court be adjourned till the evening. In the mean time, my Lord, I shall store myself with weighty precedents in your favour, and plead as if the case was my own."

As he pronounced the last part of his sentence, he fixed his eyes upon Lucy; but reading an expression of more meaning than words can convey, he rose up, and taking Alfred by the arm, they retired.

"You are a very happy fellow," said Alfred, "who had heard, without taking notice of the whispers of Sabina."

"Why so?" asked Mr. Munday; "I might more justly retort the compliment on a man at the eve of marriage with so fine a woman."

"I know not," replied Alfred, "whether honour should allow me to open the secrets of the fair; but what do you think of Lucy Bothel?"

"I think," replied he, "that she is a charming girl; that she is preferable to any woman I know, excepting Miss Trenton; and that he whom she chuses for a husband will be a happy man."

"And suppose the choice should fall upon yourself," said Alfred.—"Would you love her and cherish her 'till death did you part?"

Mr. Munday desired he would be serious, and tell him if he thought he would have any chance of success, which drew from Alfred the whole he had heard.—"And thus," said he, "you see that on your success with Lucy, mine with Sabina depends."

Mr. Munday rejoiced at this confirmation, of what his penetration had half assured him of. He had learned from Sabina the history of her friend, and believed her qualified to give pleasure to the remainder

remainder of his days, and a charm to the solitude of his life. She was free from that taste for expence so prevalent in the daughters of London, and would not be above the station and fortune of a country Doctor.

He had no children by his first wife, who was of that delicate form which is too tender to withstand, for any length of time, the bustle of the world, and had left her husband after two years marriage.

When the gentlemen had retired, Sabina and Lucy entered into a confidential discourse, in which Lucy owned her partiality for the doctor—"Though," said she, "he is indebted to you for that good opinion, as my slight observation cannot allow me to judge for myself."

Lucy almost feared to mention Mr. Lently; but the necessity there was for his knowing this arrangement, overcame the difficulty. Sabina declined writing herself; desiring Lucy, however, not to fail that evening, and from her to wish him every happiness with Matilda.

It was not until next day that Mr. Munday found sufficient courage to impart his sentiments to Lucy; but the natural softness of her heart, his own merit and irresistible persuasion, overcame the slight obstacles she would have raised, and, in the sweet murmur of diffidence, she agreed to be his on the day Lord Tynian should be united to her friend, if agreeable to the wishes of her parents.

Alfred, when this decision was made known, could not raise any objection; and being certain of Mr. Bothel's acquiescence, wrote a postscript to Mr. Munday's letter, with a pressing invitation to the Castle; adding, that he should not consider himself as completely happy, unless he would add

to

to the small circle of friends who would be present on the occasion.

Whilst preparations for this double marriage were making, Lently received the letter, which once again gave the reins to his fancy, and a fresh ardor to his wishes. He hastened to Mrs. Knightly's, and a second time asked, and received the consent of Matilda. Thus, after many years anxiety through the freaks of passion, he at length attained the object of his hopes, and lived, for the few remaining years of his life, in the comforts of mutual endearment.

Mr. Bothel, in place of returning an answer by letter, set out himself with his wife, to give in person their approbation, and listening to the entreaties of his Lordship and Lady Augusta, the scruples of the ladies were overcome, and his birth-day put a period to uncertainty, and made the poor and deserted Sabina the lady of Tynian Castle, and the tender Lucy the wife of a man who knew to modulate the passing hours, and give happiness to her future life.

A donation was given to the tenants and inhabitants of the village; and as Alfred was anxious to commemorate his wedding, a marriage portion was allotted to all who, from henceforward, should marry on the anniversary of this day, and to those who, within a week, followed his example.

Mr. Bothel, who had sighed through life for the country, without being nearer the attainment of his wishes, now saw himself freed from the incumbrance of family, and being tired with striving against the oppositions of fortune, proposed to his Eliza withdrawing from business, and living where they should enjoy the company of their daughter Lucy.—Mrs. Bothel seldom objected to the proposals of her husband. She had modelled her
manners,

manners, her thoughts, and her sentiments, from his.—What, therefore, was his will, appeared to her best: And thus, after the anxiety of many years, Mr. Bothel, not indeed with superabundance of wealth, but with sufficient to give comfort to life, by supplying some few superfluities, retired from the closeness of Cannon-street, to the hills of Brecknockshire, and the winding Wye.

The good sense of Sabina, in some degree, overcame the impetuosity of Alfred; and his friend Diemburk, coming to England, restrained him from rambling, 'till habit had rendered domestic life agreeable; and a son, who entered the world not a year after his marriage, took up much of his attention, and was, Lady Augusta said, the perfect picture of his grandfather: “And may he, my son,” said she, “be a blessing to you, and to his most excellent mother; and when I shall be at rest with the heroes of departed ages, continue, with increasing lustre, to the third and fourth generation, the grandeur and splendid virtues of the

“HOUSE OF TYNIAN.”



F I N I S.

1
o
y
-
-
e
-
d
n
c
d
f
e
y
d
ll
-
d
-